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OUR AMERICAN ADRIATIC

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



PERHAPS it is unnecessary to characterize American scenes and localities in terms of European geography, but the practice has been long established. With the resort regions of California and Florida each claiming equities as the American Riviera; with the settlements around the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea adopting the phrase "the American Mediterranean"; and with the mountains of Colorado heralded as the American Alps, I may perhaps be pardoned for proposing Chesapeake Bay as our American Adriatic. It is to be hoped that this year, which marks the third centennial of the colonial settlement, will draw a multitude of travelers to the overlooked Eden that lies all about, in which every American has a right to feel personal interest and proprietorship.

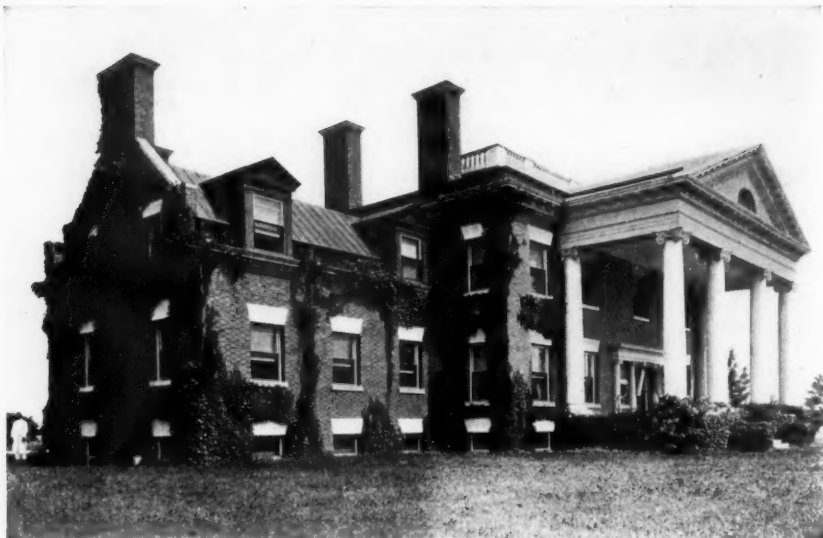
When in 1607 John Smith first entered the waters of the new Adriatic Sea, he lifted his voice in prophecy: "There is but one entrance to this country," he wrote. "The cape on the south is called Cape Henry, the north cape is called Cape Charles. Within is a country that may have the prerogatives over the most pleasant places known, for earth and heaven never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation. The mildness of the air, the fertility of the soil, and

the situation of the rivers are so propitious to the use of man, as no place is more convenient for pleasure, profit, and man's sustenance under any latitude or climate. So, then, here is the place: a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good, and that which is most of all, a business (most acceptable to God) to bring such poor infidels to the knowledge of God and His Holy Gospel."

And where this prophet looked first upon the new land and prophesied, our Government maintains Fortress Monroe, a nurse for soldiers. Where he first cast anchor is Hampton Roads, our national practice for mariners; where he first landed, now stands Norfolk, one of the foremost commercial cities of the South, a trade for merchants, while across the arm of the sea is Hampton Institute for the instruction of the Indian youth.

For more than two hundred years veritable kings lived and dispensed such royal hospitality throughout this favored land that the story of it will long remain a vital part of the romance of American history. Into this great bay flow four historic rivers, and upon bay and rivers steamers offer passenger and freight service in every direction to the towns and landings which are the ports of a fruitful and picturesque region.

There is a remarkable analogy between our Adriatic and the Adriatic of the ancients.



CURLE'S NECK MANSION

On one side of the Chesapeake lies the "Italy" of America, as the "East Shore" is often termed, and here the Government officially locates the healthiest spot on our continent. On the other side of our Adriatic is the mainland that was once at the front of American culture and where the first institutions of learning were founded in the New World; where our colonial patriots proclaimed the Republic, a region now fallen into a decay almost like to that of modern Greece after her great civil wars.

In days of old, the riches of the East passed through the Adriatic and thence overland to enrich all Europe. Through our Adriatic, in the youth of the country, passed the wealth and refinement of the Old World, to mold the civilization of the New. In time, as the mainland bordering on the old Adriatic, devastated by war, was left to the enervated Turk, so our historic battle grounds became the heritage of a dusky race, and the negro has proved an equal blight upon a land that was once the richest in a New World.

Our Adriatic has its commercial Venice—and its Genoese rival without. It was Lord Baltimore who saw in his city another and a greater Venice, the commercial clearing house of trade between the Old and New Worlds.

George Washington, father of our internal

water-way and canal system, looked upon the new Adriatic as the heart from which would pulse all the veins and arteries of trade. Chesapeake Bay he made the seat of our sea power. He looked to see it alive with the ships of all nations and the commerce of the world centered there. With his own money he organized the companies that were to dig the highways of commerce he had surveyed from this Adriatic, across the mountains, to our great fresh-water Mediterranean Seas. From Richmond, at the head of the James, where there are twenty feet of water and a flow of tide; from the spot where the city of Washington now stands at the head of tidewater on the Potomac; from Fredericksburg, the home of his mother, at the head of the navigable Rappahannock, and from Baltimore on the bay, he sought to cut canals that would unite the waters of the Chesapeake with those of the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. From the southern end of the great bay, through the Dismal Swamp, he surveyed the canal that now unites the waters of our Adriatic with those of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds; he dreamed of the ship canal through which swift steamers now run from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and even lived to know that his cherished wish of a navigable ditch across the State of New Jersey would be completed.



SHERWOOD FOREST

Our Adriatic, once and always the most historic area of America, has now become the most forgotten, the most neglected, the most forsaken portion of the continent. The people that have poured into Baltimore know little of the traditions all about them. The poverty of the land excites their pity, the richness of its history is unknown to them.

Even the officials of the steamboat companies know very little of the land so largely dependent upon them and their knowledge of its needs and latent possibilities. I was informed by officials of the line of steamers on the Patuxent that there was nothing of particular historic interest about the river. They did not know that it was up the Patuxent that the British fleet sailed in 1813 to burn the nation's capital.

I had entered the American Adriatic by way of the Delaware and Chesapeake Ship Canal; one of the swift steamers that ply between Philadelphia and Baltimore landed me at the little cove where more oyster craft in winter and watermelon barges in summer are gathered than anywhere else in the world, and where at all seasons more sidewheel steamers begin and end their journeys. It was also from this famous basin, the one spot in all Baltimore that is remindful of the real Venice, that I resumed my cruise and began to view the moving panorama of American

history as seen from the hurricane deck of a modern steamer.

It was scarcely daylight when we steamed out of the Patapsco River into the broad Chesapeake. At midday the gilded acorn of the Maryland State Capitol was shining brightly a dozen miles away. Anne Arundel County slipped by, and toward dusk the turn was made into the Patuxent, through the great oyster fleet, that on a foggy day delays the steamer for hours at a time, to the one modernized town upon the river—Solomon's Island, settled centuries ago and now the metropolis of the Patuxent River, with a population of perhaps 800 souls. Another steamer makes a trip up the river by daylight, so I rested here to feast on oysters.

At St. Leonard's Creek our captain pointed out the spot where Commodore Barney's fleet had hidden from the pursuing British, until driven from shelter to move upstream to Nottingham, where it still lies at the bottom of the river. The British fleet followed as far as Benedict, and here the British mariners marched overland, defeated the Americans at Bladensburg, and burned Washington.

Benedict is halfway up the historic little river, and here I talked with grayheads who knew of the War of 1812 only what their fathers and grandfathers had told them of the bombardment of the village by the Brit-



WESTOVER MANSION, ERECTED IN 1737 BY COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD



WEYANOKE, FIRST OWNED BY SIR GEORGE YEARDLEY

ish, the flight of the women with all portable household furniture, and the defeat of the men in battle. Few houses have been built since the War of 1812; there are British cannon balls still embedded in joists and columns of these quaint old structures, and when the citizens speak of events that occurred "before the war," they mean before the war with Great Britain.

A new railway from Chesapeake Bay to Washington now crosses the Patuxent at Bristol, where steamboat navigation ends. It is less than an hour's run by rail from Bristol to the capital, and the wonder is that the Father of His Country did not cut a canal from the upper reaches of the Patuxent to the Potomac and Patapsco rivers, for less than twenty miles of lowland separates Bristol from either Baltimore or Washington.

The impress of the Indian in this region

lends much of romance and history to the American Adriatic. The word Potomac in the red man's language means "They are coming by water," and a little stream emptying into the Potomac, where the whites first began to settle, they named Wicomico, which means "Where houses are building." Before the James was renamed in honor of England's king, it was the Powhatan—"River of fruitfulness," and it was in many respects the most fruitful of all American rivers. The Rappahannock was the "Stream with ebb and flow." Driven from both the Powhatan and the Rappahannock, the descendants of the great Indian war lords still live upon the banks of the two small rivers between these great streams; one they call Matapony, "No bread at all"; the other, Pamunkey, "Here we sweat," names appropriate to this day, for on the Pamunkey res-

ervation the descendants of Powhatan gain a scanty living by the sweat of their brows, while their few remaining cousins on the Matapony reservation are often obliged to call upon the Pamunkeys for aid. They named the river flowing from the Dismal Swamp into Chesapeake (Mother of waters) Nansemond, "The place where we fled," just as at the end of it all, when the white man began to roam at will from Washington, they named a little river, far away, the Pascataway, "It is growing dark."

It was my good fortune to sail down the Potomac with one of the Washingtons, a lady who, to the manner born, was pleased to point out to me the really historic places on the river. To this descendant of George's uncle, Alexandria was dear, not so much because her great relative had

George's half brother, from whom he inherited the property, had served. And how many Americans know that Master George came within an ace of beginning his career as a midshipman in his Majesty's service? Only the tears of his mother prevailed over the persuasive influence of his elder half brother, Lawrence. The Washingtons still live at



THE MANOR HOUSE AT LOWER BRANDON



OLD NORTHUMBERLAND TAVERN AT HEATHSVILLE

been warden of its parish church—still standing—but because Fitzhugh Lee had, after his cause and fortune went down together, delivered milk from house to house in this old colonial city, and they sent him from his milk route to the executive mansion at Richmond. It was she who explained to me that Mount Vernon was named after a British admiral, Lord Vernon, under whom Lawrence,

Wakefield where the Father of His Country was born; the estate is still in the family, and the Washingtons of to-day are the same plain, hearty country gentry that gave us the immortal one.

As the river is descended, this richest portion of America's storehouse of history is approached. Washington and Lee both deserted the Potomac for the Rappahannock, both returned, Washington to Mount Vernon, Lee to Arlington. But before either Washington or Lee, there were the Lords

Baltimore. The little village of Leonardstown, founded away back in 1634 by Leonard Calvert, still stands upon the most beautiful arm of the Potomac.

At the mouth of the Potomac we are back in colonial days, among a people to whom the new life, its railways, automobiles, and such modern innovations, have no place. In St. Mary's, the oldest city and first capital of

Maryland, we have a town laid out by Lord Baltimore himself, with the streets bearing the same names to-day that he gave them. Houses there are that stood in the days when Leonard Calvert was king and protector of the Catholic faith on the Maryland side of the river, as "King" Carter was despot and dispenser of Episcopal benefices upon the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The lower end of the peninsula formed by the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers is still reminiscent of the days of King Carter, as its central portion belongs by every tradition to the Washingtons, and its upper portion is sacred to the memory of Robert Lee, a relative, by the way, of both the Carters and the Washingtons, for, after all, those who lived and lorded it over their fellows between these two streams soon became one great family.

I crossed the peninsula with the present King Carter as my escort. We stopped at the old Northumberland Tavern, where two hundred years ago the Balls and the Carters had put up, as they do to-day, but the famous gambling tables were destroyed as a public nuisance before the days of the Revolution, and the young bloods of the county now dabble in cotton futures, by telegraph to New York or New Orleans.

At Lancaster, the girlhood home of Mary Ball, we stood beside the tomb of King Carter, just without the church he built for the use of the family, friends, and guests; and entered the big square pew in which all the great men of prerevolutionary days had been guests, and where Mary Ball and Augustine Washington sat during the intolerably long sermons.

In the good old days Lord Fairfax made his home near King Carter's domain. Jilted by a London belle, because of his poverty, he came to Virginia and settled on his estate of 5,000,000 acres. Young George Washington was employed to survey the vast grant and superintend the building of Greenaway Court. Later, this same Lord Fairfax sought to make a match between his wife's sister and the young surveyor. He lived long enough to bow his head in shame that the lad who had grown up under his eye, almost as his own son, should take up arms against his king.

Everywhere in this historic region one meets people who are identified with the dramatic stories of our land. One of my companions on the Rappahannock was a Mr. Garrett, who, as a boy of five, was a

witness to the capture of Wilkes Booth in his father's barn. He could point out the familiar landmarks long before they became distinguishable to the eye of the tourist. There was the fine old house at Conway, where James Madison was born; there, in Westmoreland County, the home of President Monroe; there, at Stratford, the home of the Lees, adjacent to that of George Washington, the scene of the cherry-tree episode, not on the Potomac River estate, for he had left there at the age of five. At Chatham, Robert E. Lee courted and married a granddaughter of the Widow Washington. Here, during the Civil War, General Burnside made his headquarters, and when his Confederate artillery would have opened fire, Lee cried, "No; I love Chatham better than any place in the world, except Arlington. I courted and won my dear wife under the shade of those trees."

Port Royal is forgotten now, but it escaped being the national capital by but a single vote. Many a time Washington sailed up these narrows, on the last occasion, after he had been elected President of the Republic, to bid his mother farewell. She died before he was inaugurated, and was buried at Fredericksburg.

It was on the Pamunkey, midway between the Rappahannock and the James rivers, that Washington stopped his horse at White House, met the Widow Custis, and nevermore, says tradition, did his horse resume his journey, but died of old age there at the hitching post, while the young man just elected to the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg tarried until he could take the lady of the house as his bride to the capital of the Old Dominion.

It was at Williamsburg, midway between the York and James rivers, that Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and a score of other men known later to Revolutionary fame learned in the House of Burgesses the first principles of a republican form of government. When Washington laid out the national capital it was on the plan of Williamsburg. Williamsburg is to-day almost as it was when Patrick Henry proclaimed the Republic in the old church of which Washington's great-grandfather had been rector. The church still stands, as does the old college, many of the old mansions in which the descendants of presidents and colonial lords still live, and the public buildings of two hundred years ago that are still in active use.

It is but seven miles from Williamsburg to Virginia's first capital, Jamestown on the James, and scarcely more distant, in another direction, Yorktown on the York River—Rome, Syracuse, and Ravenna of our American Adriatic.

Between Jamestown and Richmond is a stretch of river as romantic, as historic, as the others traversed. Harvard, the pride of America, its first university? Why, here on the James at Henrico, a year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, was a flourishing university, and the first legislature that ever met in America, in 1619, passed a law requiring all children to be fitted for admission. In 1622, alas! the Indians massacred the 350 residents of Henrico, students and all. The funds of the college went to William and Mary College, which institution annually helped out Harvard with a generous cash donation.

Henrico is now lost in the wilderness about Curle's Neck, where in 1676 lived Nathaniel Bacon, first revolutionist, who burned Jamestown and made the colonial governor behave himself, although the Revolution was postponed for exactly a hundred years, when at Williamsburg Patrick Henry called another colonial governor to order.

At Shirley is one of the houses of the Carters; here one of the early colonial "kings" built his palace in 1650. It is still standing, and a Carter is still Lord of the Manor. Annie Carter, wife of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, and mother of Robert E. Lee, was born here. At Berkeley Hall, near by, William Henry Harrison was born, under a roof that still sheltered the Harrisons in our own day and generation. Adjacent is Westover Mansion, erected in 1737 by Colonel William Byrd, who in the same year laid out the city of Richmond. It was his daughter, the famous Lady Evelyn Byrd, who was noted as a court beauty in London, and the toast of two worlds. In 1781 Benedict Arnold, traitor, stabled the horses of his men in the rooms of Westover Mansion.

In the good old days, nobility was no novel-

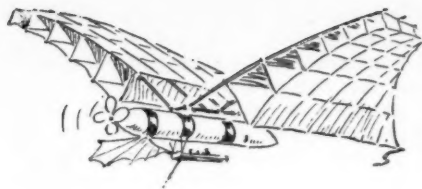
ty on the James. Sir George Yeardley was the first owner of Weyanoke, adjoining Westover, but sold it in 1626, and in 1665 it came into the possession of its present owners, the Harwoods. Across the river are the sad remains of Upper Brandon, burned in the Civil War; at Lower Brandon, once a portion of the same estate, the manor house still stands. It dates back to 1617, built then on the plan of Brandon in England.

In the fall the whole feathered population of the North seems to seek the Eastern Shore. The boats that ply its rivers pass through flocks containing millions of ducks and geese, while occasionally the water is seen crested with whitecaps that on nearer approach turn out to be flocks of swans. Nothing like that in the old Adriatic of Europe!

Lucullus loved shellfish, but he ate none such as are found everywhere in the new Adriatic, the Eastern Shore of which supplies New York with one third of its oysters. In summer when the oysters are breeding and the game birds fly north, the Eastern Shore becomes an orchard. Here is grown a large part of the peach supply for the metropolis, and scores of steamers are employed to remove the crops from the farms and orchards that touch the new Adriatic.

Along the shores of this region the searchlights of the steamers that ply every indenture wake ducks and geese by the million. By day pleasant farmhouses are passed every moment, for this is the one prosperous portion of the Adriatic country. The deserted plantations are rapidly being cut up and reclaimed as small farms. In the northern reaches of our Adriatic, the Maryland diamond-back terrapin still hides himself in old forgotten ditches, and the canvasback duck lures the sportsman.

Many there are who visit our Adriatic merely in search of game, but remain to cruise its waters for the pleasure of travel up and down the historic rivers of Maryland and Virginia, where the social life of the New World had its birth, and where it yet exists in a vigorous old age.



THE AERIAL ENCOUNTER OF JUDGE REARDON AND MONSIEUR RAMBAUD

By M'CREADY SYKES

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

JUST then the automobile stopped. There was no doubt about it. The machine stopped; the whirling landscape stopped and Judge Reardon stopped in the middle of his sentence.

The sentence had begun like this:

"And what pleases me most is that we have made our trip of three hundred miles without a single accident or involuntary—" and he would have said "stop," but to his great chagrin he did it instead of saying it.



"A huge guy-rope rose into the sky."

The judge's machine was a big forty-horse-power touring car; we were bowling along at a moderate rate, and were coming among the suburbs of Paris; pedestrians and teams were not infrequent, so we were negotiating the road cautiously.

The sensation of stopping was peculiar; we felt nothing snap; we heard none of the painful inarticulate grunts or puffs that so frequently herald mechanical accidents; but there was a peculiar and very sudden tug that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. The judge leaned forward, saw nothing, and then looked over the side. The wheels were actually moving, but for some mysterious reason the machine stood still.

"Devilish funny!" exclaimed the judge. "Here's a fine, hard road, and the wheels slip as if they were on packed snow."

We both jumped out and ran around in front of the car. Then a very curious thing happened.

While the wheels were turning, the machine actually began to move away from us. With a sudden accession of speed it shot back mockingly almost, and the judge called out "Jump in quick!"

We made a flying leap and climbed into the front seat, where the judge cast a quick, instinctive glance at the reversing lever. It had not been moved. The judge whistled softly.

"Beats me!" he exclaimed. Then an

angry cry burst from his lips. "Look at that, will you?"

I followed his eyes, backward and upward, and saw what had happened. A huge guy-rope, drawn taut at the projection of the rear seat, rose into the sky above our heads, running into the ether like the rope of a Hindu fakir; and the eye, following its course, came to a huge oblong flat shape in the sky, which we both instantly recognized.

"It's one of those d—d aeroplanes," shouted the irate judge, "and they've anchored their grappling rope in our car. For cool, downright impertinence give me one of these Frenchmen."

It was true. We were caught by one of the dirigible aeroplanes about which Paris was all agog last summer. The aeroplane's course was not our course, and we were being dragged ignominiously backward. Fortunately, our speed was not great; the aeroplane, big and powerful as it was, had to overcome the resistance of our own opposed power, which of itself would have driven us twenty miles an hour in the opposite direction.

"See if you can unhook the thing," said the judge; and I climbed over the back of the seat. Alas! the anchor was firmly imbedded under the tonneau and would not budge; at least, it was impossible to get the slightest purchase with the huge guy-rope stretched tight as a ship's cable by the terrific pull of the airship.

"Can you cut the rope?" called the judge.

I had thought of that; but saw in an instant that the infernal contrivance was reinforced with light steel strands. I was still looking for some means of extricating the anchor when the judge called out cheerily, "I'll stop the car."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" I cried, but I was altogether too late. It was all very well for me to groan inwardly at this blunder of the judge's, but he was so excited that I really should not have blamed him for doing what under ordinary circumstances would have been precisely the right thing to do. Our own forward impulse had been the only thing there was to counteract the opposing pull of the airship, and when the judge shut off the power, and to my horror set the reverse lever, our backward speed was accelerated not only by our former twenty-mile energy, but by a like additional amount afforded by our new backward motion; so that in-

stead of leisurely jogging backward at some twenty miles an hour we were now swashing along, unguided and blind, at considerably more than a forty-mile rate. Our situation had become one of extreme danger; not only that, but we were a menace to life along the road. The judge turned pale when he saw what had happened, and I confess that I was not a little frightened.

"Turn on all the power and go back—go forward, I mean!" I cried.

"I can't," gasped the judge hoarsely. "I can't do it without smashing the gear and ripping her to pieces."

The landscape was flying past at an alarming rate. We kept the horn going constantly, and made almost incessant use of the megaphone which we always carried in the car. Peasants hurled curses at us as they dodged, and light-hearted, laughing groups parted suddenly as we backed upon them in our mad course. A motor car going backward at forty miles an hour was a novelty even for the Frenchmen. I had no doubt they took it for the eccentricity of an American millionaire or Parisian *flâneur*.

"It's all right so long as the airship pulls straight and the road doesn't turn," said the judge. "But suppose the darn thing wobbles, or the road takes a bend. Ten feet one side or the other will bring us against those stone walls."

"Arrêtez-vous!" called an angry voice behind us. The road police around Paris are mounted on motor bicycles on which when necessary they can make terrific speed, and the irate officer yelled to us that we were exceeding the speed limit and were under arrest.

He rode alongside, speeding furiously to



"Arrêtez-vous!"

keep pace. We were now going more than fifty miles an hour. Conversation was difficult. The officer paid little heed to our explanation that we were not willingly violating the law. He said we could explain that in court. His only duty was to make the arrest.

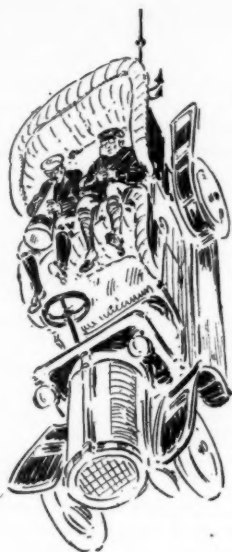
"Go to blazes!" yelled the judge in the teeth of the furious gale caused by our motion. "Arrest that impudent cross-eyed son of a sea-cook of an aeronaut up there in the air! Why don't you stop him from dragging us along in this way?"

The French policeman was polite, even though he was tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "Monsieur, that is the distinguished explorer, M. Jules Rambaud. He is adorned with a license to navigate the air."

"Navigate the infernal regions!" yelled the judge, giving a despairing *honk-honk* and narrowly escaping collision with a fat cow that lumbered out of our way and looked after us with frightened eyes as we tore along the highway. "If there's law in France, I'll have it on that infernal murderous air-flying villain. Stop him, officer! What are you police for, anyway?"

"I have said, monsieur," called back the polite officer, as we tore madly on, "that he is adorned to navigate. Sapristi, you must not do that! It needs that you demonstrate your license before to ascend, gentlemen."

This last exclamation of the officer was called forth by a sudden and unexpected change in our trajectory. It was something that I had been dreading for a long



"It is not permitted to ascend without the small license."

time, and I fancy the judge had, too. That possibility had been hammering at our brains through all our terrible ride. We might have said of the motor car what Gloster in the play sarcastically remarks of the aspiring blood of Lancaster, "I thought it would have mounted."

And now, to our terror, it did mount. Whether under the impulse of an uplift of a current of air or by the act of the aeronaut, the aerial monster slowly forged upward. Simultaneously the rear of the motor car left the ground; the car trailed along for perhaps a hundred feet, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the judge and myself both bent hurriedly down to give another wrench to the anchor and learn if by this slight shift of position it had become possible to dislodge it. We worked and tugged at this for some little time, so excited and absorbed in our work that we forgot for the moment to observe what was happening to the car. We could do nothing; the anchor was firmly lodged in the chassis itself, and nothing but an ax could extricate it.

"We might as well get out of the car," I said. "There's liable to be a smash, and if the aeroplane lifts the car up there'll be the devil to pay when she drops. Besides, we'd have hard work to stick in."

"What!" cried the judge (we were talking with our heads under the seat, where we were working on the anchor), "get out here and be nabbed by that fool of a policeman! We shouldn't be able to follow the car. Besides, the guy-rope can't break. You see, it has to be

made strong enough to hold the aeroplane, and to do that it must be able to support the car. No; *j'y suis; j'y reste.*"

But it seemed that our discussion was merely academic, after all, for while we had been talking, the aeroplane, still ascending, had lifted us gently and easily from the earth. The automobile had swung on the pivot of the anchor till it now hung at a very slight angle from the perpendicular, probably less than fifteen degrees; in consequence, using the seats in normal fashion was out of the question, but we found that by sitting on the back of the back itself of the front seat we could be very comfortable and fairly secure. The seats were of the Novoni type, so much in vogue in France, with broad, flat backs. The slight tilt of the machine, due to the fact that the anchor was imbedded behind the center of gravity, aided by the lean of the back itself, rendered it fairly easy to sit securely even on the polished seat-back.

As the car rose nearly to a vertical position, the rugs and paraphernalia in the front seat had of course spilled out; but luckily we had an abundant supply of rugs in the back; there was a basket of provisions strapped behind; and we had at our feet the megaphone. With the rugs and our automobile coats (fortunately heavy) we felt that we should be fairly protected even in the colder upper strata of the atmosphere. In the hamper were food, whisky, and cigars. As the judge had pointed out, there was really not much danger of the rope breaking, and except for the hazard of the landing, the outlook was hardly more dangerous than in ordinary travel. It was by long odds preferable to our highly perilous situation of five minutes before, where we had been tearing madly at the rate of fifty miles an hour along a road within twenty kilometers of Paris, drawn by an uncontrollable power, and seated in a car that had become nondirigible; a situation, too, where in addition to these very serious physical dangers, we were exposed to the personal mortification of arrest.

Our minds were recalled to this last danger so happily escaped by the plaintive voice of the French policeman, calling after us as we mounted majestically:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! it is not permitted to ascend without the small license. And it is that you have exceeded the speed limit; thus it is twice that you have violated the ordinance. Gentlemen, I pray that you honor me with your names and addresses."

We were congratulating ourselves on our escape from this danger when one of a very different sort presented itself. Just as the front wheels of the car left the earth, it happened that we rose quite rapidly, but we felt in an uncomfortable way that we were in a composition of forces, somewhat as one feels the pull of the gyroscope in its tendency to maintain its plane of rotation as against the motion imparted by lifting the spinning top. The guy-rope rose toward the aeroplane at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the earth; although, of course, this angle had been somewhat less while we were being pulled along the road. As we were lifted from the earth we were pulled in much the same direction, or rather even more toward the vertical, as the aeroplane was, as I have said, rising rapidly; but the moment we were in the air, the motor car plunged with a violent angular motion necessarily imparted in its fall to a position directly beneath the aeroplane; in fact, had it not been for the extreme suddenness of our lift, the car would have scraped and bumped along as it described the arc whose lowermost verge was the extremity of a radius drawn from the aeroplane directly in the line of gravitation; but owing to our very sudden pull upward, the motor car now swung through this arc with a velocity that was inconceivably frightful, swinging, in fact, far beyond the vertical line, then back again on the other side, like a mighty pendulum swinging over the earth. The length of this pendulum was, as nearly as we could judge, at least four hundred feet; and I shall never forget the horrible seasick sensation, as the great automobile swung slowly back and forth over the earth, the feeling of hanging over an abyss as we paused on the upward swing, then falling dizzily back and rushing up the ghastly slope of the opposite swing. I may add that during our entire journey equilibrium was never quite established, as every quick shift or turn of the aeroplane started the oscillations in greater or less degree; but we soon grew accustomed to this libration of movement, and, in fact, found it rather stimulating and enjoyable.

I think I have said that we had with us in the car some excellent whisky and an abundant supply of cigars. Fortified with these, we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us.

We observed the features of the terrestrial aspect familiar to aerial observation—the distorted perspective, the peripheral illusion,

the depressed middle distance, and the dominant tonality of secondary colorings. Presently the Eiffel tower came into view on our north, over the smoke and occasional mists of the city; we saw the dear old Bois in all its cool umbrageous stretch; the white river, and the bridges, and the square towers of Nôtre Dame. Our course was taking us off to the south and east of the city.

"I'm relieved at that," remarked Judge Reardon, between the puffs of his cigar. "The *octroi* might bother us if we had landed in the Champs Elysées or at the Tuileries; we have quite a little in the way of whisky and cigars and Lord knows how many matches."

"Monsieur Rambaud will have a pretty bill to pay you if anything happens to the motor," I observed. "You have no doubt, have you, that the owner of the aeroplane is liable?"

"Of course he's liable," said the judge. "I've been thinking about that very thing in the last few minutes. In the first place, it's an undoubted trespass. In the second place, it comes about as close to an assault and battery as it's safe to come; and I suppose we have a good cause of action for false imprisonment."



"Fortified with these,

"How about the ordinary case for negligence?" I inquired.

The judge lit a fresh cigar, and tucked the rug under him.

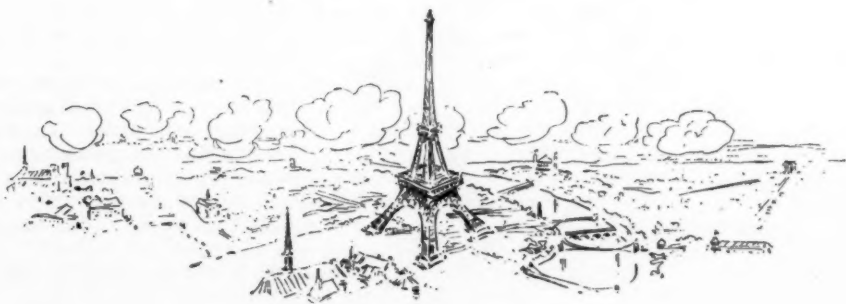
"Yes, of course that's the obvious remedy. It's clearly negligence to cast an anchor four hundred feet down out of the sky and let it go dragging all over France. It's a plain case of *res ipsa loquitur*. I don't think the court will make us give proof of any other specific act of negligence."

"And, of course, there's no contributory negligence on our part," I added.

"Oh, no; not at all. There's only one question that has occurred to my mind; and that is whether, traversing the air as we are, a medium available to all the world, like the ocean, those infernal French courts may not hold that the admiralty law is applicable."

"In that case," I said, "all we have to do is to libel the aeroplane."

"Yes. I suppose there's nothing in France like the Harter Act in the United States. Under that act, you will remember, the owners of a vessel may limit their liability for maritime torts to the value of the hull at the termination of the voyage. By the end of his voyage that fool of an aeronaut up there will probably have smashed his blessed car. You



we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us."

may recall that all that the victims of the *Slocum* disaster in New York could get out of the owners was the value of the burnt hull."

"I wonder," I observed, thinking aloud, "if jurisdiction will be given to the admiralty courts in cases of aerial navigation?"

"Possibly not," returned the judge, "but I think that in any such event, many of the principles of admiralty law, so peculiarly adapted to the questions arising in connection with vessels navigating a fluid medium, will doubtless be applied. You probably remember the famous case of the airship *Pioneer*, decided last year in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York."

I remembered reading an editorial comment on this case in the *Bench and Bar*, but the facts had slipped my memory.

"The *Pioneer*," resumed the judge, "was a powerful and luxuriously furnished twelve-cylinder aeroplane built for a Pittsburgh millionaire for use in establishing quick residences whenever he needed them for purpose of divorce. You remember that it was held by the United States Supreme Court (four

judges dissenting), in *Morey v. Morey*, that a person whose legal residence was in an airship and who had his washing done on board, was not subject to local statutory requirements of the States as to residence, and that until Congress should legislate on the subject there was no national law covering the case, so that such a person might acquire a residence at once. Well, Morey, like some of our other multi-millionaires, got quite into the remarrying habit. The great case of *Flannagan v. Morey* grew out of one of his aerial trips.

"You know that in many of the tall flat and tenement houses in New York, where there is little yard space, it is customary to hang out the family wash on lines stretched from building to building. Each floor has its own series of lines, so that by eleven o'clock on any Monday morning the interior of the block looks like a glorified bargain day at a White Sale.

"Well, Morey's big airship was passing across Seventh Avenue a little north of 116th Street, when it was thought necessary to descend suddenly. They threw out a grappling rope and then changed their minds. When the anchor rose in the air, they were horrified to find that they had taken with them the week's wash of forty families—ten floors and four families to the floor."

"I suppose that caused no end of a row," I ventured, throwing an extra wrap about my shoulders. The air had become perceptibly cooler.

"I should think so," the judge went on. "Morey refused to compromise, and the suits were all tried and in most cases substantial damages recovered."

"How did they get hold of Morey?" I asked.

"Indicted him for larceny and had him brought back from New Jersey," said Judge Reardon. "It was a serious question in the courts whether he could be said to have fled the jurisdiction, as he had not set foot in New York. The United States Supreme Court held in *Morey v. Sheriff of Hudson County*, by a vote of six to three, that a person who had sailed across a State boundary in an airship had fled in the strictest



"Forty per cent salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted."

etymological and constitutional sense. Some of the Harlem people went over to New Jersey and sued Morey there for trespass *de bonis asportatis*. One man got twenty dollars for the loss of his pajamas; but the judgment was by a divided court."

Judge Reardon is well known as a man who has brought to his chosen profession the thoughtful research of the earnest student. He is never in more charming mood than when philosophically reminiscent, and I was pleased to have him talk away.

"One of the most interesting cases," he went on, "was the great case of *United Gas Co. v. Board of Trustees of Village of Morris*, decided by the New York Supreme Court in Saratoga County. A balloon landed in a wheat field and the gas bag bounded along for a quarter of a mile or so. An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line and sold gas to the inhabitants for two weeks at cut rates. The gas company that held an exclusive franchise to furnish gas in the village sued the authorities for damages and recovered judgment.

"In *Rastoli v. Schermerhorn*, a suit brought by an eminent professor in the University of Wisconsin, it was sought to recover damages for dropping a grain of sand in the plaintiff's eye; the local justice of the peace gave judgment for the plaintiff on the principle, as he said, of *respondeat superior*, but the judgment was affirmed on other grounds.

"In the famous case of *McWhirter v. Perkins*, the Supreme Court of California laid down the principle that the rule of the road is applicable to airships, and that they must meet on the right and overtake and pass on the left. Twenty States have passed statutes amplifying the rule of the road and allowing one of two vessels meeting in the air to pass above the other on giving the proper signal.

"In *Moriarty v. Vanderbilt*, the Rhode Island state courts allowed forty per cent salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted up and carried into the next county by a grappling iron from a turbine aeroplane."

And so the judge continued, explaining how the wise and just system of the common law was nicely adapted to the new problems arising out of the invasion of the air, and



"An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line."

how the statute law was amplified and expanded to meet these fresh problems; the judge said that it was the glory of the law that it contained within itself this very principle of growth.

We were riding easily. The air was still growing cooler, and the afternoon sunshine was not unpleasant. We were keeping well to the south and east of Paris. My attention was attracted to a group of floating objects some eight or ten miles ahead of us. I took them to be airships of various patterns.

"All the French aeronauts seem to be out to-day," I remarked, calling the judge's attention to the level sky before us.

"Yes," replied the judge; "it's a holiday, and the Société des Panorames Célestes is doing a land-office business with its 'Seeing Paris' airships. They have them now so that they go straight up and down, like elevators. For twenty francs you can be taken up in a luxurious car, five hundred feet straight up in the air, where you can look all over Paris. The first-class compartments cost seven francs extra; they are fitted up like cafés, and you can have absinthe and cigars and *Le Temps* or *Le Rire*. They are much frequented by the boulevardiers."

I had turned our field glass on the nearest.

"There's a man with a megaphone!" I exclaimed; "he's evidently talking to the people in the car. He moves his hands and shrugs his shoulders and seems quite excited."

"No," said the judge, without looking up. "He's just pointing out the different objects of interest. They got that idea from the New York automobiles. Eh, what's that? Lend me the megaphone, will you?"

The judge put the megaphone to his ear,

turning it toward the sky. "Our captor is talking to us."

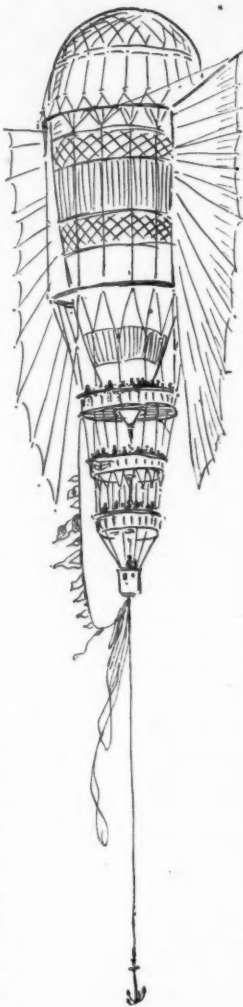
In watching the "Seeing Paris" airships and listening to the judge, I had forgotten all about our own conductor. I glanced quickly up, and with the aid of the field glass saw that he was talking to us. He had an enormous electric megaphone. These contrivances were used experimentally in the Russian-Japanese war, but I remembered reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that on account of the ever-present terrestrial atmospheric disturbances they had been found of little practical use. But in these silent strata of the upper air the aerial waves transmitted the auditory vibrations with a scarcely perceptible diminution of intensity; and indeed we found that with our own ordinary megaphone we could make ourselves heard very well indeed.

"Pardon, messieurs," came a voice from the silent ether of heaven. The tones were low and distinct, and we recognized the Gascon quality of voice; "pardon, messieurs. I regret exceedingly to have taken you out of your way. I am Jules Rambaud, now of Paris, and I trust that both you gentlemen will dine with me this evening at the Trois Frères. Come at seven o'clock, and let me present my apologies at the nearer view. I entreat that you will not do yourselves the fatigue of to dress."

Carefully aiming the megaphone, I called:

"We are greatly honored, and we accept your invitation with much pleasure. Allow me to present my intrepid comrade and host, Judge Theophilus Reardon, of Schenectady, Etats-Unis."

The judge reached for the megaphone, and as soon as our friend Rambaud had acknowledged the introduction the judge called out:



"They are fitted up like cafés."

"I am delighted to meet you, Monsieur Rambaud. I've read your work on the Congo with great interest. I didn't quite agree with you in your views on the origin of the Pygmies, but I must say that Flammard's expedition bore out your conclusions."

"Ah!" cried the aeronaut; "then it is that you are familiar with the researches of Flammard." And here a lively conversation ensued on anthropological topics, in which in truth I took little interest.

We were rapidly approaching the "Seeing Paris" airships; three of these were in operation. These machines are constructed on the familiar Marfleur type, and are admirably adapted for vertical ascents; several of them are in use by the French Government along the German frontier.

I was particularly attracted by a small aeroplane which circulated about the heavier Marfleur machines. As we approached I observed that it contained three men in uniform, two of them adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The men were examining M. Rambaud's car minutely. Presently one of them called through a megaphone:

"It is defended that one advance himself. One is within the proprietary air of the Société des Panorames Célestes!"

"What's that?" cried Judge Reardon sharply, turning his megaphone in the direction of our genial host. "What's this nonsense about proprietary air?"

"Alas! he has right," responded Rambaud from the celestial height. "The ground over which we are about to fly is indeed of the Society whereof he speaks."

"Suppose it is!" roared the judge. "This isn't the Society's air."

"You forget, M. le juge," called down Rambaud, with great urbanity. "You for-

get that under all systems of law the ownership of the proprietor of the soil extends downward to the center of the earth and upward to the zenith. Is it not that you have in your law a maxim to that effect?"

"Confound it, the fellow's right!" exclaimed the judge, turning to me. "*Cujus est solum, ejus est ad cælum.*"

There was no help for it. We had to go around. "It results, messieurs," called down our conductor, "that I must ask if you will dine at half after seven of the clock instead of at the seven. We must respect the law."

We were now so far to the south that the only thing we could do to avoid sailing across the Society's air was to make a long detour to the east. This was most unfortunate, for it took us at least eight miles out of our course, and we thought regretfully of the delayed dinner at the Trois Frères. The automobile swayed frightfully as the aeroplane made a swift turn, and I again experienced that sensation of aerial seasickness of which I have already spoken. Fairly familiar with the literature of aerial navigation, I could remember no mention of a similar phenomenon, and had been at first a little alarmed; but the judge had reassured me by pointing out that the oscillation of our trajectory, due inevitably to the pendulum-like nature of our support, was an element not present in ordinary ascents, and that it was therefore not surprising that no mention of its supervening physical nausea was to be found in the usual literature of aerial navigation.

For a little while my interest in the dinner at the Trois Frères was subdued, and as the swaying motion persisted



"Pardon, messieurs."

as he informed us, at least a good ten miles' journey away.

The descent was a delicate matter; for Rambaud had no apparatus for taking up the slack of his anchor rope. In fact, it is well known that the work on this particular feature of aerial navigation is still in an experimental stage; the great weight necessary in the windlass, tackle and machinery precluding the use of the devices familiar on aquatic craft.

M. Rambaud announced that he would endeavor to land us on the road, and that by sailing under reduced power and steering very carefully he might manage to make a landing for the aeroplane so soon thereafter that the automobile would not be dragged across the stone walls that are such a conspicuous feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of the French capital.

Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse. The aeronaut was profuse in his apologies, and called down from his lofty height as we neared the roof of the unfortunate gardener's premises, explaining that a sudden pull of wind had proved too much for his already weakened engine, so that his car was no longer entirely dirigible. The radiator of the automobile was the first to strike; it went crashing through



"Our captor is talking to us."

the glass, sash, frame and all, and had hardly reached the support of the upper timbers of the greenhouse when, the front being thus again supported, the machine quickly righted itself; the chassis crashed through the frail supports, and amid the most indescribable confusion of breaking glass, crashing frames, and flowerpots ground to pieces, we found ourselves, disheveled and astonished, sitting bolt upright in the car, and gazing in amazement at the forest of ferns, ruins of geraniums, roses and a multitude of exotics whose broken stems and dismantled branches bore all too painful witness to the ruin we had caused.

We had descended so rapidly from the cool upper strata of the atmosphere that the sudden high temperature of the conservatory was, as I remember, very distressing. But in a moment we had forgotten all about the heat. The aeroplane was still sailing bravely on; and the automobile had scarcely righted itself, when, obeying the pull of the airship, it lunged viciously along the floor of the greenhouse, dealing destruction as it went and ruthlessly tearing through high-piled banks of the most exquisite flowers, overturning a bench of Spanish roses and ripping down one of the most gorgeous collections of orchids it has ever been my fortune to behold.

"In God's name, gentlemen, what is this that you are doing?" A horror-stricken face appeared at the farther door; a short, well-built man of about fifty years thus greeted us, speaking in excellent French; in his countenance rage and despair at the destruction of his property mingled with open-mouthed astonishment at the apparition of our motor car suddenly descending from nowhere and plunging madly about in his most respectable greenhouse.

There now ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. The airship, sailing as she was under reduced power, was practically anchored by the motor car, and yet retained sufficient motion to gyrate wildly about on her rope, with the result that the automobile, obeying every move of the aeroplane, was lunging back and forth in the greenhouse, hither and yon, this way and that, extending the path of destruction with every move, to the grewsome accompaniment of the crashing of broken glass, the falling of sashes and flowerpots, and the heartbroken cries of the unfortunate greenhouse keeper as he saw the work of his life shattered and dissipated before his eyes.

"D—n it, man! we're anchored to an airship," roared the judge. "We can't stop the thing."

The maddened floriculturist ran out beating his breast and giving forth fresh ejaculations of despair. When he located the aeroplane he shook his fists at it in the ecstasy of rage, and then with a sudden cry he ran toward the little barn that stood some twenty paces from the greenhouse. He emerged quickly with an ax, and rushing furiously toward us he sprang into the car and began hurling well-directed blows at the anchor-rope.

"Don't do that!" the judge cried angrily; "that man and his infernal airship are going to pay us damages for this. They've ruined our car. And they're going to pay you, too."

The judge had forgotten his friendly acquaintanceship of the afternoon; it was not strange that his wrath returned with this fresh calamity. But the owner of the greenhouse was too furiously bent on getting the motor car clear of the aeroplane to stop for the judge's warning; and I confess that I felt somewhat relieved when after repeated blows of the ax the anchor-rope parted. The aeroplane gave a sudden lunge upward, shot off to the north and was lost to sight.

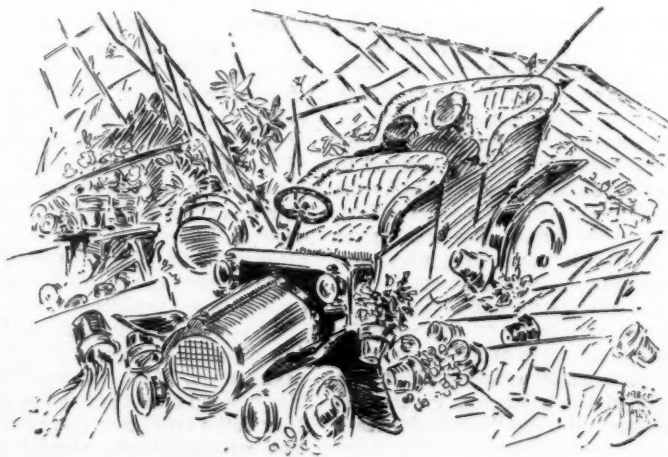
"And now, gentlemen," said the proprietor of the greenhouse, "perhaps you will have the goodness to give me an explanation of this most remarkable invasion of my premises, and to arrange for the payment for my property thus wantonly destroyed. This greenhouse and its contents represent an investment of sixty thousand francs; and the loss of my business, which you will readily comprehend, gentlemen, is ruined by this little pleasure jaunt of yours—God knows how I am to measure it." And the honest fellow burst into tears, as he looked about.

The remaining episodes in our automobile trip that summer are of interest to the thoughtful jurist chiefly, and there is little in them to detain the attention of the general reader. Judge Reardon was well content to give up the remainder of his tour in order to make an exhaustive study, in collaboration with his French lawyers, of the numerous and important legal questions involved in the litigation that grew out of our afternoon trip. I forgot to mention that we did not keep our dinner appointment; in fact, we did not reach Paris till the next afternoon. Profuse apologies were tendered M. Rambaud on this score,

without prejudice to our right to bring an action against him for damages on account of the fouling of the anchor in the car. It seemed, however, that the judge's absence from the dinner imposed upon him the necessity of fighting a duel with M. Rambaud; and as Judge Reardon and myself had been kindly put up at one of the best Paris clubs, the judge felt that he could hardly decline the challenge; especially as our lawyers informed us that a declination might injure our standing in the French courts. The duel was a brilliant affair, and in a way compensated us for the loss of the dinner at the Trois Frères; Judge Reardon's epigrams were favorably commented upon by the leading Paris journals, and a new café in the Boulevard Haussmann was visited by the dueling party on their return from the combat, where an excellent dinner, tendered by the seconds to the principals, was awaiting us. In recognition of Judge Reardon's gallant conduct on the dueling ground, and afterwards at the dinner, the café was named the Café Reardon, and is, I believe, much frequented by American jurists visiting the French capital.

The litigation was protracted and expensive. The ancient and well-established principle of law that the dominion of the owner of the soil extends indefinitely in a vertical direction, was laid down in a careful and well-reasoned opinion of the learned court; and although the decision was against him, it was a source of no little pride to Judge Reardon, as an American jurist, that numerous

American authorities, both State and federal, were cited in support of the ruling of the court. I believe that a bill is pending in the French Chambers, designed to relax in reasonable measure the rigor of this rule, in view of the demands of modern traffic and the increase of aerial navigation. But in the United States it is evident that no such relaxation can be permitted. It is a well-established doctrine of the law of real property that the owner of the land owns up to the zenith; and if the landowner's exclusive proprietary rights in the air above his land have not heretofore been asserted except in relation to trespasses of a fixed nature, this is because the science of aerial navigation is yet in its infancy. The time will doubtless come when the air, which in its character of *space* is unquestionably the subject of private ownership, will be parceled out just as the land is; and the unfortunate majority who own neither land nor a portion of the sky will be entitled to the use of the air only by the sufferance of its owners, and on making just compensation. The only free air will be that overlying public roads, parks, the public domain, etc. No such relaxation as is proposed in France will, as I have remarked, be possible in the United States; for the air, being appurtenant to the land, is property in the strictest sense, and its ownership is protected by the constitutional limitations imposed upon both the State and federal governments, that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law.



"Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse."

I regret to say that Judge Reardon was ultimately forced to pay a very large sum of money. For the benefit of students of jurisprudence, I present herewith a summary of the fines and recoveries awarded by the French courts: no damages were allowed against M. Rambaud or his airship, our suit being dismissed on the ground that we were guilty of contributory negligence in riding in an automobile so constructed that grappling anchors from airships could not be removed while the car was in motion.

This is what Judge Reardon was called upon to pay:

	FRANCS.
Damages to M. Rambaud for loss of time...	100
Damages to M. Rambaud for one anchor rope	20
Damages to the Société des Panorames Célestes for trespass (nominal).....	20
Government fine, for trespass on Society's air	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit while going backward in automobile.....	100
Fine for navigating the air without a license..	200
Fine for making an aeronautic descent without a license.....	100
Damages to greenhouse.....	40,000
Damages to proprietor of greenhouse for loss of business.....	20,000
Fine for trespass on greenhouse premises....	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit in automobile, while in greenhouse.....	100
Fine for running automobile in greenhouse, the same not being a public road.....	100
Fine for fighting a duel without obtaining permission of Prefect of Police and paying license fee therefor.....	10
License fee for duel, paid <i>nunc pro tunc</i>	25
Costs.....	3,725
Total.....	64,600

My friend was particularly pleased that the fine and license fee for the duel were, as the reader will observe, limited to amounts practically nominal: and on his remarking this to our leading counsel, we learned that both the license fee for duels and the fine for duels fought without license had been reduced to nominal figures by an act introduced by the French government only two years before, in response to the urgent denunciations of the party of the Extreme Left, who complained that the former legal exactions were so onerous as to make the cost of duels practically prohibitive except to the wealthier classes. On the passage of the measure the premier announced, in a voice thrilled with emotion, that a wisely paternal government had now brought dueling "within the reach of all."

But the remainder of the judgment was an obligation which Judge Reardon felt hardly

able to meet, and on the advice of counsel he took an appeal. Elaborate arguments were had before a full bench.

Upon this appeal, in view of the very important legal questions involved, there was engaged as special counsel against Judge Reardon the renowned Maître Dautelle, one of the ablest and most learned advocates of Paris, and indeed of Europe. On the afternoon of his final argument, the Chamber of Deputies adjourned and the members of the cabinet attended court in a body. The scene was impressive in the extreme. Tall in stature and ardent of aspect, the form of Dautelle was endued with a majesty worthy of the weight of his great argument. Opposed to him though we were, we could not but admire his eloquence.

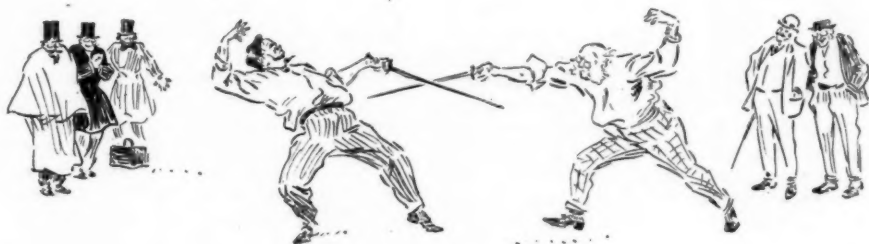
"Let not the goddess of justice," cried the eloquent advocate, his tall form swaying with emotion and his voice ringing like a clarion, "let not the goddess of justice turn from the problems that press before her eyes. So venerable, so majestic, is this ever-living fabric of beauty and of truth, this mighty system of LAW in the civilized world, that hers be our homage forever. So plastic, yet so sure; so kind, yet so firm her mandates, that we may not doubt that as new fields arise for their application, new and adequate laws will be found for their solution. Was it not a great English jurist who said, 'The perfection of the common law is the perfection of common sense?' Ah! my masters, these words are as true of that great system of the civil law to which continental nations bow. As new needs arise, so does the law extend. Step by step the law follows science, invention, and the arts. The railroad came, and the law of common carriers speedily adapted itself to the change. Behold the civilized world united in a network of telegraphs, cables, telephones, wireless messengers of thought! Does not the law meet these changed conditions and adapt itself to them? Automobiles come, and the law is ready. By statute, by decision, by the labors of the jurist, does the mighty system of modern law adapt itself to these powerful vehicles.

"And now, O judges, we are become masters of the air. Air is invaded, and trespassed upon. Monsters from the empyrean blue descend upon the dwelling place of men. New duties arise; new contracts; new rights; new wrongs. How splendid is the law! How nobly she adapts herself! Let us follow her!"

The band struck up the Marseillaise. The President of the Court wept copiously. Maître Dautelle himself, in a state of profound agitation, embraced Judge Reardon. The Ministers shed tears of joy, and in the rear of the room a new wing of the Opposition was hurriedly formed, choosing Maître Dautelle as its leader. The triumphant advocate, marching amid the huzzas of the court room to the judges' bench, waved aloft his manuscript and shouted, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!"

It was a thrilling moment!

After four months' deliberation the court wrote an exhaustive opinion, covering all the points in the case. The judgment was modified by striking therefrom the 100 francs fine for exceeding the speed limit while going backward in the automobile, and as so modified was affirmed with 600 francs extra costs of appeal. When the decision was rendered and the remission of the fine pronounced, our advocate burst into tears; he said that they were tears of joy, for never more could it be said that a foreigner could not obtain justice in a French court of appeal.



IN THE LOOM

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

I AM not yet what Fate intends; for Fate,
 Who flung me singing in the loom of chance,
 Still dogs my course with ever-watchful glance,
 And where the rippling shuttles weave the state,
 Still follows up my wayward thread; how great,
 How small, my share in this the shuttle's dance
 I know not, nor may know what power implants
 The trailing woof, unseen, inviolate.

The warp was strung when this our world uprose
 From toiling chaos in the morn of life,
 And in the final night when doom descends
 The starry fabric shall be knotted close;
 And we shall know what pattern Fate intends
 When all the weary shuttles cease from strife.

THE SCHOOL OF THE SMALL PARK

BY MARTHA S. BENSLEY



THROUGHOUT the country all sorts and conditions of men are asking, "What is wrong with our public education?" and they are not asking it with a detached curiosity, but with an insistent desire to be answered—answered in a way that will show them how to change this wrong education into a right one.

The best answer to this general questioning has recently been made in Chicago, disguised as a series of small parks. A happy combination of legal authority, ample resources, marked intelligence, and benevolent instincts on the part of those who devised the plan and those who are executing it, has produced a most gratifying result.

It is surprising how little stir this important work has made in the United States, and even in Chicago itself, but the awakening seems to be coming. A representative from Australia has been to the Western metropolis studying the development of the system, and while this article is in press an international conference will be in session in Chicago for the study of the experiment at first hand. I venture to say that the delegates to the conference of The Playground Association of America will discover much to be emulated in this phase of the national movement toward city betterments.

It may come as news to some readers in other cities, who know of their local parks and playgrounds, that Chicago has advanced farther than any other community in the world along this line of effort to make the modern city wholesome and happy in summer for all its children, with the idea that it is more reasonable to establish fresh-air conditions at home, than to depend upon fresh-air funds that offer comfort only at the end of a journey.

These new parks have been placed with

such a beautiful democracy that even the richest Chicago child has been considered. They dot the whole South Side, which includes not only the stockyards, the town of Pullman, the Illinois steel plants, and some of the city's most beautiful residence districts, but many growing suburbs into which the congested population is overflowing.

Twelve of these centers have been opened, and they vary in size from three to sixty acres. One of the largest and most satisfactory is Sherman Park, which fronts a boulevard and a well-to-do neighborhood, and backs against the homes of the stockyards employees. Into this sixty-acre space crowd children of varying races and social conditions and tend to fuse into a coherent whole. In the middle of this park is a meadow where baseball, football, tennis, and games requiring wide room are played. This is ringed by a water way crossed by bridges at the four corners, and alive with rowboats. It also bears one electric launch, a sort of aquatic carryall, on which, seated high on a comfortable garden bench and viewing the sixty acres of scenery, one may circle the canal twice for five cents. South of the water way are the buildings—piles of gray stucco with touches of color along their edges. Here is the clubhouse with its beautiful ballroom, opening through glazed doors on verandas where the dancers may promenade. Here are the rooms where the different clubs have their meetings; the station of the Public Library; and a reading room stocked with current magazines of all sorts. Here also is sold prepared milk for the babies at a cost of one and two cents a bottle, put up to suit different ages, with printed directions.

Across from this clubhouse are gymnasiums fitted with the best apparatus, in charge of trained directors. But during the summer months these are not used, for then the children frolic over the horizontal bars, and up

and down the ladders, swing on the rings, or spin round on the giant stride in the open air. Or if they are too little for these, there is another inclosure which brings the seashore near to them in the shape of a wading pool with banks of white sand, where there is a little merry-go-round, tiny swings, and low teeters.

These parks—which are not only parks, but playgrounds, schools, gymnasiums, clubs, libraries, and cafés as well—are becoming gymnasiums where the children may practice at real life; were intended as places where the theories taught in the schools might be translated into terms of practical existence.

duced an autumnal fall of magazine leaves in the reading room. They had been told that the park was for them and their only idea of possession was to destroy. It took a great deal of instruction and persuasion and example to change this state of things; and it was not done through any abstract teaching that it was wrong, but through implanting the idea that it was foolish, for them to destroy their own property.

"Well, that was some nine or ten months ago, and only last week when I drove over there I met the two boys who were leaders in that gang, and who have since been among the most constant attendants at the parks.



"Another inclosure which brings the seashore near to them."

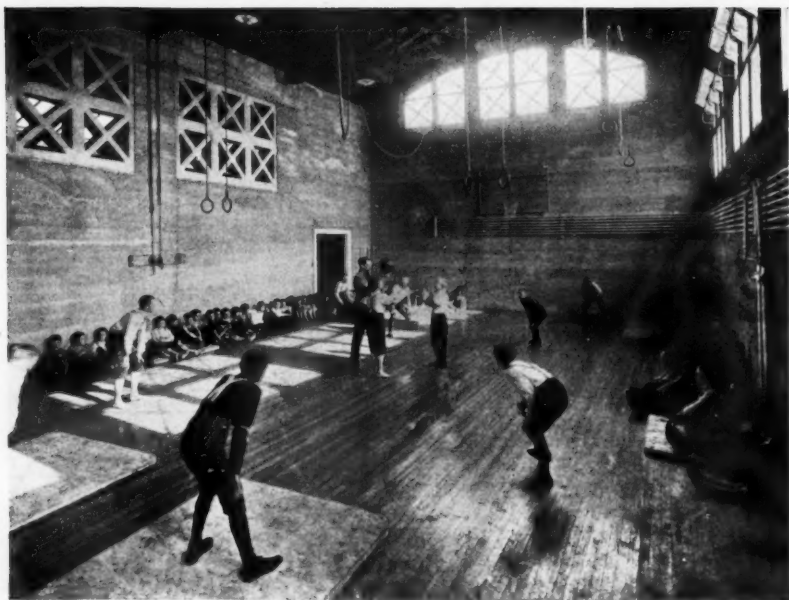
But before this work could be done, it was necessary to impress on the people the fundamental idea that these centers were not something given them by others; that they were theirs of right; and that the directors were in a sense their servants.

"When we first opened McKinley Park," said Mr. Foster, the general superintendent, "I was much discouraged. Bands of 'toughs' from beyond the stockyards, unruly boys of every age, invaded the place with the sole object, apparently, of destroying whatever they could find. They uprooted the plants, they broke the shutters and the windows, they even tore up the sod, befouled the water of the swimming pools, and pro-

They said that the night before, as they were going home, they saw a boy whom they did not know, tearing up young bushes and plants, and they couldn't catch him till far outside the park.

"I beat him to a jelly, I did," said one of them; 'an' I took thim plants away from him and brung 'em back to Mr. Donald, an' I see he got 'em put in the ground ag'in in the mornin', fer I went over to look. Ain't he the fool feller fer diggin' up our plants?"

"This is the spirit we have tried to foster. After the first idea had been grasped, that these centers belonged to the people and that they had nothing to pay, the physical betterment came of itself, and it began with the



"Gymnasiums fitted with the best apparatus, in charge of trained directors."

fundamental idea of cleanliness. Hitherto we have felt that though it was necessary to keep the streets clean, and desirable to have pure water and decent sewerage, civic responsibility stopped at the material surroundings of the people, and that their personal cleanliness was their personal affair. No, not quite that either; for when dirt had brought disease, the city made it its affair. It built hospitals and brought the victims of dirt into them, and paid doctors and nurses. It did not feel responsible for the cause, but it assumed the burden of the result. Even where we have public baths they have not been effectively applied; but now we are using the kindergarten method. Each center is provided with swimming pools, great sheets of water sparkling in the open air, some with vine-topped pergolas along their edges; some with banks of white lake sand where the bathers can lounge and bask; some with soft green turf beside the water. And the people have been inveigled into cleanliness through their pleasure in these pools. They have not been taken by the scruff of the neck, as you may say, and had soap, water, and a crash towel applied with a vigorous hand; but they

have been told, 'See this beautiful swimming pool. Here is a bathing suit and a towel, but before you plunge in, just take this handful of liquid soap and step under the shower bath.' This method has succeeded to such an extent that in one of the centers they have had as many as 1,500 bathers in a day."

But even this washing of a neighborhood has not come easily. "They called me up one day on the telephone from Davis Park," said Mr. Foster, "and the despairing voice of the manager said: 'Oh, I can't tell you. It's too bad to talk about. But you'd better come over.' I thought maybe it was a fire or maybe it was an earthquake—but anyway I got over there as fast as I could. Well, he just showed me the bathing suits—they were fairly alive! Then I was discouraged! But we washed them, and we fumigated them, and we disinfected them; and we tried it again. And do you know that it was not more than a week or two before it was all over? We fairly washed the vermin off the population. It looks to me as if the parks that belong to the people could actually keep the public clean, when the bath tubs that they have to pay rent for, won't."

And with this new cleanliness has come a physical development, and the translation of material betterment into spiritual growth.

This moral uplift is perhaps most clearly shown in the three parks which are under the shadow of the stockyards. Here the children are mostly foreign born, or with foreign-born parents, and they are not even from the towns, but from the country. They are races which have never gone through the coöperative uplift of city life—Bohemians, Czechs, Lithuanians, and Poles—people new to congested living; individualists in the primary meaning of the word. Industrially they have been snatched, each from his individual plow, or his own hammer and saw, and given to do a detail in the providing of food for the country—a single cut of the knife repeated thousands of times a day—the pushing of a truck to and fro over a definite hundred yards. His unflexible muscles fit themselves to one set of actions and his unflexible brain becomes fixed in one mold, developing forever in mind and body the

power to do this one thing by which he lives.

Through these centers it is possible in some degree to keep this specialization from becoming a disadvantage to the individual. For the open country and the village games of Lithuania are substituted the athletic field with its coöperative training; and for the market-place discussion of village doings, the clubroom talks of the larger affairs of the new country; for the idea of a government outside and away from them, a thing of oppression, is substituted the idea that these very clubrooms, baths, and gymnasiums are theirs of right, provided by themselves, because they are the government.

One director in the stockyards district showed me photographs of his basket-ball and track teams, and told me the histories of the different members. "Now here is a chap," and he pointed to the picture of a big, blond Polish boy, "who came here with pretty good muscles but no ability to use them. He had been helping around a saloon



"Here I found Mary Casey one summer afternoon."

where all he had to do was to run errands and carry drinks. Why, it took him minutes to get himself started to run across the gymnasium. He couldn't do the traveling rings because he never got his hand up to reach for the second ring until he was swinging away from it on the first, and as for games, he wouldn't begin a team play until everyone else was through. I almost gave him up. But just look at him now. He is a pretty good player and fairly quick, and when he waked up he got out of that saloon and started to work for a grocery; and now he wants to get a job in a machine shop."

Another boy had been working at the pickling vats connected with one of the packing houses, and came to the park with his hands so stiff that they would hardly close about the parallel bars. The brine had eaten into them so that the joints were almost useless. The director found some other work for him, and he, too, is on one of the athletic teams.

Here I found Mary Casey one summer afternoon. She had an old, old face, and a tiny body, and she was drinking from one of the fountains that dot the park. Mary had only been in the country for two years, and she told me long tales of how it had been in Ireland, and how this park was more like that than anywhere; only there were no pigs!

The park took Mary Casey and her playfellows and made them physically clean; it strengthened their muscles and gave them control of them through athletic training; it provided good food at a low price; it gave them intellectual development along the lines of fair play, applied the school-taught theories of the relations of one human being to another, and showed them the wider appreciation of these relationships through clubs, through good reading, and through public lectures.

The question of allowing dances in the clubhouses has been much discussed because of the differing characters of the neighborhoods. The director of a center in a region where the dance-hall evil is so great that dancing is associated only with immorality, said to me, "We were afraid that if we had dances it would antagonize the better element in the neighborhood. Yet we knew that to let them dance was the surest way to attract the people who most need to come. Finally, we took a chance on it, and were most happily surprised at the way things turned out. Why, last night we had a dance here that was as good a thing as you could wish to see. The lady who directs the gymnasium and I were there, of course, but just like any other guests. It shows how big a difference the place makes too, for the other night when



"The people have been inveigled into cleanliness through their pleasure in these pools."



"Play and exercise should be a lure to the school, not away from it."

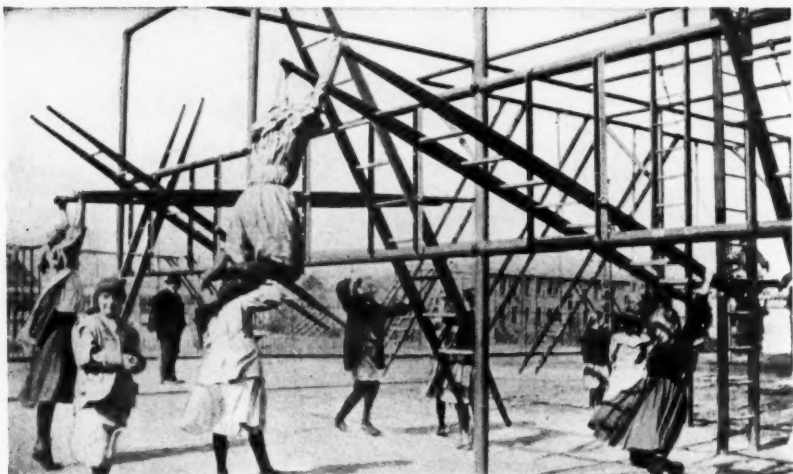
they were having a dance here, the lights went out. Something had happened to the wires, so they couldn't be fixed until morning. Well, they adjourned to a hall over a saloon and had a regular 'rough house.' The police had to break it up and stop the fighting. We have never had a fight at a dance here."

In games as well as in dancing, the different centers have pursued different policies. For instance, in one of the largest parks, which has a clientele among well-to-do Americans, there is a great preponderance of tennis courts as against a small number of merry-go-rounds and teeters. These different equipments grew out of the different needs of the place. When the children wanted a game, usually some of them got up the courage to speak to the manager about it, and then, if he could, he gave it to them. That helped to give them the idea that the things belonged to them. The children of the better neighborhoods have been more used to games of skill, and have got to the point where their play is less primitive, more sophisticated—where it is a thing of score-keeping and technic as well as of bodily exercise. If the rolling-mill children had been given tennis courts and told to play, and golf and games of that sort, they would probably not have come to the playgrounds

as they come now. But having been given the things they asked for, they play with them naturally, and do not have to be taught how. The idea is, that the people are to have in their own parks what they themselves want.

Some might think it a natural inference that all this new liberty would bring disorder in its train. But this is not the case.

"No, I ain't had to make no 'rests here yet," said a policeman stationed nearest the South Chicago steel works. "An' I've been here a year an' a half. I don't never 'rest 'em if I kin get out of it, and most always you kin git out of it. This is the sort of thing that happens. You know bad talk is one of the things we're dead set against. The director nor none of us won't stand for it. These people ain't like we are about it anyway. They can't seem to say anythin' without swearin'. Of course when they're talkin' in Polish or somethin' like that, there's nothin' you kin do. But when it's English, you have 'em. Well, there was a bunch of young toughs from the rolling mills used to come over to the bathin' beach in the evenin'. For a while you know there was just a canvas stretched round where they dressed; an' the women, they used to be sittin' just outside the canvas. Well, the way them fellers would talk while they was dressin' was somethin' fierce. I didn't say nothin' for a while,



"The children frolic over the horizontal bars and up and down the ladders."

but when I found out who was the two worst of the gang, I just slipped up on 'em and grabbed 'em. An' I gave them a good talk-in' to. 'Say,' I says, 'ain't you fellers got no mothers nor sisters of your own? You wouldn't like them to hear dirty talk, would you? Well, here's a lot of other fellers, mothers and sisters right behind this canvas hearin' every word you say!' Oh, I give it to 'em straight. They didn't say much, and I had to roast them two or three times more. But they've quit it now. Anyway, they've quit it in English."

On the bulletin board at Sherman Park I noticed that all the clubrooms were engaged for every night for the next six weeks. And the director told me about their official attitude in the matter.

"Our idea is not to form clubs," said he, "but to provide a meeting place and accommodation for those which grew up naturally in the neighborhood, and to foster them in any way we can. We are exactly the opposite of the ordinary social settlement in this respect. We are the servants of the people; not their directors. This place is theirs and they have hired us—perhaps somewhat indirectly—to do what they want done. Our only discretion in the matter is that as the majority of the people make the laws, we do not encourage anything which in our opinion is against law and order, and, of course, we

do not have political or religious discussions in the clubhouses."

Perhaps it is this very lack of initiative which makes the clubs among the most important of their activities. They are a natural outgrowth. It is true that on certain nights public lectures are given in the clubrooms, and that they are extremely well attended. The directors have tried to find out the subjects in which the people are interested and to have talks about those things. It has been discovered that foreign travel and economics are the most popular subjects.

A story which the director of one park told me proves that the effect of some lectures is unexpected. He said:

"One of the men who has been connected with the county school system, and who has great faith in the power of external beauty to affect the minds of the people, has developed a fad for the improvement of back yards, and he gave two lectures here on the growth and cultivation of inexpensive plants and vines, and how they could be made both beautiful and profitable. Well, shortly after that, about three hundred plants came down from the greenhouse, and we planted them all around the outside of the building, which, as you see, is plumb with the street. Well, the next morning every plant was gone. There was, of course, no getting them back,

so we laughed a little over it and sent to the greenhouse asking for more, and they sent us the same number again. And the first night after they were planted half of them were gone and the second night all of them. What could we do? That time the fact that the playgrounds belonged to the people had been impressed so strongly upon them that they believed they were theirs to take home. Oh, I have great interest now in going through the district and seeing those plants and vines peeping over all the back fences of the neighborhood. There is no question that that lecture struck home."

In the matter of aesthetics, the general theory that the people are to have what they demand, has been modified. Beautiful buildings have been put into the centers, suited to their needs, and it is trusted that the neighborhoods will grow to appreciate them. Moreover, the beauty of these buildings is not that of costly material nor elaborate detail. It is the beauty of simple and comparatively inexpensive things used in the right proportion and in the right manner. The only decorations that are not actual parts of the building are the flowers. In the ballrooms there are rows of plants around the music stands and vines and flowering shrubs fill the corners of the rooms. There is no beauty in these buildings that need be beyond the means of any frequenter of the park when he shall grow to care for it.

The fact that our system of public education does not prepare the children for any probable future, is made the excuse, on the one hand, for private schools which attempt to fit the children of the rich for a future of prosperity; and, on the other, for the prevalence of child labor, an effort to adapt the children of the poor to an existence of poverty. And if the existence of these two things were not a sufficient accusation against this system, every truant officer is in himself a confession of failure. The things for which the normal child seeks the streets—play and

exercise—should be a lure to the school, not away from it.

That the children of the rich should be badly educated is not a vital thing, because there are comparatively few of them; but that the children of the poor should grow up in ignorance is the great menace of the future. Even supposing that the child-labor committees succeed in driving the child out of industry, only one step toward the solution of the problem has been made. The boy who asked Judge Lindsay of Denver, "Can't a feller git an eddication in a plumber's shop?" has confounded us up to this time.

But now, through these park centers, the great idea that a real education is the right of the people, is being pushed to the front. Hitherto we have believed that such education might come through manual training and domestic science; through bookkeeping and a knowledge of weights and measures. But all these are makeshifts without intent of permanence; palliatives which have been applied to the reluctant infant mind like medicinal plasters, and the general educational disorder is now seen to be too fundamental for these external applications.

The greatest fact of all—that the people crave and take advantage of these centers—is shown by the enormous increase in their use. In one of the first parks to be opened, which is now about a year and a half old, the attendance has increased from about one hundred and fifty a day to a daily average of nearly eight thousand. There is no question that these centers are schools—schools willingly attended and therefore effective. The general superintendent said: "These parks belong with the schools, and I suppose should be under the direction of the Board of Education instead of in our hands. Of course, if you look at it in the biggest way, all the park system is a part of public education; but most people think that parks are for pleasure only—they do not see that education and pleasure can be made the same thing."



Drawn by H. S. Potter.

"I had even guessed that her name would be Sylvia."

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"

BY MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER



LEMON, I think," said Miss Knowles, in defiance of the knowledge, born of many afternoons, that he preferred cream. She took a keen and mischievous pleasure in annoying this hot-tempered young man and she generally succeeded. But to-day he was not to be diverted from the purpose which, at the very moment of his entrance, she had divined.

"Nothing, thank you," he answered. "I'll not have any tea. I came in only for a moment to tell you that I'm going to be married."

"Again?" she asked calmly as though he had predicted a slight fall of snow. But her calm did not communicate itself to him.

"Again?" he repeated hotly. "What do you mean by 'again'?"

"Now, Jimmie—" she remonstrated as she settled herself more comfortably among her pillows and centered all her apparent attention upon a fragile cup and a small but troublesome sandwich.

"—don't be savage. I only mean that you always tell me so when you find an opportunity. That you even manufacture opportunities: some of them out of most unlikely material. A chance meeting in a cross-town car; an especially *forte* place in an opera; the moment when a bishop is saying grace or a host telling his favorite story. And yet you expect me to be surprised to hear it now! Here in my own deserted drawing-room with the fire lighted and the lamps turned low. You forget that one is allowed to remember."

"You allow yourself to forget when you choose and to remember when you wish. You are——"

"And to whom are you going to be married? To the same girl? Do you know, I think she is not worthy of you?"

"She is not," he acquiesced, and she, for a passing moment, seemed disconcerted. "Yet she is," he continued, cheered by this slight triumph, "the most persistent, industrious, and deserving of all the young persons who, attracted by my great position and vast wealth, are pressing themselves or being pressed by designing relatives upon my notice."

His hostess laughed softly.

"Make allowances for them," she pleaded. "You know very few men can rival your advantages. The sixth son of a retired yet respectable stock broker, and an income of four thousand a year derived from a small but increasing—shall we say increasing——?"

"Diminishing; incredible as it may seem, diminishing."

"From a small but diminishing law practice. And with these you must mention your greatest charm."

"Which is?"

"Your humility, your modesty, your lack of self-assertiveness. Do you think she recognizes that? It is so difficult to fully appreciate your humility."

Jimmie grinned. "She's up to it," said he. "She knows all about it. She's as clever, as keen, as clear-sighted."

"Is she, perhaps, pleasing to the eye?" asked Miss Knowles idly. "Clever women are often so—well, so——"

Jimmie gazed at her across the little tea table. He filled his eyes with her. And, since his heart was in his eyes, he filled that too. After a moment he made solemn answer:

"She is the most beautiful woman God ever made."

"Ah, now," said Miss Knowles, returning her cup to its fellows and turning her face—and her mind—more entirely to him, "now we grow interesting. Describe her to me."

"Again?" Jimmie plagiarized.

"Yes, again. Tell me, what is she like?"

"She is like," he began so deliberately that his hostess, leaning forward, hung upon his words, "she is exactly like—nothing." The hostess sat back. "There was never anything in the least like her. To begin with, she is fair and young and slim. She is tall enough and small enough and her eyes are gray and black and blue."

"She sounds disreputable, your paragon."

"And her eyes," he insisted, "are gray in the sunlight, blue in the lamplight, and black by the light of the moon."

"And in the firelight?"

He rose to kick the logs into a greater brightness; and when he had studied her glowing face until it glowed even more brightly, he answered:

"In the firelight they are—wonderful. She has—did I tell you?—the whitest and smallest of teeth."

"They're so much worn this year," she laughed, and wondered the while what evil instinct tempted her to play this dangerous game; why she could not refrain from peering into the deeper places of his nature to see if her image were still there and still supreme? Why should she, almost involuntarily, work to create and foster an emotion upon which she set no store; which, indeed, only amused her in its milder manifestations and frightened her when it grew intense? He showed symptoms of unwelcome seriousness now, but she would have none of it.

"Go on," she urged. "Unless you give her a few more features she will be like Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother."

"And she has," he proceeded obediently, "eyebrows and eyelashes—"

"One might have guessed them."

"—beyond the common, long and dark and, soft. The rest of her face is the only possible setting for her eyes. It is perfection."

"And is she gentle, womanly, tender? Is she, I so often wonder, good enough to you?"

"She treats me hundreds of times better than I deserve."

"Doesn't she rather swindle you? Doesn't she let you squander your time?"—she glanced at the clock—"your substance?"—she bent to lay her cheek against the violets at her breast—"your affection upon her——?"

"And how could she be kinder? And when I marry her——"

"And *if*—," Miss Knowles amended.

"There's no question about it," he retorted.

"She knows that I shall marry her." Miss Knowles looked unconvinced. "She knows that she will marry me." Miss Knowles looked rebellious. "She knows that I shall never marry anyone else." Miss Knowles took that, apparently, for granted.

"Dear boy!" said she.

"That I have waited seven years for her."

"Poor boy!" said she.

"That I shall wait seven more for her."

"Silly boy!" said she.

"And so I stopped this afternoon to tell her that I'm coming home to marry her in two or three months."

"Coming home?" she questioned with not much interest. "Where are you going?"

"To Japan on a little business trip. One of the big houses wants to get some papers and testimony and that sort of thing out of a man who is living in a backwoods village there for his health—and his liberty. None of their own men can afford time to go. And I got the chance, a very good one for me—But I tire you."

"No; oh, no," said Miss Knowles politely.

"You are very interesting."

"Then you shouldn't fidget and yawn. You lay yourself open to misinterpretation. To continue: a very great chance for me. The firm is a big firm; the case is a big case, and it will be a great thing for me to be heard of in connection with it."

"Some nasty scandal, of course."

"Not exactly. It is the Drewitt case. I wonder if you heard anything about it."

"For three months after the thing happened," she assured him with a flattering accession of interest, "I heard nothing about anything else. Poor dear father knew him, to his cost, you know. I heard that there was to be a new investigation and another attempt at a settlement. And now you're going to interview the man! And you're going to Japan! Oh, the colossal luck of some people! You will write to me—won't you?—as soon as you see him, and tell me all about him. How he looks, what he says, how he justifies himself. O Jimmie, dear Jimmie, you will surely write to me?"

"Naturally," said Jimmie, and his thin, young face looked happier than it had at any other time since the beginning of this conversation; happier than it had in many pre-

ceding conversations with this very unsatisfying but charming interlocutor. "I always do. Sometimes when your mood has been particularly—well—unreceptive—I have thought of going away so that I might write to you. Perhaps I could write more convincingly than I can talk. A cheering condition of things for a lawyer!" he reflected.

"But this is a different and much more particular thing," she insisted with a cruelty of which her interest made her unconscious. "I have a sort of a right to know on account of poor dear father. I shall make a list of questions and you will answer them fully, won't you? Then I shall be the only woman in New York to know the true inwardness of the Drewitt affair. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning. I shall be away for perhaps three months and then"—doggedly—"then I'm coming home to be married. I came in to tell you."

"And if I don't quite believe you?"

"I shall postpone the ceremony. Shall we say, indefinitely, some time in the summer?"

"Not even then. Never, I think. That troublesome girl is beginning—she feels that she ought to tell you—"

"That there is another 'another'?"

"Yes, I fear so."

"Who will be in town for the next three months?"

"Again, I fear so."

"Then that's all right," said the optimistic Jimmie. "There never was a man—save one, oh, lady mine—who could, for three months, avoid boring you. When he holds forth upon every subject under the sun and stars you will think longingly of me and of the endless variety of my one topic, 'I'm going to marry you.'"

"But if he should make it his?"

"I defy him to do it. There is no guise in which he could clothe the idea which would not remind you, instantly, of me. If he should be poetical: well, so was I when we were twenty-one. If he should give you gifts of great price: well, so did I in those halcyon days when I had an allowance from my Governor and toiled not. If his is an outdoor wooing, you will inevitably remember that I taught you to ride, to skate, to drive, and to play golf. If he should attack you musically, you will be surprised at the number of operas we've heard together and of duets we've sung together. And so, in the words of my friend, fellow-sufferer, and

namesake, Mr. Yellowplush, 'You'll still remember James.'"

"That's nonsense!" cried Miss Knowles. "I've tried to be fond of you; I *am* fond of you and accustomed to you. The fatal point is that I am accustomed to you. You say you never bore me. Well, you don't. And that other men do. Well, you're right. But people don't marry people simply because they don't bore them."

"Your meaning is clearer than your words and much more correct. This really essential consideration is, alas, frequently not considered."

"People should marry," said Miss Knowles with a sort of consecrated earnestness—the most deadly of all the practised phases of her coquetry—"for love. Now, I'm not in love with you. If I were, the very idea of your going away would make me miserable. And do I seem miserable? Am I lovelorn? Look at me carefully and tell the truth."

Jimmie obeyed, and the contemplation of his hostess seemed to depress him.

"No," he agreed gloomily, "you seem to bear up. No one, looking at your face, could guess that your heart was in—was in—" Jimmie halted, vainly searching for the poetical word. Miss Knowles supplied it.

"In torn and bleeding fragments," she supplemented. "No, Jimmie. I'm sorry. You've laid siege to it in every known way and yet there's not a feather out of it."

• "There are two ways," Jimmie pondered audibly, "in which I have not wooed you. One is *à la* cave dweller. I might knock you on the head with a knobby club and drag you to my lair. But since my lair is some blocks away, and since those blocks are studded with the interested public and the uninterested police, the cave dwellers' method will not serve. There remains one other. I stand before you: so; I take your hand: so; I may even have to kiss it: so. And I say: 'Dear one, I want you. Every hour of my life I want you. I want you to take care of, to work for, to be proud of. I want you to let me teach you what life means. I want you for my dearest friend, for my everlasting sweetheart, for my wife.' And when I've said it, I kiss your hand: so; gently, once again, and wait for your answer."

"Dear boy," said she with an unsteady little laugh, for—as always—she shrank from his earnestness after she had deliberately roused it, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. You make me feel so shallow-pated

and so small. I don't want to talk about life and knowledge and love. And I don't want any husband at all. What makes you so tragic this afternoon? You're spoiling our last hour together. Come, be reasonable. Tell me what you think of Drewitt. Why do you suppose he did it? Did his wife and daughter know?"

"You're quite sure about the other thing?"

"Unalterably sure. And, Jimmie, dear old Jimmie, there are two things I want you to do for me. The first is, to abandon forever and forever this 'one topic,' of which you are so proud. Will you?"

"I will not," said Jimmie.

"And the second is: to fall in love with a girl on the boat. There is always a girl on a boat. Will you?"

"I will," said Jimmie promptly. "It would be just what you deserve."

Miss Knowles bore the absence of her most persistent and accustomed suitor with a fortitude not predicted by that self-confident young man. She danced and drove, lunched and dined, rode and flirted with undiminished zest, bringing, each day, new energy and determination to the task of enjoying herself.

The enjoyment of her neighbors seemed less important. She preferred that her part in the cotillion should be observed by a frieze of uncultured wallflowers. A drive was always pleasanter if it were preceded by a skirmish with her mother in which Miss Knowles should come off victorious with the victoria, while Mrs. Knowles accepted the *coup de grâce* and the *coupé*. A flirtation—if her languid, seeming innocent monopoly of a man's time and thoughts could be called by so gross a name—was more satisfying if it implied the breaking of vows and hearts and the mad jealousy of some less gifted sister; if it had, like a Russian folk song, a sob and a wail running through it.

Jimmie had never approved of these amusements and had never hesitated to express his opinion of them in terms which were intelligible even to her vanity. From the days when they had played together in the park she had dreaded his honesty and feared his judgments. "You're such a poacher, Sylvia," he told her once; "such an inveterate, diabolical Fly-by-Night, Will-o'-the-Wisp poacher. I sometimes think you'd condescend to take a shot at me if you didn't know that I'm fair game. But you like to kill two birds

with one stone; smash two hearts with one smile."

During the weeks immediately following the departure of her mentor she devoted herself whole-heartedly to her favorite form of sport. Besides her unscrupulousness she was armed with her grandfather's name, the riches of her dead father, her own beauty, and a mind capable of much better things. And, since Jimmie's presence would have seriously interfered with the pleasures of the chase, she was rather glad than otherwise that he was not there to see—and comment.

Her mother bore his absence with a like stoicism. That astute matron had long and silently deprecated the regularity with which her Louis Quinze had groaned beneath 180 pounds of ineligibility, the frequency with which a tall troop horse of spectacular gait and snortings could be descried beside her daughter's English hunter in the park, the strange chain of coincidence by which at theater, house party, dinner, or even church, Jimmie, smiling and unabashed, would find his way to her daughter's side and monopolize her daughter's attention.

In the excitement of the first stages of one of her expeditions into another's territory, Jimmie's first letter arrived. It was mailed at Honolulu, and consisted obediently of the cryptic statement: "There is no girl on the boat. She is a widow, but lots of fun." And it changed the character of the invasion from a harmless survey of the land to a determined attack upon its fortresses. And so Gilbert Stevenson, millionaire dock owner, veteran of many seasons and more campaigns, found himself engaged to Miss Sylvia Knowles just when, after a long and careful courtship, he had decided to bestow his hand and name upon the daughter of the retired senior partner of his firm: "that dear little girl of old Marvin's," as he described the lady of his choice, "his only child and a good child, too." He bore his surprise and honors with a courteous pomposity. Miss Knowles bore the situation with restraint and decorum. But that "dear little girl of old Marvin's" could not bring herself to bear it at all and wept away her modest claims to prettiness and spirit in one desolate month.

Like many a humbler poacher, Sylvia Knowles found an embarrassment in disposing of her victims after she had bagged them, and Mr. Gilbert Stevenson was peculiarly difficult in this regard. She did not want to keep him. In fact the engagement upon

which she was enduring congratulations had been as surprising to her as to her *fiancé*. And the methodical manifestations of his regard contrasted wearily with the erratic events in another friendship in which nothing was to be counted upon except the unaccountable. So that when vanquished suitors withdrew discomfited and returned to renew an earlier allegiance or to swear a new one, when "that good child of old Marvin's" had withdrawn her pitiful little face and her disappointment into the remote fastness of settlement work, when her mother resigned all claims upon the victoria and loudly affirmed her preference for the brougham, then things in general—and Mr. Stevenson in particular—began to bore Miss Knowles, and she began to look forward, with an emotion which would have surprised her betrothed, to foreign mails and letters. She considerably spared Mr. Stevenson this disquieting intelligence, having found him in matters of honor and rectitude as archaic and as fastidious as Jimmie himself. "Has a nasty suspicious mind," she reflected, "and a nasty jealous disposition. I wonder if he will expect me to give up all my friends when I marry him."

Yet even Mr. Stevenson could have found no cause for jealousy in the matter of the letters. He might have objected to their being written at all, but beyond that they were innocuous. For all the personality they contained they might have been transcripts of Jimmie's reports to his firm. He clung doggedly to his prescribed topics, and he could not have devised a surer method of arousing the curiosity and the interest of this spoiled young person. She spent hours, which should have been devoted to the contemplation of approaching bliss, in reading between the prosaic lines, in searching for sentiment in a catalogue of railway stations, for tenderness in descriptions of eccentric *tables d'hôte*. Finding no trace of his old gallantry in all the closely written pages, she attributed its absence to obedience and accepted it as the higher tribute to her power. She was forced to judge her lover's longing by the quantity rather than by the ardor of his words and to detect the yearning of a true lover's heart through such effectual disguise as:

"Drewitt is a fine old chap; as placid and as bright as this country and a great deal more so than anyone you'll see in the windows of the Union League Club. He re-

ceived me so cordially that I felt awkward about introducing the object of my visit; but when I had admired everything in sight, from the mountains in the distance to the rug I was sitting on, I finally faced the situation and did it.

"Dear me," said he, "are those directors still troubling themselves about their transaction with me?" I admitted apologetically that they were; that their books refused to close over the gap left by the vanishing of \$50,000, and that he was earnestly requested to return to New York and to lend his acknowledged business acumen, etc., etc. He never turned a hair. Said they—and I—were very kind. Nothing could give him greater pleasure. But the ladies preferred Japan. Therefore he, etc., etc., etc. But he would be delighted to explain the matter fully to me; to supply me with all the figures and information I desired. (And that, of course, is as much as I am expected to bring back.) But he would have to postpone his return until—and you should have seen the whimsical, quizzical old eye of him—until the nations could agree upon new extradition treaties. Then, of course, etc., etc., etc. Meanwhile, as there was no immediate urgency about the matter, as he hoped that I would stay with them for as long a time as I cared to arrange, he would suggest that we should join Mrs. Drewitt in the garden. She would welcome news of our American friends. "I need not ask you," he added as we went out through the wall like people in a dream or a fairy tale, "to be discreet and casual in your conversations with the ladies. My daughter is away this week visiting an old friend of hers who is married to a missionary in a neighboring village. She knows the reason for our being here. My wife does not. It need not be discussed with either of them." I should think not!

"And there in the garden was Mrs. Drewitt, a fat little old lady in a flaming kimono and spectacles. She wears her hair as your Aunt Matilda does, stuck to her forehead in scrolls. 'Water curls,' I think, is the technical term. She was holding the head of a dejected marigold while a native propped it up with a stick. It seemed she remembered my mother, and we spent a delightful tea time in a garden which was a part of the same dream as the phantom wall. Then the old gentleman led me off by myself and wanted to hear all about Broadway. Whether Oscar was still at the Waldorf. Whether Fields

and Weber made 'a good thing of it' apart. Then the old lady led me off by myself and wanted to know who was now the pastor of the Brick Church, and what was Maude Adams's latest play, and whether skirts were worn long or short in the street.

"You see this dress," she said, 'is not really made for a woman of my age. In fact, in this country all the bright and pretty colors are worn by the waitresses. Geishas they call them. But Mr. Drewitt always liked bright colors, and red is very becoming to me.' She was such a wistful, pathetic, and incongruous little figure that I said something about hoping that she would soon be in New York again. 'But,' she said, 'Mr. Drewitt cannot leave his work here. Didn't you know that he is stationed here to report the changes of the weather to Washington? It is very important, and we can't go home until he is recalled. And, besides,' she went on with a half sob in her voice and a look in her eyes that made her seem as young as her own daughter, 'and, besides, I would much rather be here. In New York my husband was too busy. He had so many calls upon his time, so many people to meet, and so many places to go, that sometimes I hardly felt as though he belonged to me. But now for days and weeks at a time we are together. And he has no business worries. And his salary,' she brightened up to tell me, 'is almost as good here as it used to be in the Trust Company for *much* harder work.' She's a sweet old thing—must have been quite a beauty once; and I wish you could see old Drewitt's manner with her—so courteous and affectionate—and hers with him—so adoring and confiding. It's wonderful!

"It will take some time to get all the information I want from the old man. He has the papers and he is quite willing to explain everything, but we spend the larger part of every day in entertaining the old lady and keeping her happy and unsuspecting."

A series of such letters covering several placid weeks reduced Miss Knowles to a condition of moodiness and abstraction which all the resources at her command failed to dissipate. In vain were the practiced blandishments of Mr. Stevenson; in vain her mother's shopping triumphs; in vain were dinners given in her honor and receptions at which she reigned supreme. None of her other experiments had resulted in an engagement—an immunity which she now humbly attributed to the watchful Jimmie—and she

was dismayed at the determined and matter-of-fact way in which she was called upon to fulfill her promise. "If only Jimmie were at home!" she realized, "he would save me." This was when the happy day was yet a great way off. "If only Jimmie would come home," she wailed as the weeks grew to months and even the comfort of his letters failed her. For two months there had been no news of him, and fate—and Mr. Stevenson—were very near when at last she heard from him again. He sent a telegram nearly as brief as his first letter. "I am coming home," it announced. "I am coming home and I'm going to be married."

And the simple little words, waited for so long, remembered so clearly, and coming, at last, so late, did what all Jimmie's more eloquent pleadings had failed to do.

Sylvia Knowles, a creature made of vanities, realized that she loved better than all her other vanities her place in this one man's regard. No contemplation of Mr. Stevenson's estate on the Hudson, his shooting lodge on a Scottish moor, his English abbey, and his Italian villa could nerve her for the first meeting with Jimmie, could fortify her against his first laughing repetition:

"You married to Gilbert Stevenson," or his later scornful: "You *married* to Gilbert Stevenson."

So she dismissed Mr. Stevenson with as little feeling as she had annexed him and sought comfort in the knowledge that her mother was furious, her own fortune ample, and that marrying for love was a graceful, becoming pose and unusual thing to do.

Her rejected suitor bore his disappointment as correctly as he had borne his joy. He stormed the special center of philanthropy in which old Marvin's little girl had buried herself, and she was most incorrectly but refreshingly glad to see him. She destroyed forever his poise and his pride in it when she sat upon his unaccustomed knee, rested her tired head upon his immaculate shirt front, and wept for very happiness.

"And I remember," said Miss Knowles, "that you always take cream."

"Nothing, thank you," Jimmie corrected. "Just plain unadulterated tea. I learned to like it in Japan. But don't bother about it. I haven't long to stay. I came in to tell you—"

"That you're going to be married."

"How did you guess?"

"You didn't leave me to guess. Your telegram——"

"Ah, yes!" quoth Jimmie. "I sent a lot of them before I sailed. But in my letters——"

"You mentioned absolutely nothing but that stupid old Drewitt affair. Never a word of the places you saw, the people you met, or even the people you missed. Nothing of the customs, the girls, the clothes. Nothing but that shuffling old Drewitt and his stuffy old wife. Nothing about yourself."

"Orders are orders," quoth Jimmie, "and those were yours to me. I remember exactly how it came about. We had been talking personalities. I have an idea that I made rather a fool of myself and that you told me so. Then you, wisely conjecturing that I might write as foolishly as I had talked, made out a list of subjects for my letters. My name, I noted with some care, was not upon that list."

"Jimmie," said Miss Knowles, "I was cruel and heartless that day. I've thought about it often."

"You've thought!" cried the genial Jimmie. "How had you time to think? Where were all those 'anthers'?"

"There were none," lied Miss Knowles soulfully with a disdainful backward glance toward Mr. Stevenson. "For a time I thought there was one. But whenever I thought of that last talk of ours— You remember it, don't you?"

"Of course. I told you I was going to be married as soon as I came home. Well, and so I am."

"So you are. But I used to think that if you hesitated to tell me; if you felt that I might still be hard about it and unsympathetic; if you decided to confide no more in me——"

"But you would be sure to know. Even if I had not telegraphed I never could have kept it a secret from you."

"Not easily. I should have been, as you observe, sure to know. Do you remember how I always refused to believe you? It was not until you were in that horrid Japan, where all the women are supposed to be beautiful——"

"Yes," Jimmie acquiesced. "It was when I was in Japan."

"It was then that it began to seem possible that you would be married when you came home. It was then that I began to realize that I didn't deserve to be told of your plans.

For I had been a fool, Jimmie. You had been a fool too, but not in the way you think. And so, if you will sit where I sat that horrid day, we will begin that conversation all over again and end it differently. The first speech was yours. Do you remember it?"

"But I'm going to be married," said Jimmie.

"Good boy. He knows his lesson. And now I say, 'To the most beautiful woman in the world?'"

"To the most beautiful woman God ever made. The dearest, the most clever, the most simple."

"Simple," repeated Miss Knowles with some natural surprise. "Did you say simple?"

"Simple and jolly and unaffected. As true and as bright as the stars. And I'm going to marry her——"

"Now this," Miss Knowles interjected, "is where the difference comes. You are to sit quite still and listen to me because a thing like this—however long and carefully one has thought it out—is difficult in the saying. So: I stand here before you where I can look at you; for four months are long; and where you may, when I have quite finished, kiss my hand again; for again four months are long. And I begin thus: Jimmie, you are going to be married——"

"I told you first," cried Jimmie.

"But I knew it first," she countered—"to a woman who has learned to love you during the past three months, but who could not do it more utterly, more perfectly, if she had practiced through all the years that you and I have been friends."

"So she says," Jimmie interrupted with sudden heat. "So she says. God bless her!"

"And ah, *how* she is fond of you. 'Fond' is a darling of a word. It keeps just enough of its old 'foolish' meaning to be human. Proud of you, glad of you, fond of you— I think that this is, perhaps, the time for you to kiss my hand."

"You're a darling," he said as he obeyed.

"But what I can't understand——"

"It's not your turn. You may talk after I finish if I leave anything for you to say. See, I go on: You are going to marry——"

"The most beautiful woman in the world."

"That reminds me. What is she like? I've not heard her described for ages."

"Because there was no one in New York who could do justice to her."

"You are the knightliest of knights. Go on. Describe her."

"Well, she is neither very tall nor very

small. But the grace of her, the young, surpassing grace of her, makes you know as soon as your eyes have rested on her that her height, whatever it chances to be, is the perfect height for a woman. And then there is the noble heart of her. What other daughter would have buried herself, as she has done, in a little mountain village——"

Miss Knowles looked quickly about the luxurious room, then out upon the busy avenue, then back at him, suspecting raillery. But he was staring straight through her; straight into the land of visions. His eyes never wavered when she moved slowly out of their range and sat, huddled and white-faced, in the corner of a big chair.

"And all," Jimmie went on, "so bravely, so cheerily, that it makes one's throat ache to see. And one's heart hot to see. Then there is the beauty of her. Her hair is dark,

her eyes are dark, but her skin is the fairest in the world."

Miss Knowles pushed back a loose lace cuff and studied the arm it had hidden. "*La reine est morte*," she whispered, "*morte, morte, morte*."

"But what puzzles me," said the genial Jimmie, "is your knowing about it all. I never wrote you a word of it, and as for Sylvia—by the way, did you know that her name, like yours, is Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Miss Knowles. "I had even guessed that her name would be Sylvia."

"You're a wonderful woman," Jimmie protested. "The most wonderful woman in the world."

"Except——?"

"Except, of course, Sylvia Drewitt."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Knowles. "Yes, of course."

THE ROAD OF THE MAD

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER



THE young moon had set. The stars snapped and quivered and glowed in the cold, clear depths of the night sky; the wide fields shimmered with a pale light of their own, for they were silvered thick with a velvet nap of feathery frost. The cold-contracted rails of the single track twanged harshly in the silence of the dark; the diminutive, open-face station seemed to be hunching up its walls about its eaves and squatting meekly beside the track, making the best of the wait for dawn.

Then in the east, at the crest of the hill, there came a soft, warm glow, fitful, flickering, but growing with a deeper and deeper pink. Rabbits and little field mice and other creatures of the night fields looked up from their browsing, startled that the dawn should have come hours too soon; sleepy sparrows under the thick fir boughs stirred restlessly and cheeped in peevish, drowsy voices. And the glow deepened and reddened with an

angry flush; against the glare at the hill crest a dark mass began to thicken into solidity, its edges sharpening and showing more regular until the whole length of the long, low building stood clear against the wavering, increasing light.

"Clang-ng-ng," from a wing of the building came the din of a gong beaten by fear-frenzied hands; the barbaric crash and jangle was answered from the building's opposite end, and then from the squat brick tower came the frantic pealing of a great bell, which in a moment was drowned and beaten down by a roar of inhuman voices shrieking, shrieking, shrieking in an agony of terror.

The fields, tranquil a moment before, echoed with the mad tumult; the panic-stricken little night creatures scurried desperately to cover. There was a deep bo-o-o-m, and a great slow p-o-o-o-f of saffron, flame-flecked smoke hung for a moment above the building, then floated lazily aside beyond reach of the long yellow tongues which leaped out after it and then settled back

upon the roof, at which they lapped and licked greedily. Another muffled explosion and the roof, with a roar, burst into a tumbling mass of flames which pillared up toward the shrinking sky and dulled into insignificance the stars.

Scores of windows, dark and empty a moment ago, glared as in fierce, red-eyed anger; from behind the heavy iron bars, grill-like against the crimson glow, shrieking figures flitted and danced, striking with clenched hands between the bars at the glass panes, which broke and fell tinkling upon the frozen ground. Then the great doors in the front of the building swung open and there burst forth a rout of seminaked figures screaming, yelling, singing, weeping—laughing with shrill, mad laughter. They leaped and bounded and danced down the broad steps, then scattered and fled in all directions from the terror of the burning; down the slope of the frost-crustured fields they sped, and into the encircling walls of darkness, from which floated back their songs and their laughter, their screams and their ravings as they wandered away into freedom.

Many hours before this, back in New York City, a cab had lost a wheel at an inopportune moment, and its occupant, a girl, thereby had missed her train, and after a dreary wait had had to take another not at all to her convenience. She could not know that the telegram she sent to announce her new time of arrival miscarried, and that her father, having met the eleven o'clock train only to discover that his daughter was not aboard, had disappointedly turned the old dun horse about and jogged dejectedly up the long hill.

The drive back was so different from the one he had anticipated! The Major tugged at his white mustache right savagely and urged the stumbling horse to a wretched semblance of a trot over the frozen ruts and ice-covered stones; then in his musing he forgot about the horse, which sank back, wheezing, into its accustomed plod.

Molly's examinations had evidently kept her back. She had been by no means sure of making the Thursday evening train when she last wrote, but it was unlike the girl not to telegraph—Molly was thoughtful—not like most women, but like her mother, bless her—and getting more like her every day. Why the devil, though, hadn't she wired? She never would come on the 1.30 A.M. And—why! confound it all!—here the Major unwittingly lashed the horse a vehement blow

—it would be a whole twenty-four hours longer before the girl would come! The train arriving at noon would require too early a start from New York, and the next one, an express, did not stop at the way station, but ran on to the town ten miles farther.

And the winter night grew very chill and gray, and the twinkling light of the asylum at the hill crest now held no cheer for the chief warden as he jolted up the long hill.

He had not realized before how much he had counted on her coming—why! he had marked each day off the calendar for three months!—from the very week after Molly had gone away to school.

"Well, I dare say I can mark off one more," the Major muttered grimly.

"But, Gad, how I miss her," he spoke aloud. "We all miss her, don't we, Pegasus? Gid ap, you fat humbug," he cried to the horse, and slapped the round, heaving sides with the lines.

Pegasus responded by lurching forward spasmodically, then, with a knowing wobble of his ears, resumed his languorous pace. The road aimlessly zigzagged up the hill; just here, it perversely headed at right angles to the asylum, solely in order, so it seemed, that it might try to lose itself in the dense little pine wood. It was very dark under the close growing trees; the Major was drowsy, his head sank forward, and his musings became disconnected and fitful.

Next year he would resign; then he and Molly would live together somewhere near her school. Eighteen years was long enough to serve as chief warden. He was old enough to retire, and, besides, the asylum was no place for a young girl of nineteen. He had kept her with him perhaps too long now.

But it had been hard to send her away to school, and the three months just past had been lonely ones; he dared not think of the months to come after the brief holidays.

Yes, he would certainly resign next year.

If Molly had been there she would have pulled his mustache and told him, playfully disrespectful, that he was an old fraud, that he had been resigning for four years ever since—ever since mother had gone away—"and you know, Dad, you truly haven't a notion of ever leaving!"

At which recollection of "Molly's little ways—bless her," the Major chuckled sleepily, never dreaming of what he would see when the road topped the hill and gave full view of the asylum.

But at that very moment Molly was sitting, a very tired, impatient young lady, in a stuffy and overheated Pullman, waiting until nine very much intermingled freight cars could be cleared off the west-bound tracks. She munched chocolate creams, read a little, slept a little, and, at last, two hours and a half late, reached the junction where the 1.30 accommodation train and its sleepy crew were phlegmatically waiting. Then thirty miles down the tortuous branch line, and Molly was awakened by the conductor's shaking her gently and calling "Ridgecrest" in a hoarse, sleepy voice.

The oil lamps with the smoked chimneys gave out a faint, murky glow, the train creaked and groaned and quivered and lurched; the girl rubbed a clear space on the heavily steamed windowpane and tried to peer out, but her own pale, heavy-eyed face, with her tangled hair, reflected in the glass by the outer darkness was all she could see. She turned as the conductor stood swaying in the aisle, his lantern swinging from his arm.

"This is a lonely station, miss," he said. "I hate to set you down here at this time o' night. Are you sure your folks'll meet you?"

"Oh, yes," Molly answered brightly. "I wired before I left New York; besides it is only a mile from the station."

There was a yammer and screech of brakes and the train came to a jolting stop; the friendly conductor caught up the heavy suit case, and the girl followed him to the door.

"You're sure you hadn't better come on to town an' go out to the 'sylum in the mornin' on No. 4?" he suggested again.

"Oh, no; thank you," she replied rather wearily.

When they were on the ground the conductor, one foot on the bottom car step, hesitated.

"It's all right. See, there's some one now," Molly reassured him.

A figure moved out from the little open-space station and came slowly toward them.

The conductor, relieved, swung his lantern. The engine, with much chuffing and slipping of drivers, jerked forward, and the train, with hissing steam, rumbled down the track, the solicitous conductor calling a lusty "good night."

The figure had stopped. Molly took a few uncertain steps forward, then a vague, undefined, numbing fear clutched her, and she too stood still.

"Why—why, Dad?" she quavered. In

the thick dark the figure loomed large and shadowy; it seemed to stoop far forward, with dim-seen peering face and dangling arms.

"Who is that?" the girl almost whispered. There was a moment of agonizing silence; then with a low chuckle the figure turned and shambled away into the night.

The girl dropped the suit case and cowered down against it, too shaken to even think. Far off to the left, up the track, so faint as to be but a doubt, came one long-drawn-out wail, rising, breaking, falling; then, except for the chill night wind in a clump of evergreens, there was silence.

All about her stretched the wide, lonely fields, which somewhere sheltered a shambling figure, and somewhere else a voice which wailed itself into silence. In front of her the empty station; behind—the girl turned swiftly, and screamed and screamed again:

"Dad!" she sobbed. "Oh, Dad!"

Then subconsciously she caught up her suit case, and, stumbling heavily over the loose ballast of the tracks as she crossed, she ran panting and sobbing up the frozen road.

At the crest of the hill, like a great, red, pulsing wound, lay the glowing pile of what had been the asylum. It shot up fitful flickerings against the velvet-black background, and now and then, on a gust of raw wind, a long golden streamer of sparks swept down the slope.

Her father! her father! Every other thought was forgotten. "Oh, Dad!" she moaned again as she staggered on and on, the unconsciously gripped suit case banging at her ankles, stumbling, slipping, falling. With her whistling breath trying to call "Dad," the girl pushed fiercely up the hill.

A figure, running rapidly, was upon her almost before she realized it. She had no time to think; she felt no fear but for her father.

The man, reaching her, cried, "At last!" and caught the suit case out of her hand, and, turning about, clutched her arm and began helping her roughly up the hill.

"We must hurry," he said. The girl, with a little sob of relief, stumbled after.

"What of my father?" she begged. "He is safe? Unhurt?"

"Hurry!" her companion urged. "We must hurry!"

"Oh, then he is hurt!" she moaned. She was panting for breath, and the raw night air that was sucked sharply down into the depths of her lungs stung savagely.

"Tell me," she gasped, "he is not—not dead?"

"Hurry!" came the monotonous reply, and the man increased his pace, almost jerking her off her feet.

"I cannot go faster. Oh! please——"

From out in the dusky fields came a sudden wild peal of laughter. The man stopped so abruptly that the girl fell violently against him.

"Listen!" he whispered.

She cowered close to him. Again the shrill, mad laughter farther away. The man threw back his head with a joyous shout.

"The wedding march!" he screeched, and flinging his arm about her waist, he pranced, dragging her up the road and gibbering:

"Tum tee te tum; tum, tum, tee, tee; tum——" In some manner they both tripped over the suit case and sprawled forward heavily. The man leaped to his feet with the agility of a boy, and, snatching the suit case from the ground, he crushed it to his breast with his two arms.

"My first born!" he wailed. "My baby! They shall not take you from me!" and he rushed away down the hill. The girl heard him scramble over a fence and go wandering away into the barren fields, calling plaintively from time to time, "My first born, my first bor-r-rn," until his voice trailed away into a mere whisper of sound.

Molly lay quite still where she had fallen till a great calm seemed suddenly to rest upon her. She realized perfectly what had happened—that between two and three hundred maniacs were roaming over the countryside, and that death in an awful form lurked in every foot of the half mile before her. Her father—her father—her voice choked; besides, she could only go on. There was nowhere else to go. She got upon her knees in the icy road and then to her feet. A heaven-sent courage transformed her; and with hands clenched tightly at her sides, and eyes looking neither to right nor left, she walked swiftly, unflinching up the road in the blackness. Only silence seemed abroad. She went on steadily.

Low voices at her very elbow made her stop sharply and press her knuckles hard against her cheeks to keep from shrieking at the suddenness of the encounter. Her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and as she turned, she saw two women sitting on the bank at the roadside. They sat silent and stared at her. For a moment the girl

hesitated; then she walked slowly toward them. They sat quite still. One was an old woman, her thin gray hair straggled in wisps over her dim seen face; the other was a mere girl. Both were in their nightdresses, and they sat upon the frost-covered ground, huddled together in each other's arms, and shivered until their bodies rocked in unison. Molly walked straight up to them. She was her father's own daughter. She knew what he would have had her do. Well, too, she knew what effect her first word might have.

"Stand up," she said bravely.

They stood up together. She took off her greatcoat and helped the old woman, unresisting, into it; then deftly she slipped out of her heavy woolen skirt and flung it over the head of the young girl, and hooked it about her neck and over her shoulders. Then linking an arm through that of the old woman, and the other about the waist of the girl, she said gently:

"Come, we are going back to bed—to where it is warm." The three trudged silently up the road. Molly tried talking to them as though they were children, coaxing them, humoring them, getting them slowly back to safety.

The crimson cherries on her hat bobbed and dangled. They caught the old woman's eye and she watched them furtively. Molly, all unconscious, talked on.

"I ain't had a new bunnit—fer—" the old woman mumbled. Suddenly she snatched at the hat with the lightning-swift dab of a panther's paw, tore it from the terrified Molly's head, and scampered off down the hill, the long ulster, buttoned only at the neck, trailing out behind like a witch's cloak. The young girl, with a fierce exclamation, wrenched herself free from Molly's arm and rushed after her. Suddenly she tripped, and, her arms held at her sides under the skirt, she fell upon her face and rolled over and over, fighting and tearing and clawing at the skirt like a cat in a bag. She was so hugely grotesque that Molly, standing irresolute in the road, laughed shrilly.

The old woman, hearing the fall, turned and ran back up the hill. She caught her companion by the shoulder and dragged her to her feet, then together they raced down the road, a shower of pebbles rattling and rolling behind them until long after they were lost to sight in the darkness. Molly sat down.

For a long while she sat, too exhausted to move. She seemed in a stupor, an apathy

in which nothing really mattered now; when, from behind, two cold hands were laid on her shoulders. She did not move, but sat motionless as though frozen.

"Come!" she heard a man's voice saying, "You will come with me?"

Instinctively she knew that she must humor him, for at the slightest opposition he might kill her. She got unsteadily to her feet, and he slipped his arm about her, and together they began walking slowly up the hill. Her hair had come down and streamed in long waves over the arm about her waist. She was so weak that unconsciously she leaned against his shoulder. They staggered on in silence.

The girl knew she was losing her grip on things and felt herself walking as in a dream. The strain of the last half hour was telling swiftly—she felt herself going—slipping, slipping. She *must* keep her senses. She dared not go wandering on and on with this madman and be without her faculties to resist him. She made a desperate effort to clutch herself back from the abyss of darkness over which she hovered. Unknowingly she must have flung herself against the man, for his arm tightened about her and she was almost lifted off the ground as he quickened his pace. At least they were going in the right direction, and as long as he kept on the road—should he drag her into the fields! Uncontrollably she shivered with terror at the thought, and again, at the quiver of her body, the arm tightened, and she felt that half lift which he gave. How very strong he was! He could tear her limb from limb should a violent mood seize him—as long as they kept to the road!

Why! it was all right—he was going straight toward the asylum. He would take her right to Dad. It could be but a quarter of a mile more; then, perhaps, but oh! if her father were—if neither he nor any of the doctors or nurses were—were left, then she would be alone, all alone with these terrible mad folk. She began to whimper softly in the darkness. His arm twined a little closer.

"There, there!" he murmured, as though to a sick child.

She started apprehensively at his words, dreading to hear him speak; for she remembered the man who had quietly carried her suit case until once the poor, diseased brain had tried to work. He had rushed off with the suit case, screaming that it was his baby. How very, very long ago that was—whole

years. Oh! if this one would only not try to think; if only she might get him up to the doctors; if only he would keep on the road.

They stumbled on over the frozen ruts, slipping on the ice-covered stones, mutually aiding each other to keep a footing, going slower and slower as her strength ebbed. She felt herself slipping again into the void. Her feet did not seem to be touching ground. Suddenly, with a sickening wrench, she realized that they were off the road. The shock brought her back with a jerk from half insensibility, and, in a frenzied fear, she twisted almost out of his grasp. The man, startled, flung both arms around her and held her fast, though she fought him like a wild thing, for the moment crazed by the terror of being dragged into the lonely wastes of the fields.

"Take me back to the road. Oh! you will not kill me here in the fields," she moaned. "Oh! take me back to the road."

"There, there!" he soothed. "I will not hurt you." She lay exhausted in his arms. "It is shorter this way."

"Shorter?" she queried.

"Yes," he said, humoring her. "Not so far."

"Shorter to—?—to *Death!*" she cried, beginning to struggle again.

"You poor, poor, mad little thing," he said compassionately.

Then, as though the matter were settled, he began to lead her gently on through the field. To the girl's overwrought mind it was the beginning of the end, and, losing all reason, she tried to fling herself on the ground, weeping.

"Oh, take me back to the road, back to the road. Oh, Dad, Dad!"

Without a word he turned, and they retraced their steps. With the hard, stony road again under their feet the girl regained her courage to a slight degree, and began to marvel at the hold she had on her madman. They plodded on in a miserable silence. Nearer and nearer they drew to the site of the old asylum. Now and again when an eddy of wind swirled their way they caught the sound of voices. Once the girl called "Dad," but she was so weak that the voice scarcely rose above a whisper.

A white, shadowy figure flitted down the road toward them, swung sharply to the right, and tried to slip by unobserved.

"Another girl!" the man exclaimed. "You will not run away? I can get her too."

He made a move as though to disengage himself. To the girl's confused senses she understood only that he, too, like those others, would rush screaming down the road of the mad, and that after bringing him so near to safety and to shelter, she would lose him at the very threshold, and, impotent to save, must watch him plunge into the darkness.

Benumbed by the hour of terror, her sense of danger chilled by cold and weariness, hysterical from the long strain, she suddenly flung her arms about his neck and held him, anything to save him and get him back to the doctors and to shelter; and she pleaded with him not to leave her.

"Oh, you will not leave me *now*?" she beseeched. "Stay with me. Take me to my father."

The shadowy figure close to the fence patterned down the road and was gone.

The girl clung to him and they stood breathless, irresolute, wondering.

The road ran through a deep cut. What had been the asylum flickered on the hillside above them. A great brick chimney, unseen, toppled, then crashed down among the smoldering embers, sending up a shower of sparks and a dull angry glow.

And in the momentary flare of light the girl saw a strong, brave young face bending over her, the head bound with a blood-stained bandage. And the man looked down into an upturned face, grimy and tear-stained, framed in a wild tangle of soft brown hair, and into a pair of wide, brown eyes, in which was a glow of fear that might well be madness. Then the light went out.

"You will not go?" the girl whispered, and tightened her clasp about his neck. In the dark she felt his face coming closer, closer; felt his warm breath. Then his lips rested a moment on hers in a caress of compassion, and, whispering too, he answered: "I will not leave you, little one."

Without warning there came a sudden scrambling of pebbles on the road and shrill, terrible voices. Out of the dark, running, leaping, dodging, striking, darted three figures fighting madly as they ran, and screaming with fierce, animal-like cries.

The man sprang in front of the girl and pushed her backward against the high bank, then stood to defend her; but the three without heeding them rushed by. The girl heard the thuds of the blows, the grinding teeth, heard the rattle of a chain; then, when they were lost in the dark, she fainted and dropped down, down, down into blackness, till at last she felt herself gliding smoothly in a great peace.

After eons of time, many, many voices, thousands of leagues away, all faintly calling, "Molly, Molly," and she opened her eyes and stared wonderingly at the circle of strangely familiar faces gathered about her.

The air was pungent with the smell of burned wood. A breath of hot wind swept over her and left a little covering of feathery ashes. In the cold, gray dawnlight the lanterns looked like pale staring eyes, and threw thin, wavering shadows on the blackened and scorched brick wall—shadows that towered over her and seemed to stoop and leer at her in their fantasticness until she cowered down into the blankets. Out of the soothing murmur of the myriad voices came insistent words, "Molly," "dearie," and as she sat up, "Oh! thank God!"

And there was Dad with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and all around her were the doctors and nurses, cheering and clapping their hands and laughing hysterically, and at her other side knelt a young man with a bandaged head, looking anxiously at her.

With her face pressed tight against the Dad's shoulder and his strong, old arms holding her close, she sobbed with happiness and relief till suddenly she remembered and clutched her father, whispering:

"Don't let him get away, Dad; don't let him go down the road!"

"Who?" ejaculated the Major, startled.

"There!" she whispered, "right beside me."

"Oh! Baer! Dr. Baer, our new doctor! He won't run away!"

"Doctor?" The girl stared with round, wondering eyes.

"And I thought *you* were the maddest of them all!" she said.

"I am!"

EXPLORING FOR NEW CROPS

BY W. G. FITZGERALD



OUTSIDE the walls of Baghdad, city of the "Arabian Nights," the white man stoops for a handful of sticky adobe soil, such as recorded for ages old Babylon's literature, in clay cylinders scarred with cuneiform characters. And behind him lags a thin line of camels, some jangling with pots and pans, tent poles and rifle cases; others with their long necks swaying from out bowers of palm shoots they carry trailing behind them.

A horse gallops from the city's gate, and Major Newmarch, the British consul, white helmet in hand, welcomes a rare fellow Christian to this fanatical stronghold.

"My name is David Fairchild, from Washington," says the visitor. "I'm after scions of the date family. I'll tell you all about it after I get my animals in shelter," and the two seek a *caravansérai* within the walls, near the lofty green minaret of the Great Mosque.

Consul Newmarch couldn't make his visitor out at all. He was greatly puzzled, but too polite to say so, even after the two were at dinner in the big marble court, with the moonbeams shimmering through the pomegranates, fanned by draughts of air forced through wet screens. Then Fairchild, of Washington, agricultural explorer, returned to the subject of date scions.

"Our government thinks they'd take kindly to the Arizona deserts, perhaps saving us the \$600,000 a year we pay this very region for imported dates. We've worked on the idea for years, and now have 3,000 trees of our own, with 190 varieties, at Tempe and Yuma, Arizona, and at Mecca, California. These are special experiment stations, with fumigation plants to destroy insect pests; and we are passing on young trees to likely private growers. Oh, we can grow anything within our range of climates from Alaska to Florida!

"There are fifty of us at home and abroad, combing the world for crops—fruit, grain, or plant. They call us the Bureau of Seed and Plant Introduction and Distribution. We are backed up by a Bureau of Soils and Experimentation at home, with doctors and pathologists to terf every delicate plant that grows."

"Is the work new?"

"Old as Franklin's day, sir; older than our Department of Agriculture. As Pennsylvania's agent in Europe, Franklin used to send home mulberry cuttings and seeds in 1770; and our consuls have done the same. But there was no system about the work until ten years ago, when Congress gave us \$20,000 a year as vagabonds with a mission—botanizing Stanleys, you might call us. The appropriation has since been enlarged.

"Does it pay? It cost \$2,000 to introduce sorghum, a crop now worth \$40,000,000 a year! Then look at the durum wheat, unknown in our markets till 1900. It is a 'dry land' grain for the semiarid Western plains that will flourish where another wheat would starve. To get it, test and distribute it, cost us perhaps \$10,000, while the crop's annual value is at least \$10,000,000!

"Same story with the navel orange; Japanese rice and bamboo; the Corsican citron; the Indian mango; Bohemian horseradish; Malay mangosteen; Mexican sisal; German brew barleys; Spanish almonds; French prunes; West Indian cassava; hardy Finnish oats and turnips for Alaska's short summers; Chinese mustard and Egyptian cotton. Over 4,000 novelties in three years, ranging from the birdlime bark and fishing rods of Japan, to the heavy-scented jasmine of Arabia.

"You see, there are lots of gaps in our economy. Connecticut tobacco growers want a vetch that will leave nitrogen in their soil. If I can find it, there's \$10 an acre saved on

3,000 acres; \$300,000 a year, you see, from one little weed.

"The Northwest is asking us for evergreen wind-breaks; the florists for healthy Easter lilies; the South for disease-resisting cotton. Florida wants vanilla, camphor, morphine, and tropic fruits; the Southwest anything that will defy drought and alkali; North Dakota a new flax for her wilted areas.

"We want one new crop for the Carolinas' abandoned rice farms; another for unoccupied Georgian hills; several for the queer conditions of Alaska; and a matting rush to save Japan imports worth \$5,000,000 a year. An American has already invented the machine for weaving. We want grains like the Russian proso millet for arid or semi-arid regions from North Dakota to Texas, and for high altitudes of the Rockies.

"Then look at the \$16,000,000 a year we pay Mexico for sisal fiber, to make thousands of miles of twine for the use of our Western farmers in their harvest fields. We are going to see whether we can't grow the sisal plant in Porto Rico, and magnificent fruits like the Malay mangosteen in Hawaii and the Canal Zone. We've lots of work before us; and before me at the moment is the date question.

"My colleague, W. T. Swingle, was in the Sahara oases in 1899, besides visiting Egypt and Tunis. He sent home shipments of date palm suckers that thrive so well in the short hot seasons of our California and Arizona deserts that I was asked to come up the Persian Gulf to the date's own birthplace!"

Next day the two men dropped down the classic Tigris on a goatskin raft, with the glass at 115° in the shade; everywhere vast palm forests, thick and dark and still, irrigated by a world of water-ways, drawn off from the main stream that flowed between banks so low that Arabs sat and washed pious hands in the sluggish current.

Twenty million date palms! One orchard seventy miles long, from below Mohammerah to above Kurna on the Shat-el-Arab. Exports to all the world of 100,000,000 pounds each season!

"Give me a list of the finest varieties," said Fairchild to his friendly adviser that night, "and tell me where the trees are, that I may get cuttings."

And so the successive journeys began, one into the little known Pangh Ghur region, thirteen burning days' caravan ride inland from Guadur, on the Gulf of Oman, and another into the Mekran territory of Baluchis-

tan, in quest of the luscious Mozaty date sold as a luxury in the bazaars of Karachi.

Consul Newmarch was curious to know how the explorer sent his live stuff home—marveled how it reached Washington with any vitality left, after the vast journey.

"Most of the trees and plants are introduced by 'scions,'" he was told—"mere roots or stalks. These are waxed at each end, wrapped in oiled paper, and inclosed in a tin tube. And, lastly, this is packed in a cloth receptacle, specially made. Seeds are sent in charcoal to prevent mold; but as to these delicate palm shoots, I'll just wrap them in date matting and pack them in boxes."

Newmarch learned a good deal about American enterprise ere he bade adieu to Fairchild's caravan. He heard of Prof. N. E. Hansen's expedition to Russian Turkestan in quest of hardy alfalfa; of Dr. S. A. Knapp's triumph in the matter of the Kiushu rice of Japan; of C. B. Scofield's Algerian travels; of Rolfs's pursuit of West Indian cassava; of E. A. Bessey's journeys in Russia; of W. T. Swingle's search for the "dry-land" pistache nut of the Levant, and his insect hunt in Smyrna. A good story that, and one typical of this fascinating government department.

"We want the best fig in the world," said the Californians—"the Smyrna fig." And they got a supply. The figs grew well—and then fell to the ground quite green! It was a mystery, and an explorer was sent to the fig's home in Asia Minor to investigate.

He soon discovered the weird process of "caprification." This was the hanging in true Smyrna trees of the young fruits of a nonedible variety. And swarming over these last were myriads of tiny wasplike creatures—the Blastophaga. These creep from the caprifigs into the hundreds of tiny flowers of which the fig is made up, and so fertilize them that instead of dropping off they grow and ripen on the tree.

And so caprifigs were sent over as cuttings—but only to fail again. When the trees bore, it was seen they had left their little insects behind them in Asia Minor, and were therefore worthless. So Mr. Swingle had another long journey; and at last after nineteen years of effort the first orchard of Smyrna figs was successfully established.

Fairchild's own adventures were of perennial interest to his host in the big Persian palace. One day, he told Newmarch, a Californian wrote to the department in

Washington asking about citrons. Said he had the land; God gave the climate; and so he wanted to grow some of the 2,000,000 pounds put into poundcake every year.

"That was why I went to Corsica. A pretty cool mission, wasn't it—to seek plants from people whose industry would be crippled by my zeal if the experiment were a success? I felt a bit nervous and confused on landing at lovely Bastia, but pushed on to a remote town in the island's heart, perched on a pinnacle of rock, and surrounded by groves of citron.

"Mr. Mayor said he'd come and see me when he'd buried a friend. I wondered whether it was a vendetta! Meanwhile I wandered around taking snapshots of the most picturesque place I ever beheld.

"Suddenly a heavy hand was on my shoulder, a curt voice called 'Vos papiers, s'il vous plait.' It was a sergeant of police. I tried to explain I had all sorts of papers and passports at Bastia; but it was in vain. The agricultural jottings in Italian found scribbled in my notebook seemed to damn me irrefragably. I was made a public exhibition in the village streets, and marched to jail as an Italian spy.

"What saved me? Why, the sight of a \$40 check, signed by the Treasury officials. You see, it looked important, and was considered an official American passport. Reluctantly I was let go, and in my flight across country I cut enough scions, or bud sticks, from the citron groves to graft a small orchard. In due time they reached southern California, where you will find the culture on a paying basis to-day."

And Fairchild could be diplomatist, too. Instance his adventures in Saaz, which is the center of the hop-growing region of Bohemia. Arrived there, he found the growers feared competition and would not sell cuttings. "Very well," said their foreign visitor, and said no more about it. After living among them some weeks they grew to regard him as a man and a brother; and when he subscribed a five-dollar bill toward a new tablet on the house of the man who had introduced hops into the district, they were willing to do anything for him. Still, discretion was necessary. He secured cuttings in the dead of the night, did his packing in an empty barn, and sent them off as "glassware" to his agent in Hamburg. In a similar case he smuggled tobacco seeds out of Sumatra, concealed in empty beer bottles.

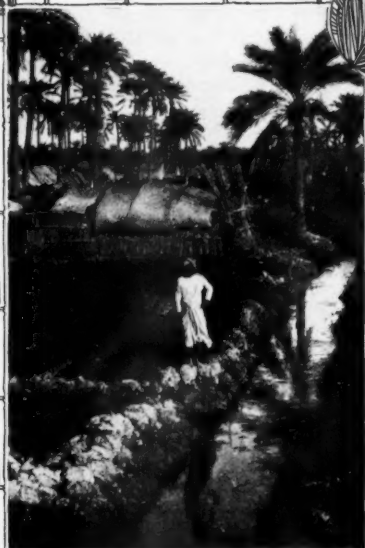
And about the mango, the explorer has a curious tale to tell.

"Lathrop and I found there was a little mystery about this fruit. We two were down the East African coast some years ago, at Beira, in Portuguese territory. One day our Hindu servant brought back some of the most delicious fruit I ever tasted—which is saying a good deal. Tropical mangoes they were, rich as great peaches, free from fiber as a firm custard. I thought so grand a fruit would be a valuable present to our own Southern orchards, and asked whence they came. They were not of the mainland at all; that was certain. After many inquiries and journeyings up and down a little-known tropical coast, we visited the lonely home of this African immigrant—the Island of Chiloane, sixty miles south of Beira. Here we found an ancient monastery of the Portuguese, abandoned for a hundred years, and with superb mango trees bearing monster fruit amid the ruins.

"Now and then fishing boats would call at the island for fresh water and take a few mangoes on with them to Beira, there to be sold to the Portuguese governor and his staff. And it was the solitary cutting from this stock which survived the Florida blizzard of 1895, and became the parent of thousands now grown in that State."

Of this and other travels and adventures did the American talk in the City of the Caliphs. How he found udo, the new salad plant, in Japan; worked out its methods of culture, and distributed seed from Nova Scotia to California. How berseem, the clover of the Nile valley, was brought to the improved irrigated regions of Arizona and California. How the carob tree, or "St. John's bread," was transplanted from Sicily and Spain to Wisconsin, that farmers might make calf food out of the honey-sweet pods. How the little known chayote was brought from the West Indies to Louisiana, where it soon became the favorite vegetable of the Creoles.

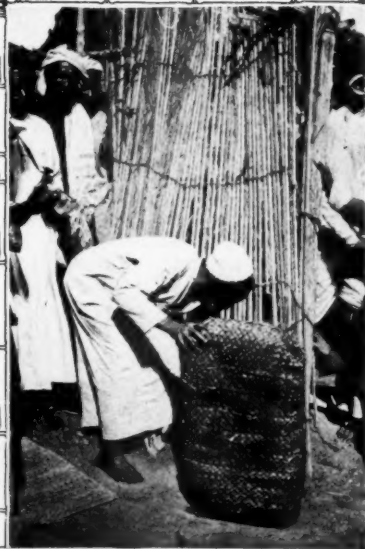
And Fairchild believed in this chayote, a sort of cucumber borne on a trellised vine. One plant may grow 500 fruits. Even the roots and stems are delicious eating. The explorer went so far in his enthusiasm as to visit the chefs of certain fashionable hotels in New York and Philadelphia expressly to bring the chayote to their notice. These artists on their part were delighted with it; designed new recipes for cooking it, and put it in the forefront of their menus.



DATE PLANTATION ON THE
PERSIAN GULF



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS INTRO-
DUCED INTO FLORIDA



PACKING DATES ON THE
GULF OF OMAN



YOUNG BAMBOO SHOOTS IN A
JAPANESE FOREST



Truly the zeal and ingenuity of these explorers is an inspiring thing! "We want a cover crop to increase our land's fertility," said the fruit growers of the Pacific slope, "and to add humus to the soil." Nor were our wandering devotees long before they lighted upon the curious fenugreek of Algeria—a soil-enriching plant twenty inches high, which the North African Arabs plant in the fall between rows of vines.

In the face of all this activity it seems strange to look back on the days when we imported fruit and vegetables, with the whole plant kingdom ready to be conquered for our farmers. We smile when we recall the days "before the war," when the tomato was a curio from Peru—a "poison apple" used to frighten the slaves into obedience. Yet last year we grew it on 600,000 acres of land!

The Franciscan fathers were early workers in this respect. The alfalfa they introduced in the fifties—which found its way here from Asia Minor, by way of Chile—has turned 2,000,000 acres into an immensely profitable farm area. Their sprigs of olive, too, now cover 1,000 orchards. And a few orange cuttings from the Brazilian East Coast, due to the foresight of an American woman, to-day represent \$8,000,000 a year for the California crop alone.

These things go on in silence. No historian chronicled the arrival among us in 1820 of the Lima bean, which to-day is such a plentiful and important crop that special freight rates

are quoted for it between southern California and the Atlantic coast. We save some of the names, even while we forget their source. Few are apt to recall that the explorers brought from Russia the stout-hearted Vladimir cherry and the Siberian crab apple, to provide hardy fruits for our own northern regions.

As one of the smaller things, take the horseradish of Malin, a little village near Vienna—the best of its kind in the world. Then behold roots secured on the spot, and in due time handed over to New Jersey growers. The result was surprising. Not only did it yield a ton more per acre, but the cash result was \$100 an acre over and above the ordinary yield. And in a single county of that small State the production of horseradish grew from a few hundred pounds a year to more than 1,000,000 pounds. It has been the same with the potato from the Highlands of Colombia and Peru; the rhubarb from Central Asia; the asparagus from England; the celery of South Europe; the Beldi and Telli barleys from Algeria, which have given such wonderful results in our Southwest; likewise the Ivanov rye from Russia, now grown in Maryland and Kansas; and the Abruzzes rye from the Italian Highlands.

Send out and get the best in the world; then educate the farmers in its culture and the public in its use; and after that grow it here at home with scientific zeal. Such was

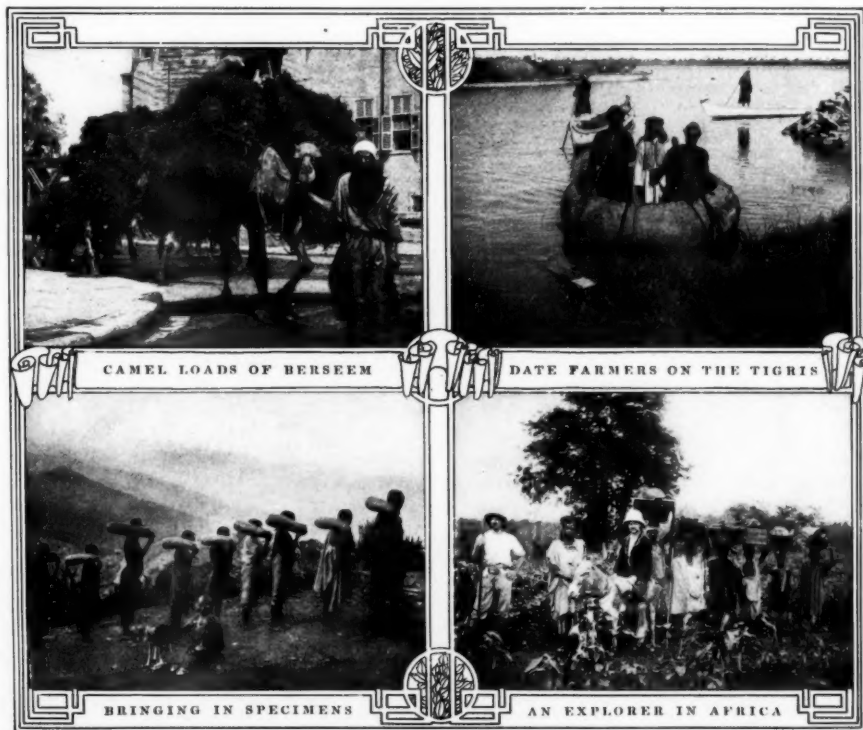
the theory which created the Bureau of Seed and Plant Introduction at Washington, now recording a dozen new arrivals a day from every part of the earth. And remember that in any one of these tiny seeds or apparently wilted cuttings may lie possible millions of money and the changing of desert into farm.

We are all familiar with polar exploration—its thrills, its terrors; the heroism with which its devotees face a dreadful death; and with pioneer work in equatorial Africa. But what is the practical value to mankind of such tasks, compared with those of the men whose work is here described? They, too, risk life and limb and health; suffer many hardships, great heat and cold, fever and thirst—all the discomforts of a Peary or a Stanley. But what did Sven Hedin bring back from Central Asian wilds one half so valuable as Prof. N. E. Hansen's new alfalfa?

And while we have rich men in plenty, how few there are who have served their country

as Barbour Lathrop of Chicago has served it. He loves world-travel this man, and so he works hard for us in Asia, Africa, the South Seas—wherever he may be; an "Honorary Explorer" these seven years, taking with him David Fairchild as plant expert and going round the world twice, visiting every continent and every important archipelago, sending home thousands of specimens, from a single cutting in a tin tube to a ton of some Arabian or African grain.

Asked for an account of their stewardship, the corps of explorers might reply: "We have gone painfully over the Russian steppes and entered Turkestan. We have scoured the North African littoral from Suez to Morocco, visiting oases where no white face had been seen for thirty years. We have examined on the spot the industries of Italy, Greece, Spain, and Austro-Hungary. The Nile Valley with its host of ancient irrigated crops has been thoroughly studied on the spot; and Japan's

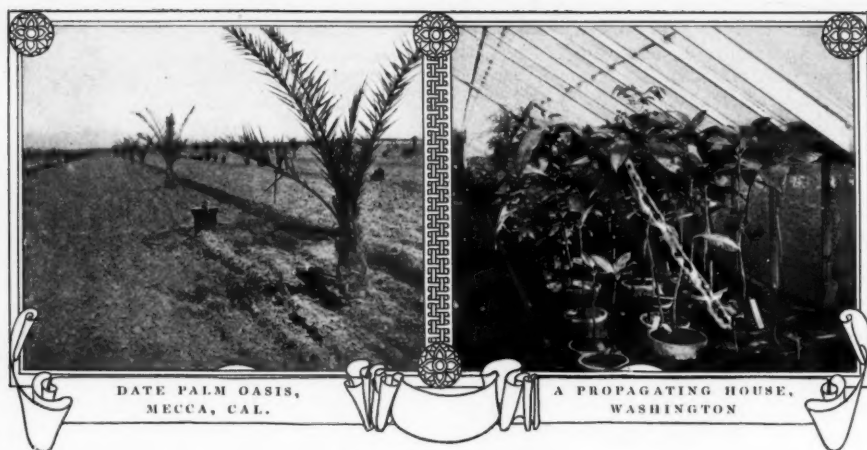


CAMEL LOADS OF BERSEEM

DATE FARMERS ON THE TIGRIS

BRINGING IN SPECIMENS

AN EXPLORER IN AFRICA



DATE PALM OASIS,
MECCA, CAL.

A PROPAGATING HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

peculiar and suggestive agriculture drawn upon for specific purposes. Hindostan and the Dutch East Indies, with their wealth of material for our own South, have at least been touched; the Arabian date region exploited; and South America, South Africa, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal, with Sweden and Finland, have all been gone over. Last, but far from least, the unlimited plant resources of the Chinese Empire are being probed by Frank N. Meyer."

It is known that many of our cultivated fruits had their origin somewhere in the Flowery Kingdom; and reports from missionaries, consuls, and travelers have shown that vast empire to be extraordinarily well supplied with plants and trees little known to our people.

Meyer has spent a year in Manchuria, whose climate is so like that of our own Northwest. As a result, we shall hope to know more about the seedless persimmon, Manchurian millet, Chinese hemp, some new pears, and the kamchak, or golden bamboo, from Canton, suggested for Florida and southern California. Mr. Meyer spent last winter near Peking, and then passed on to the Shanghai region.

They will tell you at Washington that American-made macaroni from the best of our old wheats can't compare with the delicate product of a Gragnano factory, but the durum wheat we got from the humble Russian mujik is going to work such a vast change that the time will surely come when

we shall send macaroni to Italy instead of importing it to the tune of \$2,000,000 a year.

These missionaries of our soil find insects as well as plants for the service of our farmers in exterminating plant pests. Last winter they secured over 117,000 nests of the brown-tailed moth in thirty-three different localities of Europe, ranging from North Germany to South Hungary and West Brittany—a great variety of elevations and climates.

From these nests 70,000 parasites were reared here by our Washington entomologists, and set loose to lay their eggs in American-born caterpillars of the brown-tailed moth and other injurious insects. It was the same with the kelep or Guatemalan ant enemy and the cotton boll weevil; and the ladybirds which our explorers found last spring in Germany, Austria, and France. These were let loose in the vicinity of the parasite laboratory at North Saugus, Mass., where orchards and forests promised plenty of food for the beneficial species.

The bureau in Washington for which these men are working so devotedly is rightfully regarded by many advanced farmers as a sort of Deity, showering blessings on the land from time to time. Letters numbering 215,000 were received and answered last year. One man wants a fodder crop for irrigated land and gets the Nile berseem, on which the Egyptian fellaheen have depended for centuries for soil-enriching nitrogen. Another is a reply from an Arizona man who has been

"passed" by the bureau as a suitable person to receive date-palm shoots.

Not an ounce of seed, not a single plant, is given out for the mere asking. Will what he asks for grow in his section at all; and if so is he a reliable man with whom the local experiment station can safely cooperate? Or is he inquiring out of mere curiosity, or with the eagerness of a man about to get something for nothing? Clearly there must be some system if the heroic labors of the explorers in savage lands are not to be frittered away.

If, however, the applicant be passed after inquiry, he is furnished with cuttings or seeds, with blanks for recording and reporting the entire history of the specimens. In this way is the whole story of a plant shown from the time it is received at Washington until it is "proved" and results obtained.

In the letters, too, we find one from the vice president of a big brewing concern, giving the results of a successful test of a pure-bred barley from Moravia. A farmer of Yuma, Ariz., inquires about the dry-land pistache nut from the Levant. Another at Wilmington, N. C., is willing to try the Japanese rush plant; a third at San Antonio, Texas, asks about fine bamboo.

But it is perhaps the foreign letters which are the most interesting. A correspondent in the Transvaal suggests an asparagus he thinks might thrive here. This bulky package is a bureau explorer's report from Manchuria, with fifty photographs taken in the heart of hitherto unexplored territory. Our consul at Teheran, in Persia, advises the office of a shipment of poppy; Mr. Skinner at Marseilles has something to say about the introduction of an Abyssinian coffee into Porto Rico.

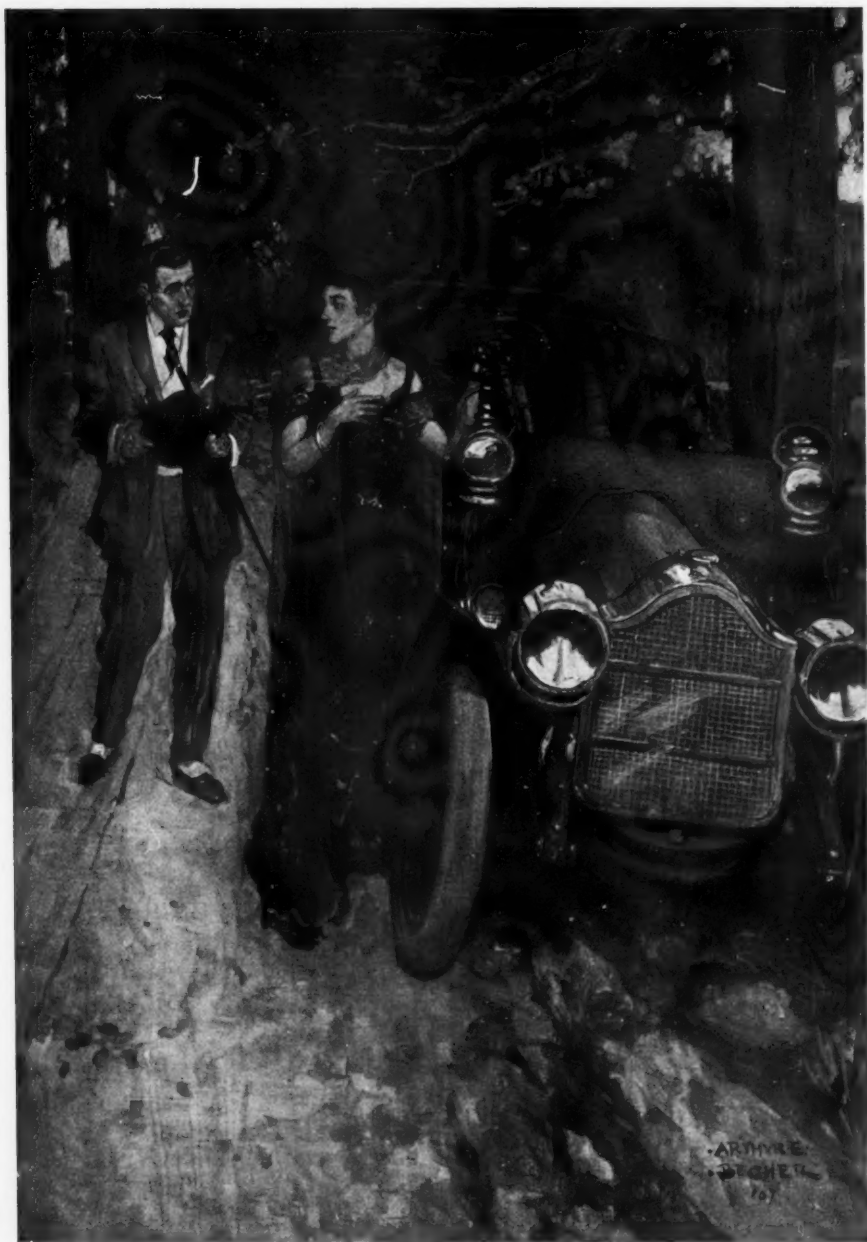
And from the bureau's own pioneers, tagged parcels of every shape and size, bear-

ing every known postage stamp. Item: Big-leaved Chinese mustard: "The natives wilt it in the sun and pickle it with salt. May be useful as a food for sheep." Item: The Sycamore fig from Biskra, one of the date oases of the Sahara desert. "Suggested for Texas and Louisiana, if only as a landscape tree," for even the aesthetic side of American life is not overlooked by our travelers.

And where their work ends, that of the headquarters' staff begins, planting out, proving, distributing, with the same shrewd foresight characteristic of the whole department. Step into this vast white greenhouse in the government grounds at Washington. Here is the propagating house, where every bed tells its silent tale of travel and adventure. These bundles of date-palm shoots are from Tunis; those, from the Upper Nile. And farther along are mangoes from Madras, and young loquat trees from Japan—a new fruit for American orchards. Those pretty fragile ferns? Japanese rush brought over by Mr. Fairchild, who sees in the dainty fronds the unfolding of an industry.

The Arlington test farm of the department covers 370 acres; and the range of glass is perfectly equipped to nurse the most delicate of tropical products. Linked with it are the stations at Chico, Cal., and Tempe, Ariz. From the former alone 53,270 plants were distributed to private experimenters last year, and over 16,000 seedling trees propagated.

All of the work so far outlined is independent of the better-known distribution of seed samples to farmers through congressional appropriation and assignment, numbering 36,010,425 packets last year. Clearly this is one manifestation of government activity and paternal aid to impart industry that is earning its laurels and is worthy of wider attention and approval.



Drawn by Arthur Reher.

"Her bare white shoulders and arms glowed gloriously against the dark background of the night."

A BROKEN REED

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER

PART ONE

Being a narrative.



WITH shoulders thrown back, chest expanded, nostrils thrilling with the salt fragrance of the evening air, Kingdon swung along the tree-lined road, exulting in work well done—in golden opportunity strongly gripped.

That morning he had received at his Back Bay apartments a cablegram from his uncle, who was in London waging a battle of national, international, but principally personal import, directing him to go down to the avuncular country place on the North Shore, get from there certain papers essential to the successful waging of the aforementioned controversy, and bring them, personally, to the firing line by the first boat.

The boat in question was to sail from Hoboken on the following day, and thus Kingdon felt that he had ample time; for the mid-night to New York would give him at least three hours before the time of departure. So he had leisurely superintended his packing, arranged for his transportation, and then had taken the train for the Crossing.

Arriving there, a depot carriage had conveyed him to his uncle's place. And then, as he had had over an hour to spare, he had dismissed the carriage and decided to walk back to the railroad station.

And now, with the documents safe in his inside pocket, he strode along through the soft summer dusk, pluming himself a bit upon the dexterity and exactitude with which he had, so far, performed his mission.

He stopped for an instant to gaze far, far

to the west where the blood-red fingers of the dying day, tearing from the golden blue sky dark masses of rolling, ragged cloud, permitted the sun to peer at him shyly from just above the tree-clad hills.

"Uncle Stivvy'll learn to depend on *me* now," he declared triumphantly, for the papers were important, the issues vast, and the responsibility grave. "He'll know after this that I am the right man in the right place at the right time. I wouldn't do what Van did. Van's a broken reed and uncle got properly bumped for trying to lean on him."

"Van," be it known, was his cousin who, some months before, had been sent by the same uncle on virtually the same mission and who, having met while upon that mission the lady of his heart, had forgotten the mission completely—for the aforesaid Van was of that school of latter-day philosophers whose principal tenet is that if pleasure interferes with your business, forego your business. Thus do those of the present generation compensate with their doctrine of "all play and no work" the creed of "all work and no play" of the generation before whose "all work" has made possible the "all play" of the other.

And Van, when placed betwixt Love and Duty, had not stopped to even vacillate mildly; but instead had treated Duty like a step-child and had followed where his heart led so tumultuously that he almost got there first.

"Van was an ass," soliloquized his astute cousin as he strode briskly through woods that ever and anon opened before his gaze glorious vistas of darkling sea and dense, dark forest. "If he had only done as he should, and taken his chance when it was



Drawn by Arthur Reicher.

"He waited only to contradict the last two words by a glance."

given him, as I am doing, he might now be a member of the firm instead of a mere bridegroom whose highest ideal is to sit on a rock in the south of France and hold hands."

He paused again for a moment, to gaze out upon a broad expanse of dusk-veiled sea, gray-blue in the grasp of the evening mists.

"Poor Van!" he commented sorrowfully, from the depths of his wisdom.

What poor Van, happily holding hands in a south of France heaven, would have said in return is quite beside the mark; but it doubtless would have been far more pitying, and pointed to a degree.

All at once, indistinct in the gathering gloom, he saw before him a great touring car; and beside it there stood a girl. And she was apparently alone.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

The turf made soft footing; she did not hear him until he was at her side, nor even then until, brown hair uncovered, he said:

"I beg your pardon."

The girl started, frightened.

"I'm so sorry I startled you," he said contritely. "In trouble?"

She was still too surprised to reply; so he merely stood silently waiting—and looking. And his eyes were well repaid—well, indeed.

She was tall, though not too tall; and slender, just slender enough. A billowing mass of dark hair crowned her perfectly poised head, and her bare white shoulders and arms, covered with a filmy nothing—for she was in evening gown—glowed gloriously against the dark background of the night.

At length she gave a quick little laugh.

"Oh!" she cried. "You startled me so!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to." He eyed the car critically. "Something wrong?" he queried.

"Very," she replied. "It's run down, or unwound, or the mainspring's broken, or something like that. It balks just awfully!"

He laughed. "I judge that you are not, then, a motormaniac?" he said tentatively.

She shook her head.

"No," she replied. "I hate the horrid, smelly things. I'm a horsomaniac."

"Oh!" he said. And then, "Where's your chauffeur?"

She shook the dark masses of her hair lightly.

"There isn't any," she returned. "Or, at least, there isn't any except me—and

I'm not— You see," she explained, "Ken Gordon came over to our place to-night in his car—this is it"—she nodded daintily at the huge red monster—"and I happened to go out on the veranda and saw it there, panting and puffing and pawing; and just for fun I got in. I'd often seen them push those handles and things, and I knew that it steered with a wheel, and when I had gotten in—oh, it was *such* a silly thing to do!—and I can't imagine why in the world I did do it—just an impulse, I suppose, as children like to pull the works out of watches to see what makes them go. I pushed on one of those brass poles, and twisted that little handle there on the wheel. And then, all of a sudden, the old thing gave an *awful* jump and the first thing I knew we were tearing across the lawn, and we killed a couple of young trees—pulled them right up by the roots—and tore up seven or eight flower beds—Aunt Emily's pet azaleas were in one of them, too!—and then bumped against three or four gateposts and started off down the road as though we were trying to catch up with yesterday. Oh, it was terrible!"

Kingdon nodded sympathetically.

"And then," she continued, "all at once I remembered the little handle; and I twisted it back, and then everything stopped. . . . I guess I must have turned it back too hard and broken the spring."

Kingdon laughed again.

"Oh, it isn't funny!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I might have been hurt—badly hurt."

He nodded gravely. "That part of it isn't funny, of course," he said. "But," he added, "the rest is. Isn't it?"

She glanced up at him.

"Well, perhaps—a little," she replied. She looked at the car aggrievedly; then turned to Kingdon.

"But what shall we do now?" she demanded. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to both that she should appeal to him for advice and assistance; for they had completely forgotten the fact that they did not know one another.

"Why!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I must have been standing here thinking mean things about that old car for almost two hours. And they'll miss me, and be ever and ever so frightened." She turned and looked at the dark road behind her. "I wonder," she said slowly, "if I've come one mile or one hundred."

Kingdon had gone to the car and was lighting the lamps.

"Undoubtedly the only trouble with the thing is that you stopped the engine—which is no trouble at all," he said. "I'll crank it and see if it won't go."

He tinkered with the "handles" for a moment and then, going around to the front of the car, took the crank handle from its little leather hood. Then, throwing his weight upon it knackfully, he brought it over. Instantly there was a dull spitting and whirring and the hood trembled with the vibrations of its gaseous heart.

"There," he said satisfiedly. "See?"

"Oh!" she cried, clapping her little hands delightedly. "I'm so glad you came!"

He looked at her as closely as the gloom would permit; and, though it did not permit much, still that which it did permit satisfied him, and more than satisfied him.

"So am I," he replied. And with infinite sincerity.

"Now get in," he said, "and I'll drive you back to your place," and he mounted to the chauffeur's seat.

She leaped lightly into the seat beside him. Gathering the filmy nothing a bit more closely about her throat, she heaved a delicious little sigh of relief.

"Back, of course," he said tentatively.

She nodded. He clutched into the low speed and negotiated the turn; and then, into the high speed, and they were off, winding swiftly along the dusky road.

All at once there came from the gloom on their left two great stone gates. It was the entrance to his uncle's place.

"Great suffering Maria!" he exclaimed.

The girl started a little, for it was very sudden.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Is it going to run down again?"

"No," he said. "I'd forgotten all about those dog-goned papers!"

"What papers?" she queried bewilderedly.

"Why," he explained, "the papers my uncle sent me down here to get and to bring to London to him. And if I don't get that eight o'clock train, I can't catch the boat!"

There was a moment's pause.

"What time is it now?" she asked.

He took his watch from his pocket and carried it close to his eyes, that he might see the dial.

"Twenty-one minutes of eight," he re-

plied. "And we're at least four or five miles from the depot!"

"You can make it if the car doesn't unwind," she said. "Turn around."

"But you!" he cried. "I can't leave you like that!"

"There's a telephone there," she replied. "I can call up our place and they'll come down and get me. It's the only thing to do!"

He turned and gazed at her. Indistinctly (yet with such glorious indistinctness!) he could see the perfect lines of head and neck and gleaming shoulders, framed in a setting of whipping, fluttering gauze and swift-passing darkness. And he looked and looked until the girl suddenly gave a frightened little cry of warning; and he diverted his eyes from her long enough to avoid running over a homing produce vender who was frantically using every effort and most of his vocabulary to keep his steed from climbing a tall and sturdy oak.

When at length the car had again settled into its throbbing stride, he turned to her again.

"I don't believe I'll bother with those blooming papers after all," he said. "What's the use? Uncle Stivvy has so much money now that his digestion's ruined. I'll take you home instead."

She shook her head protestingly.

"No!" she cried. "I won't let you! They're important, aren't they, those papers?"

He nodded unwillingly. "I suppose so," he admitted, "but——"

"And they must be there on time, mustn't they?"

He nodded again, yet more unwillingly.

"Why, it's perfectly silly!" she exclaimed. "Even sillier than my kidnapping myself in this old car! Don't you see? It will be all right. Really it will. I can go right to the minister's house—it's just by the depot—and he has a 'phone—and call up my people; and then wait right there in his parlor and look at his family photograph album and drink tea until some one comes for me. You just must catch your train!"

He hesitated for a moment; and then his sadly diffused sense of responsibility began to coagulate again, and he slowly stopped the car, turned it, and clutched into the high speed once more.

"What time is it now?" she asked.

He handed her his watch; for he was driving hard now—almost as hard as the sixty

horses beneath him could fling their cylindrical feet.

"Eleven minutes of eight!" she shouted to him through the whistling darkness. "Hurry!"

He nodded; and the car sped yet faster.

On either side of them the trees sped frantically by, dull, black, driven shapes, swirling into one whirling blur of dense opaqueness. The white ribbon of the road unwound beneath the shivering body of the car, curving, sinuous. On and on they sped, faster—faster—faster—!

The sharp breath of the night bit their cheeks, stung their eyes; and the fingers of the wind tore at their clothing with weak insistence. On and on they sped, and on—and suddenly, in the darkness before them, they saw the feeble light of an excitedly swung lantern and heard a loud, commanding cry that changed instantly to a frightened yell; and all at once, there in the blinding glare of the head light, an exceedingly frightened individual did a back somersault into the ditch.

"Chump!" cried Kingdon under his breath. He did not for an instant lessen the speed of the flying car. "Constable, I suppose. With the experience he must have had, he ought to know better," and he opened the throttle a bit more.

Another three miles they sped; and then, before them, appeared more lanterns, and they heard shouts; and in the dim glare of the shifting little lights they could see dim shapes of running men.

"Dog-gone it!" exclaimed Kingdon, checking the car abruptly. "Here's where we finish. They've probably got a cable across the road."

The car, panting like a laboring horse, came to a stop in the center of a group of men.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Kingdon.

"You," was the laconic and bucolic response.

"But I'm hurrying to catch a train!" he cried impatiently.

"An' we are a-hurryin' to ketch you," returned the moving spirit of the group, a short, stout man to whom nature had been most generous in the matter of facial foliage. "Constable Tompkins he telephoned down from the Corners an' it ain't took you but five minutes to go them three mile."

"But I haven't done any harm!" protested

Kingdon. "I— Oh, don't be such a lot of dummies! Can't you see that I've simply got to get that train? . . . How much will you take to square it now and let me go?"

Now this last was most unwise; for, while it is safe to bribe one constable, it is most dangerous to try to buy them up in job lots; and loud murmurs of righteous indignation and insulted virtue arose from the group.

Just then there came through the night stillness the "toot—toot—toot—toot" of a locomotive whistle; and Kingdon heard whispered close to his ear:

"The station's just ahead down the road. If you run fast you may be able to catch the train just as it's leaving, and get away!"

"But you?" he cried softly.

"I'll be all right," she replied. "I know most of them—they haven't recognized me yet—but when they do they'll take me right home. Run!"

"But," he protested again, "I—"

"Oh, don't wait! Don't stop to talk!" she cried impatiently. "Run! Run! Run!"

Her hand was on his sleeve. He seized it in his and pressed it closely. The imprisoned fingers fluttered for an instant and then, for another instant, lay still. He almost thought they did even more; but he was not sure, for just then she suddenly turned and pointed at the woods on their left.

"Look! Look!" she exclaimed loudly and with infinite excitement.

Unanimously the group by the hood did so.

"Now!" she whispered to Kingdon.

"Good-by."

He waited only to contradict the last two words with a glance that spoke more eloquently (and, be it added, more quietly) than could voice; and then leaped quickly and silently to the ground. And ere the surprised group had finished looking, he was half a hundred yards down the dark road.

One of the group, seeing nothing at which to look, turned back to the car. On noting that Kingdon had vanished from the chauffeur's seat, he emitted a prodigious cry of amazement and wrath and quickly glanced about him. Another second and he had seen the fleeing figure, now almost swallowed by the enshrouding darkness, and he was off in pursuit with the rest trailing behind, like hounds after a fox.

But Kingdon had a good lead; and he constantly made it better; and looking over his shoulder at the pursuing arms of the law

and ahead at the train that was even now on the point of departure, he laughed a little; for he knew that he was safe from capture.

As he swung himself aboard the rear end of the last car of the now swiftly moving train, he gazed back at the straggling group of dim, frantically running figures.

"Thank the Lord," he said to himself, "for long legs and good wind. I wonder what's the quickest time I can make to London and back."

PART TWO

Being a continuation of the narrative.

At the third station at which the train stopped, they were delayed an unconsciously long time. Kingdon, impatiently flipping the ash from the end of his cigarette, turned and looked out of the window.

"Now, what the devil," he began impatiently, but just then the car door opened and three policemen entered with the brakeman.

The latter pointed in his general direction a stumpy finger, plentifully clothed with dirt and soot.

"There's the duck you want, I guess," he said. "He's the only passenger what got aboard at the Crossin'."

The largest policeman was referring to a slip of paper that he held in one ample palm.

"Answers the description all right, all right," he commented quite audibly to Kingdon and all the rest of the passengers. "Gray coat an' derby hat, six foot tall, brown hair an' eyes—that's the cuss all right," and, going to where sat the amazed and angered and alarmed bearer of important documents, he leaned over and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Come along now, Bill. We want you."

"But," expostulated their victim angrily, "I——"

"Will yer come quiet 'r will we put the twisters on yer?" demanded the big policeman with an air that seemed to imply that Kingdon's choice made scant difference to him.

"But it's all a mistake!" howled the messenger for London. "Don't you see, you big fathead, I——"

"You can tell yer troubles in court in th' mornin'," interrupted the policeman unpleasantly. "Come along now."

The events of the evening had frazzled the

patience of the arrestee to such a degree that he may be pardoned if he did something that ordinarily his common sense would have told him was as foolish as it was futile; and that was to aim a left swing at the point of the big policeman's square jaw.

The swing, however, didn't land. But the big policeman and the two smaller policemen and the brakeman did. And Kingdon made a hurried and tumultuous exit from the train and left the station in a patrol wagon with the big policeman sitting on his chest and handcuffs on both wrists.

PART THREE

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn, of the firm of Van Dorn & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, London, Berlin, and Paris, at Claridge's, London.

Can't come.

KINGDON.

PART FOUR

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon, of the law firm of Stuyvesant Kingdon, anywhere in America, in jail.

Why not?

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART FIVE

Being another cablegram received by the party of the first part.

Pinched.

KINGDON.

PART SIX

Being an excerpt from The Suffolk County Banner of Light.

ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING

*Prominent Young Boston Society Man Caught by Local Police Force Escapes. But is Later Arrested and Brought Back.
Fined \$10 and Costs*

Last Monday evening, shortly before eight o'clock, Constable Tompkins, who is posted at the Corners to watch out for speeding automobilists, saw a big touring car coming toward him at sixty-five or seventy

mile an hour. In trying to stop it he narrowly escaped death. He then called up by the new telephone the constables at the Crossing, which is designed for just such occasions as these, and they succeeded in stopping the automobile, which had narrowly missed causing the death of their comrade. The young man, however, who is tall and very spry, jumped from the car and got away by train. However, our efficient force was not to be thus balked and they had him arrested by telephoning ahead down the line. He was brought back and, after spending the night in jail, was brought before Justice Simmons in the morning. The justice fined him \$10 and costs and gave him a most impressive lecture on carelessness and the regard for human life. The young man, whose name is Stuyvesant Kingdon, his mother having been a sister to Mr. Stuyvesant Van Dorn, the multimillionaire, announces that he is going to open up his uncle's place, which everyone knows, and stay there all summer. We hope he will. The more the merrier, Stuyvesant.

PART SEVEN

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon.

What do you mean pinched where are those papers answer immediately.

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART EIGHT

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn.

Pinched is pinched papers coming by mail too busy.

KINGDON.

PART NINE

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Kingdon.

Did unjust heaven make all my nephews damn fools who'll take care of things?

STUYVESANT VAN DORN.

PART TEN

Being a cablegram received by Stuyvesant Van Dorn.

You take care of money van and i will take care of rest.

KINGDON.

PART ELEVEN

Being a letter received by Mortimer Montfort, of the firm of Montfort & Co., bankers, Wall Street, New York, at his offices.

DEAR DADDYKINS: Oh, I've so much to tell you. He's opened his uncle's place—the one next to ours, you know. He didn't say a word to his uncle about it either, nor even ask his consent! Said that the old gentleman was apoplectic, and that it would be unjust to take any chances. And he's going to stay there all summer, too!

It was awfully exciting, and he has such fine eyes and he's really very good looking, indeed handsome. And he decided not to go to London at all (oh, I think I said that already!) and that the papers—the documents he came down to get, you know—really didn't matter because his uncle had robbed so many people that if a few got away it didn't make much difference.

And mamma likes him, too, and he's going to take me motoring this afternoon (and really, daddykins, automobiles aren't so awfully awful after all), so I can't write any more now.

With loads of love,

DAUGHTER MARGIE.

P. S.—I'm sure you'll like him. Everyone does. Spot and Prince Charles and Lief Ericson—the Great Dane, you know—all treat him as though they'd known him for years, and that's a good sign, isn't it? And he has such fine eyes—Stuyvesant, I mean, not Lief—and you just *must* like him, daddy dear.

P. P. S.—You always say that my letters are confusing and aren't properly assembled, and that the wheels are dished and the tires loose. I'm sure you can't say that this is like that because I've taken ever and ever so much pains with it and I'm sure it's perfectly lucid.

PART TWELVE

Being a telegram received by Miss Marjorie Montfort, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Letter so Lucid i am Coming down sunday to Look him over.

DAD.

PART THIRTEEN

Cablegram received by Eric Van Dorn, "Holding-Hands-on-a-Rock," Heaven, South of France.

Rent me villa fence around it eighteen miles from nearest neighbor including yourself you are not such an ass as I thought you were.

STUYV



A CONSIGNMENT OF LABORERS ON SHIPBOARD, BOUND FOR A SOUTHERN LUMBER CAMP

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

By ALEXANDER IRVINE

III. THE KIDNAPPING OF "PUNK"



PEONAGE in its American form is the old-fashioned imprisonment for debt, with these modern improvements—that the debt may be imaginary or fraudulently established; that hard labor is compulsory; that the jails are not legal institutions; that the jailers have no legal authority, and, indeed, draw a profit from their abuse of a system which is itself an abuse.

In its most brutal manifestation peonage is local; but in a variety of subtle forms it is universal. It is a web as ingeniously spun for the laborer as the spider's web is spun for the fly. The poor, the ignorant, the unsuspecting, whether white or black, emigrant or native, get caught in its meshes.

The first article in this series was an irrefutable statement of a typical case. It showed the system at work. The second was a personal experience in a lumber region, giving an inside view of the brutality of a peonage camp, and of the systematic robbery of the laborers. The following is the story of how an American boy found himself in the web, decoyed by false promises, held in servitude, flogged, and finally kidnapped.

"'Punk' is a young thug!"

That was the verdict of half a dozen lumber jacks in a pine forest one day as we lounged around the stable in the dinner hour.

"What is a thug?" I asked.

"Well," volunteered the stableman, "he's a sucker from the Bow'ry what won't work!"

"Did they flog him for laziness?" I asked.

"They licked him for sassin' the sawyers an' refusin' to give them water!"

"Would they flog me for the same offense?"

"Dunno."

I borrowed from the company to the limit of what I had earned there, and crept out of the forest like a thief in the night. My next job was as a 'longshoreman in Pensacola. There on the beach amid the wreckage of a storm that devastated the coast, I met "Punk."

He was the most pathetic figure of all the labor slaves I met in the South. Rather short for one of his years—large black eyes and masses of tangled black hair falling loosely over his brow; the face of a boy and a soft mild voice; an American with the crouching subservience of an African slave: that was the first impression I got of the lad they had christened "Punk."

Arthur Henry Conti was born July 4, 1889. His parents were Italian and lived in a big dark tenement at 2207 First Avenue, New York City. The Contis occupied two rooms on the third floor. Into neither of them did the light of the sun ever enter. The living room had to be lighted by a lamp day and night. A fire escape ran the length of the rooms. It was a piazza and a receptacle for whatever the rooms couldn't hold.

Arthur's life for the first ten years was the life of the ordinary tenement child. As soon as he could walk he was introduced to the street, where he mingled with the human spawn of the congested thoroughfare.

His mother died when he was less than five. He remembers being awakened one morning by her warm kisses on his lips. By the light of the yellow rays from the lamp he saw the love light in her eyes—they lay together in the bed, mother and child. Then they took her away—away forever from his sight.

"I couldn't cry," he told me, "but I had a very sore heart!"

Then another mother came and took the little family of three—his brother, sister, and himself. After a while others came, and the two rooms were crowded. His second mother had much care and some sorrow. She was of those who imagine that sorrow can be drowned in liquor.

He was sent to what he calls a "soup school"—a mission school in the neighborhood. He attended for a year. In 1902 his father, who was a hod-carrier, died in a Harlem hospital. Then Arthur was "put away" as he states it, in the New York Catholic Pro-

tectory at Westchester. He "stood there" for about four years. He was taught while there a little military drill, some caning of chairs, and much prayer. When he left Westchester, at the age of sixteen, in June, 1905, he had two things with which to begin the battle of life—a belief in God, and ability to cane-bottom a chair.

The first station on the way was an outstation of the Protectory, at 415 Broome Street. There he came under the influence of Brother Barnabas—whose name even now makes tender and kind the boy's speech. Brother Barnabas is the captain of a little life-saving station down there, and the boys love him.

Several jobs—caning chairs—came to Arthur, but having tasted some of the liberty of life, he yearned for more. The river front attracted him. One day he got permission to work his way on a river boat to Albany. He didn't care where the thing was going. It was enough that he was on board with a chance to work, and in his own dull way enjoy the magic of the water-way up the Hudson.

He went to Schenectady and worked a few months for a farmer who lived some miles from the city. As his work grew heavier, the novelty of the farm wore off and he returned to Albany. Next he got a job on the wagon of the Humane Society, which, in view of his after life, has a touch of irony in it. He spent his days on the streets in the interest of stray and neglected dogs! This short-lived experience made a lasting impression on him. I saw some evidence of it, for as we sat one day together on a pile of driftwood on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, a dog came up—looking for a friend, I suppose. He walked past me as if I had been a broken spar, but nuzzled up to Arthur and licked his hand as familiarly as if they had been chums for years!

From Albany he returned to New York. He "stood up" in the newsboys' lodging-house for three days. During that time he became acquainted with "Stony" and Murphy. Arthur made it a trio.

There are many kinds of labor agencies on Greenwich Street, but Mrs. Reese alone has the nerve to advertise hers as a "Reliable Agency." "Reese's Reliable Employment Agency" is at 53.

The three boys were on their way to an agency named as a joke "The Farmer's Rest," but as they passed Mrs. Reese's door they were accosted by an agent who wanted one hundred men and wanted them at once.



ARTHUR BUCKLEY, ALIAS "PUNK"

A youthful victim of the peonage system who was brutally flogged at the lumber camp and then kidnapped.

The boys went in and were made to feel at home. The usual fairy stories were told of the fortunes made by laborers in the South. Mrs. Reese had a stock story of a man who in twenty-one months had made a thousand dollars.

"Well, from the employmency," Arthur said, "we went to the Kansas City of the Ocean Steamship Line."

"Employmency" is a word of Arthur's coinage.

The name he gave there was "Buckley" and it was as "Buckley" he was known in the South, and Buckley he desires it to remain. He says it is more American. And he has a desire to be an American—whatever that is.

In the gang of thirty-six was an Irishman named Joe McGinnis. Joe made things more than lively on the voyage. He paid special attention to the Hebrews. Herman Orminsky was a young Russian Jew who had traveled a long distance for freedom. McGinnis got him asleep, and with a pair of scissors trimmed his big bushy head of hair. On the crown of it he clipped the form of a cross.

"There now!" said Joe. "Begorra, if the ship sinks there's hope fur ye, ye blinderin' blackguard!"

There was trouble when the young Russian awoke, and it was only when the captain of the ship appeared, armed with the prerogative of the high seas and a revolver, that peace was restored between Celt and Semite. The gang called Orminsky "Square-head" after

that. Arthur escaped violent contact with McGinnis, but Joe christened him "Punk," and the name was fastened upon him.

They were met at Savannah by John W. Le Maistre, the turpentine boss of the Jackson Lumber Company, of Lockhart, Alabama. Arthur had a contract in his pocket to work for this company and it meant to him law and an honorable understanding. Mr. Le Maistre treated the men kindly at every point on the journey.

Out from Lockhart about seven miles in the woods is the logging camp. Gallagher was woods foreman and Bellinger was his assistant. The bunks in the box car where the men lived were crowded tier upon tier, with two men to a bunk. The bedding was black, and when it rained the roof leaked and sodden beds chilled the men to the bone!

Gallagher, "the bull of the woods," gave the newcomers an idea of law that only Orminsky, the young Russian Jew, understood. The young Russian had seen something of the terror of Cossack tyranny, and their first night in camp reminded him of the things he thought he had left behind. Joe McGinnis came to a deadlock with an odoriferous bunk mate. The odor was the cause of it. McGinnis was pulled out of the box car, and when three shots were fired so close as to burn his face with the powder, he dropped to his knees and begged for his life. Arthur stood by, trembling. This was Gallagher's first lesson to the neophytes of the pines.

Hughie, the cook, needed a helper, and Arthur got the job. It was looked upon as a sinecure. It lasted a week, then he was sent to carry water to the sawyers. It was Bellinger, Gallagher's assistant, who told him what to do. Arthur's mind worked on a definite order, as a cash register might. He thought his only safe course was to do neither more nor less than he was told. He was to provide a certain section of men—a number of gangs—with drinking water. Men of other drifts demanded water too, and Arthur refused. He made his appeal to authority. The men told Gallagher.

"Give him hell!" Gallagher said, "or hold him till Bellinger gets at him!"

Bellinger was the best-natured man in the camp. He had laughing blue eyes and a kindly face. He carried always a revolver and sometimes a couple of them, but he hadn't a brutal nature. In a close study of Bellinger I could find but one explanation of his brutality—it was part of his business.

Bellinger told Arthur that he had a new job for him. It was in the barn. He called also Ollie, the biggest man in camp, and Jones the blacksmith. They entered at the same time. Arthur was told to arrange his own pillory. He was still unsuspecting. When ready, the two men seized him and bent him over the block. Arthur screamed.

Bellinger struck the first blow with a stout leather thong that curled like a snake around the ribs of the boy. The blood spurted into his ragged shirt. Bellinger is stout and still young, and, stripped for the business in hand, he flogged the writhing, screaming lad till, panting for breath, with the sweat pouring over his face, he halted for a moment to rest. The thong raised a welt on Arthur's back every time it fell. Sometimes it cut clean. He imagined for a moment that it was over, but with a fresh supply of breath Bellinger began again, and continued until, with sheer exhaustion and inability to go on, he stopped and told the men to let "the Dago" go.

He had given him about fifty lashes—a number that even in the most brutal of stockades is seldom given to the most abandoned criminal.

Arthur was then handed over to Fagar, an

under-boss, under whom I worked during the last hours of my employment in the camp. Fagar did not work him long, for Mike of the "four-spot"—an engine marked 4—asked to have Arthur appointed his fireman. For two weeks Arthur couldn't sit down at meals—he stood at the end of the table and ate his portion. At night in his bunk he lay on his stomach. The sores festered and bled profusely. It was the sight of the boy standing at his meals, pale and trembling with pain, that moved the heart of Mike, the engineer.

He had too much bending to do, however, and three days were all he could stand of it. The pain was excruciating—and Mike found him often silently weeping, though working hard in appreciation of Mike and in fear of worse treatment.

Then Orminsky—who was known in camp only as "Square-head"—got flogged. This brought them closer together. Corporal punishment was now the order of the camp. Men tried to run-away and were traced with bloodhounds and returned. Several of them were tied to trees and flogged. The most brutal episode of this period was the battering of old Jordoneff by Gallagher. With the butt



MEN IN GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK, TAGGED AND WAITING
TRANSPORTATION TO THE LABOR CAMPS OF THE SOUTH



THE WHARVES OF PENSACOLA

er.3 of a revolver he was felled to the floor of the box car, then kicked about the head until he was nearly killed.

Then came a German visitor of the name of Lesser—a sort of semi-official investigator, to search for something creditable to the company. All eyes were on Arthur and “Square-head.” Arthur hid beneath the office box car and waited for an opportunity to tell Lesser some of the truth, but when he remembered the armed guards and the bloodhounds, he made as mild a protest as possible. The company entertained Mr. Lesser, and Mr. Lesser later informed the German Immigration Society (which is himself) that the men from New York were a lot of hobos and thieves. In a letter to me later he said:

“The Jackson Lumber Co. *threatened* their men good.”

They certainly did and made good the threat!

Jones, the blacksmith, the man who helped Ollie hold Arthur while he was flogged, promised him a suit of clothes and various other things if he would get out of the way of the “German Consul,” Lesser. He made several attempts to see Lesser, but was always headed off by Bellinger.

It was about five o'clock that day when Eugene P. Newlander, the bookkeeper, arrived from Lockhart with a horse and buggy and took Arthur and “Square-head” away.

He drove them to a point about twenty miles from the camp. There they met

Huggins—Solomon Huggins, one of the turpentine bosses of the Jackson Lumber Company. It is worthy of note that Huggins was the first Southerner they had come in contact with. Bellinger was a New Yorker; Gallagher, an Irishman; Angelo, who beat Arthur with a club, an Italian; Harlan and Le Maistre Eastern men, and the heads of the company, of Davenport, Iowa.

Huggins took them still farther away, where they cut posts for fifteen days. Then they began to inquire about pay. Huggins promised to let them know soon. One day he went to town. His order preceded him by several hours. It was that Arthur and "Square-head" should be got ready for a journey at midnight. The boys were shaken out of their pallets at the appointed hour and ordered to the barn. Arthur had heard such orders before, and his heart was filled with dread. He turned very pale when one of the camp foremen said to another man, "Have you got your gun?"

The bookkeeper drove them to a place where Huggins met them an hour or so after midnight. Arthur was bareheaded—his clothing was scant and ragged. Huggins gave him an old straw hat for the journey. He drove them thirty-five miles through the pines, to a station where they boarded a train for Albany, Georgia. Huggins had orders from headquarters to get them some clothes. He bought Arthur a pair of overalls and an undershirt. That made him more comfortable, anyway, and covered the holes.

"Youse people owe me \$15," Arthur said. "Why don't youse pay me?"

Huggins assured him that it was all right.

They took a train for Broxton, Georgia, where they stayed in the home of Huggins for two days. Then they were taken to Hazlehurst, Georgia. All the time Arthur felt that Huggins wanted to get rid of them. It was a feeling of relief to him, and he communicated his belief to Ormsky, who didn't seem to take the situation seriously. Huggins heard Arthur's warning and shook him for it. This gave the boy another opportunity to ask for his money.

"You walk with me or you walk back to Lockhart!" Huggins said. Then he gave them a dollar and left them for the afternoon.

"If yer asked where yer goin'," said Huggins, "tell 'em yer goin' t' th' mountains for yer health!"

"What did you do with the dollar?" I

asked Arthur, and with a boyish twinkle he replied:

"Bought candy an' soda, 'cept ten cents what I gave back to Huggins."

From Hazlehurst he took them to Lumber City, where he deserted them. Here the boys attended a "show" given by a patent medicine company. Arthur was peculiarly drawn to the medicine man. He had a kindly face, could tell a good story, and his business in life seemed to the boys the purest philanthropy ever seen. He could cure any ill that flesh acquired or fell heir to. Arthur thought him a wonder, so he unburdened his heart to him.

The medicine man diagnosed the case at a glance and prescribed a remedy—the town marshal. The marshal took notes, and Arthur joined the show and went to the next village as one of the staff. His experience as a show man was short-lived, however. He "did" only three towns, then he returned to Lumber City.

"Them notes th' marshal took," Arthur said, "kinda interested me." He was to communicate with Washington, and the name had a dash of romance for the boy.

He got a job in Hensen's sawmill, where he was promised \$1.25 a day and got \$1. He bought some clothes and went back to Hazlehurst. There he found work in a livery stable as a driver. This lasted but a few days. With the independence that a few dollars gave him, he betook himself to Brooklyn, Georgia. He liked the name! It sounded near New York.

There was no more romance in the name of our capital city to Ormsky than there was in the name of Kishinev. He moved less rapidly than the American boy. Ideas came slower to him and they came one at a time. Secret service men found Ormsky at Lumber City, and through him they traced Arthur to Hazlehurst, where for nine days he remained in jail awaiting the convenience of the Government.

Then with Ormsky he was taken to Pensacola as a Government witness against the Jackson Lumber Company. Then for some weeks they watched the "whipping boss," "the bull of the woods," and others face the facts of that life of terror in the wild. Arthur saw men help old Jordoneff up the steps in a dying condition, but he knew and Ormsky knew, that it was their innings.

The peons told their stories—the jury returned a verdict of guilty—and six of the bosses—Hilton, Huggins, Harlan, Gallagher,



THE AUTHOR AT WORK AS A LONGSHOREMAN IN PENSACOLA,
WHERE HE MET ARTHUR BUCKLEY

Grace, and Sandor—were sentenced to prison; Gallagher for fifteen months, Harlan for eighteen months, and the others for thirteen months, all with fines ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

But Bellinger escaped! Sandor got a year in prison for being in the company of Grace and Gallagher when they forced Michael Trudics back to work out a debt. Grace flashed a gun—Gallagher plied a whip—Sandor talked. Flogging was a mere incident—part of the game—nobody was charged with it—nobody was punished for it. That seemed queer to Arthur.

After the trial the peons stood by each other until all were down at the same dead level of poverty. Then they separated and Arthur went to sea. He shipped on board a Norwegian square-rigged bark named the *Hereford*, bound for Buenos Ayres with a cargo of lumber. Before he got his "sea legs" the captain had reduced his wages from \$25 to \$15 per month, and Arthur had registered a mental protest against the reduction in salary.

The voyage of the *Hereford* had all the characteristics of a W. Clark Russell novel. Fearful storms broke upon the vessel; the

deckload of pine logs broke loose; the masts were carried away; three sailors were crushed to pieces by the lurch of a huge beam and the fall of a mast; and Skipper Jensen had both legs broken, besides suffering other injuries.

Arthur stuck by the captain, nursing and protecting him, and out of his boyhood memories from the Catholic Protectory he muttered a "Hail, Mary!" for the ones who were killed, when the sailors threw them over the side. After nearly a week of awful storm and suffering the wind and sea quieted, the remains of the deckload were cleared away, and the *Hereford*, now a mere hulk, returned to an even keel. Then came a rescuer, the *Olivemoor*, a British steamer bound for Bristol. The helpless captain was lowered over the side, the crew clambered into the small boats, and the derelict was abandoned.

In Norfolk, where the crew landed, the men were sent to the various consuls for shipment to various ports, but Arthur was an American, and being theoretically at home and having no consul, he was given fifty cents and cast adrift on the streets. He appealed to Captain Jensen, but the old man waved him away.

"Gee!" Arthur said, "d'ye t'ink dat was

nice? After me pickin' d' blood off of 'is face an' fixin' 'im up good all troo d' storm?"

Half naked and hungry, he worked his passage to New York as a deckhand on a steamer. He was full of hope, now that he was at home—it was a big home. At least he thought of it in that way until he got closer and searched for friends.

Brother Barnabas of the Protectory was glad to see him at the Broome Street branch, but the place was full to the door. He secured temporary employment at a club on Fifth Avenue. It was for a few days only, but while there he had an interesting meeting with W. S. Harlan, the general manager of the Jackson Lumber Company. Mr. Harlan had an appeal pending in court, from his conviction of conspiracy to violate the anti-peonage laws, with the resulting sentence of fine and imprisonment. He had come to New York and had expressed a desire to meet me. We met at the club, and it was Arthur who, as a hallboy, opened the door and ushered the gentleman in. They looked at each other in amazement.

"Is that Haas?" Mr. Harlan asked.

"No," I said, "that is Buckley."

"I think we want him for perjury!" he snapped.

"Then you know where to find him!"

As Arthur walked slowly up the wide stairway he paused, and as he looked back at us, a broad grin overspread his features.

It is now just a month since in oilskins he arrived in New York. After visiting Brother Barnabas he wandered around the scenes of his childhood in "Little Italy." He tried to get some information about his brothers and sisters from the Italian priest of his parish, but was unsuccessful.

"Come again," the Padre said.

"Oh, yes, shure!" he said. "I'll come agin, but it's jest as it was when m' father died!"

"What do you mean?" asked the Padre.

"Oh, you know, you said, 'Come again—

come again'—he was dying and I came fur ye t' confess him, but all we got was promises. You never came—he died without you!"

He drifted from place to place looking for work. At night he slept in the newsboys' lodging-house. By day he visited the docks. The spirit of the rover was in him and he longed to be away again. There were times when he couldn't afford even the ten cents for a bed and he walked the streets all night. This was no hardship. He laughed over it.

"You have been weeping!" I said to him one day.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "a little."

"What troubles you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was walkin' down the Speedway when the tears begun to run over me face, so I jest sat down an' cried for half an hour. I'm all right now!"

"Was it because you are out of work?"

"No."

"Was it because your friends didn't fulfill their promises?"

"No."

He really didn't know the cause of the tears, but "guessed" that they came because there had been times when he wanted to weep and could not.

At the age of eighteen he is still several years behind in the development of mind. He is callow, trustful, and optimistic. His experience in the South as a slave at the wheel of labor gave him not the slightest hint of class consciousness, but among Northern men in the South he acquired a race consciousness that at times is as bitter as anything found in Alabama. They called him a "Dago." He in turn calls the black man a "nigger." They told him to keep his place—the place of an inferior—of a slave. That is exactly what he learned to say of the colored man. Some bitter experiences that have left no bitterness, and a legacy of hatred, are the net results of his journey into that region where things are raw—where life means only labor and where labor and life are cheap.

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER VII

ERRANDS AND LETTERS



ALIXE RUTHVEN had not yet dared tell Selwyn that her visit to his rooms was known to her husband. Sooner or later she meant to tell him; it was only fair to him that he should be prepared for anything that might happen; but as yet, though her first instinct, born of sheer fright, urged her to seek instant council with Selwyn, fear of him was greater than the alarm caused her by her husband's knowledge.

In addition to her dread and excitement, she was deeply chagrined and unhappy; and, although Jack Ruthven did not again refer to the matter—indeed appeared to have forgotten it—her alarm and humiliation remained complete, for Gerald now came and played and went as he chose; and in her disconcerted cowardice she dared not do more than plead with Gerald in secret, until she began to find the emotion consequent upon such intimacy unwise for them both.

Neergard, too, was becoming a familiar figure in her drawing-room; and, though at first she detested him, his patience and unflinching good spirits, and his unconcealed admiration for her softened her manner toward him to the point of toleration.

And Neergard, from his equivocal footing in the house of Ruthven, obtained another, no less precarious, in the house of Fane—all in the beginning on a purely gaining basis. However, Gerald had already proposed him for the Stuyvesant and Proscenium clubs;

and, furthermore, a stormy discussion was now in progress among the members of the famous Siowitha over an amazing proposition from their treasurer, Jack Ruthven.

This proposal was nothing less than to admit Neergard to membership in that wealthy and exclusive country club, as a choice of the lesser evil; for it appeared, according to Ruthven, that Neergard, if admitted, was willing to restore to the club, free of rent, the thousands of acres vitally necessary to the club's existence as a game preserve, merely retaining the title to these lands for himself.

Draymore was incensed at the proposal, Harmon, Orchil, and Fane were disgustingly noncommittal, but Phoenix Mottly was perhaps the angriest man on Long Island.

"In the name of decency, Jack," he said, "what are you dreaming of? Is it not enough that this man Neergard holds us up once? I tell you I'll never vote for him. I'd rather see these lakes and streams of ours dry up; I'd rather see the last pheasant snared and the last covey leave for the other end of the island, than buy off that Dutchman with a certificate of membership in the Siowitha!"

Which was all very fine, and Mottly meant it at the time; but, outside of the asset of self-respect, there was too much money invested in the lands, plant, and buildings, in the streams, lakes, hatcheries, and forests of the Siowitha. The enormously wealthy seldom stand long upon dignity if that dignity is going to be very expensive. Only the poor can afford disastrous self-respect.

So the chances were that Neergard would become a member—which was why he had acquired the tract—and the price he would have to pay was not only in taxes upon the acreage, but, secretly, a solid sum in addition

to little Mr. Ruthven whom he was binding to him by every tie he could pay for.

Neergard did not regret the expense. He had long since discounted the cost; and he also continued to lose money at the card table to those who could do him the most good.

Away somewhere in the back of his round, squat, busy head he had an inkling that some day he would even matters with some people. Meanwhile he was patient, good-humored, amusing when given a chance, and, as the few people he knew found out, inventive and resourceful in suggesting new methods of time-killing to any wealthy and fashionable victim of a vacant mind.

And as this faculty has always been the real key to the inner Temple of the Ten Thousand Disenchantments, the entrance of Mr. Neergard appeared to be only a matter of time and opportunity, and his ultimate welcome at the naked altar a conclusion foregone.

In the interim, however, he suffered Gerald and little Ruthven to pilot him; he remained cheerfully oblivious to the snubs and indifference accorded him by Mrs. Ruthven, Mrs. Fane, and others of their entourage whom he encountered over the card tables or at card suppers. And all the while he was attending to his business with an energy and activity that ought to have shamed Gerald, and did at times, particularly when he arrived at the office utterly unfit for the work before him.

But Neergard continued astonishingly tolerant and kind, lending him money, advancing him what he required, taking up or renewing notes for him, until the boy, heavily in his debt, plunged more heavily still in sheer desperation, only to flounder the deeper at every struggle to extricate himself.

Meanwhile the Ruthvens were living almost lavishly, and keeping four more horses; but Eileen Erroll's bank balance had now dwindled to three figures; and Gerald had not only acted offensively toward Selwyn, but had quarreled so violently with Austin that the latter, thoroughly incensed and disgusted, threatened to forbid him the house.

"The little fool," he said to Selwyn, "came here last night, stinking of wine, and attempted to lay down the law to me!—tried to drag me into a compromise with him over the investments I have made for him. He shall not control one cent until the trust conditions are fulfilled, though it was left to my discretion, too. And I told him so flatly; I told him he wasn't fit to be trusted with the

coupons of a repudiated South American bond—"

"Hold on, Austin! That isn't the way to tackle a boy like that!"

"Isn't it? Well, why not? Do you expect me to dicker with him?"

"No; but, Austin, you've always been a little brusque with him. Don't you think—"

"See here, Phil, how much good has your mollicoddling done him? You warned him to be cautious in his intimacy with Neergard, and he was actually insulting to you—"

"I know; but I understood. He probably had some vague idea of loyalty to a man whom he had known longer than he knew me. But don't think that Gerald's attitude toward me makes any difference, Austin. It doesn't; I'm just as devoted to the boy, just as sorry for him, just as ready to step in when the chance comes, as it surely will, Austin. He's only running a bit wilder than the usual colt; it takes longer to catch and bridle him—"

"Somebody'll rope him pretty roughly before you run him down," said Gerald.

"I hope not. Of course it's a chance he takes, and we can't help it; but I'm trying to believe he'll tire out in time and come back to us for his salt. And, Austin, we simply got to believe in him, you know—on Eileen's account."

Austin grew angrier and redder:

"Eileen's account? Do you mean her bank account? It's easy enough to believe in him if you inspect his sister's bank account. Believe in him? Oh, certainly I do; I believe he's pup enough to come sneaking to his sister to pay for all the damfooleries he's engaged in. And I've positively forbidden her to draw another check to his order—"

"It's that little bangled whelp, Ruthven," said Selwyn between his teeth. "I warned Gerald most solemnly of that man, but—" He shrugged his shoulders. "The game there is of course notorious. I—if matters did not stand as they do"—he flushed painfully—"I'd go straight to Ruthven and find out whether or not this business could be stopped."

"Stopped? No, it can't be. How are you going to stop a man from playing cards in his own house? They all do it—that sort. If you or I or any of our family were on any kind of terms with the Ruthvens, they might exclude Gerald to oblige us. We are not, however; and, anyway, if Gerald means to make a gambler and a souse of himself at

twenty-one, he'll do it. But it's pretty rough on us."

"It's rougher on him, Austin; and it's roughest on his sister. Well"—he held out his hand—"good-by. And—if Gerald comes to you again—try another tack—just try it."

But Austin only growled from the depths of his linen-shrouded armchair, and Selwyn turned away.

If Alixe had done her best to keep Gerald away, she appeared to be quite powerless in the matter; and it was therefore useless to go to her. To whom then could he go? Through whom could he reach Gerald? Through Nina? Useless. And Gerald had already defied Austin. Through Neergard, then? But he was on no terms with Neergard; how could he go to him? Through Rosamund Fane? At the thought he made a wry face. Any advances from him she would willfully misinterpret. And Ruthven? How on earth could he bring himself to approach him? And yet he had promised Eileen to do what he could. What merit lay in performing an easy obligation? What courage was required to keep a promise easily kept?

It was horribly hard for him; there seemed to be no chance in sight. But forlorn hope was slowly rousing the soldier in him—the grim, dogged, desperate necessity of doing his duty to the full. So first of all, when at length he had decided, he nerved himself to strike straight at the center, and within the hour he found Gerald at the Stuyvesant Club.

The boy descended to the visitors' rooms, Selwyn's card in his hand and distrust written on every feature. And at Selwyn's first frank and friendly words he reddened to the temples and checked him.

"I won't listen," he said. "They—Austin and—everybody have been putting you up to this until I'm tired of it. Do they think I'm a baby? Do they suppose I don't know enough to take care of myself? Are they trying to make me ridiculous? I tell you they'd better let me alone. My friends are my friends, and I won't listen to any criticism on them, and that settles it."

"Gerald—"

"Oh, I know perfectly well that you dislike Neergard. I don't, and that's the difference."

"I'm not speaking of Mr. Neergard, Gerald; I'm only trying to tell you what this man Ruthven really is doing—"

"What do I care what he is doing!" cried Gerald angrily. "And, anyway, it isn't

likely I'd come to you to find out anything about Mrs. Ruthven's second husband!"

Selwyn rose, very white and still. After a moment he drew a quiet breath, his clinched hands relaxed, and he picked up his hat and gloves.

"They are my friends," muttered Gerald, as pale as he. "You drove me into speaking that way."

"Perhaps I did, my boy. I don't judge you. If you ever find you need help, come to me; and if you can't come, and still need me, send for me. I'll do what I can—always. I know you better than you know yourself. Good-by."

He turned to the door, and Gerald burst out: "Why can't you let my friends alone? I liked you before you began this sort of thing!"

"I will let them alone if you will," said Selwyn, halting. "I can't stand by and see you exploited and used and perverted. Will you give me one chance to talk it over, Gerald?"

"No, I won't!" returned Gerald hotly; "I'll stand for my friends every time! There's no treachery in me!"

"You are not standing by me very fast," said the elder man gently.

"I said I was standing by my friends!" repeated the boy.

"Very well, Gerald; but it's at the expense of your own people, I'm afraid."

"That's my business, and you're not one of 'em!" retorted the boy, infuriated; "and you won't be, either, if I can prevent it, no matter whether people say that you're engaged to her—"

"What!" whispered Selwyn, wheeling like a flash. The last vestige of color had fled from his face; and Gerald caught his breath, almost blinded by the blaze of fury in the elder man's eyes.

Neither spoke again; and after a moment Selwyn's eyes fell, he turned heavily on his heel and walked away, head bent, gray eyes narrowing to slits.

Yet, through the brain's chaos and the heart's loud tumult and the clamor of pulses run wild at the insult flung into his very face, the grim instinct to go on persisted. And he went on and on for *her* sake—on—he knew not how—until he came to Neergard's apartment in one of the vast West-Side constructions; and here, after an interval, he followed his card to Neergard's splendid suite, where a manservant received him and left him

seated by a sunny window overlooking the blossoming foliage of the Park.

When Neergard came in, and stood on the farther side of a big oak table, Selwyn rose, returning the cool, curt nod.

"Mr. Neergard," he said, "it is not easy for me to come here after what I said to you when I severed my connection with your firm. You have every reason to be unfriendly toward me; but I came on the chance that whatever resentment you may feel will not prevent you from hearing me out."

"Personal resentment," said Neergard slowly, "never interferes with my business. I take it, of course, that you have called upon a business matter. Will you sit down?"

"Thank you; I have only a moment. And what I am here for is to ask you, as Mr. Erroll's friend, to use your influence on Mr. Erroll—every atom of your influence—to prevent him from ruining himself financially through his excesses. I ask you, for his family's sake, to discountenance any more gambling; to hold him strictly to his duties in your office, to overlook no more shortcomings of his, but to demand from him what any trained business man demands of his associates as well as of his employees. I ask this for the boy's sake."

Neergard's close-set eyes focused a trifle closer to Selwyn's, yet did not meet them.

"Mr. Selwyn," he said, "have you come here to criticise the conduct of my business?"

"Criticism! No, I have not. I merely ask you—"

"You are merely asking me," cut in Neergard, "to run my office, my clerks, and my associate in business after some theory of your own."

"The boy looks on you as his friend. Could you not, as his friend, discourage his increasing tendency toward dissipation—"

"I am not aware that he is dissipated."

"What!"

"I say that I am not aware that Gerald requires any interference from me—nor from you either," said Neergard coolly. "And as far as that goes, I and my business require no interference either. And I believe that settles it."

He touched a button; the manservant appeared to usher Selwyn out.

The latter set his teeth in his under lip and looked straight and hard at Neergard, but Neergard thrust both hands in his pockets, turned squarely on his heel, and sauntered out of the room, yawning as he went.

An hour later Selwyn sent his card in to Rosamund Fane; and Rosamund came down presently, mystified, flattered, yet shrewdly alert and prepared for anything since the miracle of his coming justified such preparation.

"Why in the world," she said with a flushed gayety perfectly genuine, "did you ever come to see me? Will you please sit here, rather near me?—or I shall not dare believe that you are that same Captain Selwyn who once was so deliciously rude to me at the Minsters' dance."

"Was there not a little malice—just a very little—on your part to begin it?" he asked, smiling.

"Malice? Why? Just because I wanted to see how you and Alixe Ruthven would behave when thrust into each other's arms? O Captain Selwyn—what a harmless little jest of mine to evoke all that bitterness you so smilingly poured out on me! But I forgave you; I'll forgive you more than that—if you ask me. Do you know?"—and she laid her small head on one side and smiled at him out of her pretty doll's eyes—"do you know that there are very few things I might not be persuaded to pardon you? Perhaps"—with laughing audacity—"there are not any at all. Try, if you please."

"Then you surely will forgive me for what I have come to ask you," he said lightly. "Won't you?"

"Yes," she said, her pink-and-white prettiness challenging him from every delicate feature—"yes—I will pardon you—on one condition."

"And what is that, Mrs. Fane?"

"That you are going to ask me something quite unpardonable!" she said with a daring little laugh. "For if it's anything less improper than an impropriety I won't forgive you. Besides, there'd be nothing to forgive. So please begin, Captain Selwyn."

"It's only this," he said: "I am wondering whether you would do anything for me?"

"Anything! *Merci!* Isn't that extremely general, Captain Selwyn? But you never can tell; ask me."

So he bent forward, his clasped hands between his knees, and told her very earnestly of his fears about Gerald, asking her to use her undoubted influence with the boy to shame him from the card tables, explaining how utterly disastrous to him and his family his present course was.

"He is very fond of you, Mrs. Fane—and

you know how easy it is for a boy to be laughed out of excesses by a pretty woman of experience. You see I am desperately put to it or I would never have ventured to trouble you——"

"I see," she said, looking at him out of eyes bright with disappointment.

"Could you help us, then?" he asked pleasantly.

"Help us, Captain Selwyn? Who is the 'us,' please?"

"Why, Gerald and me—and his family," he added, meeting her eyes. The eyes began to dance with malice.

"His family," repeated Rosamund; "that is to say, his sister, Miss Erroll. His family, I believe, ends there; does it not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fane."

"I see. Miss Erroll is naturally worried over him. But I wonder why she did not come to me herself instead of sending you as her errant ambassador?"

"Miss Erroll did not send me," he said, flushing up. And, looking steadily into the smiling doll's face confronting him, he knew that he had failed again.

"I am not inclined to be very much flattered after all," said Rosamund. "You should have come on your own errand, Captain Selwyn, if you expected a woman to listen to you. Did you not know that?"

"It is not a question of errands or of flattery," he said wearily; "I thought you might care to influence a boy who is headed for serious trouble—that is all, Mrs. Fane."

She smiled: "Come to me on your *own* errand—for Gerald's sake, for anybody's sake—for your own, preferably, and I'll listen. But don't come to me on another woman's errands, for I won't listen—even to you."

"I *have* come on my own errand!" he repeated coldly. "Miss Erroll knew nothing about it, and shall not hear of it from me. Can you not help me, Mrs. Fane?"

But Rosamund's rose-china features had hardened into a polished smile; and Selwyn stood up, wearily, to make his adieux.

But, as he entered his hansom before the door, he knew the end was not yet; and once more he set his face toward the impossible; and once more the hansom rolled away over the asphalt, and once more it stopped—this time before the house of Ruthven.

Mr. Ruthven, it appeared, was at home and would receive Captain Selwyn in his own apartment.

Which he did—after Selwyn had been seated for twenty minutes—strolling in clad only in silken lounging clothes, and belting about his waist, as he entered, the sash of a kimono, stiff with gold.

His greeting was a pallid stare; but, as Selwyn made no motion to rise, he lounged over to a couch and, half reclining among the cushions, shot an insolent glance at Selwyn, then yawned and examined the bangles on his wrist.

After a moment Selwyn said: "Mr. Ruthven, you are no doubt surprised that I am here——"

"I'm not surprised if it's my wife you've come to see," drawled Ruthven. "If I'm the object of your visit, I confess to some surprise—as much as the visit is worth, and no more."

The vulgarity of the insult under the man's own roof scarcely moved Selwyn to any deeper contempt, and certainly not to anger.

"I did not come here to ask a favor of you," he said coolly—"for that is out of the question, Mr. Ruthven. But I came to tell you that Mr. Erroll's family has forbidden him to continue his gambling in this house and in your company anywhere or at any time."

"Most extraordinary," murmured Ruthven, passing his ringed fingers over his minutely shaven face—that strange face of a boy hardened by the depravity of ages.

"So I must request you," continued Selwyn, "to refuse him the opportunity of gambling here. Will you do it—voluntarily?"

"No."

"Then I shall use my judgment in the matter."

"And what may your judgment in the matter be?"

"I have not yet decided; for one thing I might enter a complaint with the police that a boy is being morally and materially ruined in your private gambling establishment."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. I will act, not threaten."

"Ah," drawled Ruthven, "I may do the same the next time my wife spends the evening in your apartment."

"You lie," said Selwyn in a voice made low by surprise.

"Oh, no, I don't. Very chivalrous of you—quite proper for you to deny it like a gentleman—but useless, quite useless. So the less said about invoking the law the better for some people. You'll agree with me, I dare say. And now, concerning your friend,

Gerald Erroll—I have not the slightest desire to see him play cards. Whether or not he plays is a matter perfectly indifferent to me, and you had better understand it. But if you come here demanding that I arrange my guest lists to suit you, you are losing time.”

Selwyn, almost stunned at Ruthven's knowledge of the episode in his rooms, had risen as he gave the man the lie direct.

For an instant, now, as he stared at him, there was murder in his eye. Then the utter hopeless helplessness of his position overwhelmed him, as Ruthven, with danger written all over him, stood up, his soft smooth thumbs hooked in the glittering sash of his kimono.

“Scowl if you like,” he said, backing away instinctively, but still nervously impertinent; “and keep your distance! If you’ve anything further to say to me, write it.” Then, growing bolder as Selwyn made no offensive move, “Write to me,” he repeated with a venomous smirk; “it’s safer for you to figure as *my* correspondent than as my wife’s correspondent—L-let go of me! W-what the devil are you d-d-doing—”

For Selwyn had him fast—one sinewy hand twisted in his silken collar, holding him squirming at arm’s length.

“M-murder!” stammered Ruthven.

“No,” said Selwyn, “not this time. But be very, very careful after this.”

And he let him go with an involuntary shudder, and wiped his hands on his handkerchief.

Ruthven stood quite still; and after a moment the livid terror died out in his face and a rushing flush spread over it—a strange, dreadful shade, curiously opaque; and he half turned, dizzily, hands outstretched for self-support.

Selwyn coolly watched him as he sank onto the couch and sat huddled together and leaning forward, his soft, ringed fingers covering his impurpled face.

Then Selwyn went away with a shrug of utter loathing; but after he had gone, and Ruthven’s servants had discovered him and summoned a physician, their master lay heavily amid his painted draperies and cushions, his congested features set, his eyes partly open and possessing sight, but the whites of them had disappeared and the eyes themselves, save for the pupils, were like two dark slits filled with blood.

There was no doubt about it; the doctors, one and all, knew their business when they

had so often cautioned Mr. Ruthven to avoid sudden and excessive emotions.

That night Selwyn wrote briefly to Mrs. Ruthven:

“I saw your husband this afternoon. He is at liberty to inform you of what passed. But in case he does not, there is one detail which you ought to know; your husband believes that you once paid a visit to my apartments. It is unlikely that he will repeat the accusation and I think there is no occasion for you to worry. However, it is only proper that you should know this—which is my only excuse for writing you a letter that requires no acknowledgment.

“Very truly yours,

“PHILIP SELWYN.”

To this letter she wrote an excited and somewhat incoherent reply; and rereading it in troubled surprise, he began to recognize in it something of the strange, illogical, impulsive attitude which had confronted him in the first weeks of his wedded life.

He wrote in answer:

“For the first time in my life I am going to write you some unpleasant truths. I cannot comprehend what you have written; I cannot interpret what you evidently imagine I must divine in these pages—yet, as I read, striving to understand, all the old familiar pain returns—the hopeless attempt to realize wherein I failed in what you expected of me.

“But how can I, now, be held responsible for your unhappiness and unrest—for the malicious attitude, as you call it, of the world toward you? Years ago you felt that there existed some occult coalition against you, and that I was either privy to it or indifferent. I was not indifferent, but I did not believe there existed any reason for your suspicions.

“What could I do? I don’t for a moment say that there was nothing I might have done. Certainly there must have been something; but I did not know what. And often in my confusion and bewilderment I was quick-tempered, impatient to the point of exasperation—so utterly unable was I to understand wherein I was failing to make you contented.

“Of course I could not shirk or avoid field duty or any of the details which so constantly took me away from you. Also I began to understand your impatience of garrison life, of the monotony of the place, of the climate, of the people. But all this, which I could not help, did not account for those dreadful days together when I could see that every minute was widening the breach between us.

"Again and again I asked you to go to some decent climate and wait for me until I could get leave. I stood ready and willing to make any arrangement for you, and you made no decision.

"Then when Barnard's command moved out we had our last distressing interview. And, if that night I spoke of your present husband and asked you to be a little wiser and use a little more discretion to avoid malicious comment—it was not because I dreamed of distrusting you—it was merely for your own guidance and because you had so often complained of other people's gossip about you.

"To say I was stunned, crushed, when I learned of what had happened in my absence, is to repeat a trite phrase. What it cost me is of no consequence now; what it is now costing you I cannot help.

"Yet, your letter, in every line, seems to imply some strange responsibility on my part for what you speak of as the degrading position you now occupy.

"Degradation or not—let us leave that aside; you cannot now avoid being his wife. But as for any hostile attitude of society in your regard—any league or coalition to discredit you—that is not apparent to me.

"And now, one thing more. You ask me to meet you at Sherry's for a conference. I don't care to, Alixe. There is nothing to be said except what can be written on letter paper. And I can see neither the necessity nor the wisdom of our writing any more letters."

For a few days no reply came; then he received such a strange, unhappy, and desperate letter that, astonished, alarmed, and apprehensive, he went straight to his sister, who had run up to town for the day from Silverside, and who had telephoned him to take her somewhere for luncheon.

Nina appeared very gay and happy and youthful in her spring plumage, but she exclaimed impatiently at his tired and careworn pallor; and when a little later they were seated *tête-à-tête* in the rococo dining room of a popular French restaurant, she began to urge him to return with her, insisting that a week-end at Silverside was what he needed to avert physical disintegration.

"What is there to keep you in town?" she demanded, breaking bits from the stick of crisp bread. "The children have been clamoring for you day and night, and Eileen

has been expecting a letter— You promised to write her, Phil—!"

"I'm going to write to her," he said impatiently; "wait a moment, Nina—don't speak of anything pleasant or—or intimate just now—because—because I've got to bring up another matter—something not very pleasant to me or to you. May I begin?"

"What is it, Phil?" she asked, her quick, curious eyes intent on his troubled face.

"It is about—Alixé."

"What about her?" returned his sister calmly.

"You knew her in school—years ago. You have always known her——"

"Yes."

"You—did you ever visit her?—stay at the Varians' house?"

"Yes."

There was a silence; his eyes shifted to his plate; remained fixed as he said:

"Then you knew her—father?"

"Yes, Phil," she said quietly, "I knew Mr. Varian."

"What was the truth about her father?" he said doggedly. "He was eccentric; was he ever worse than that?"

"The truth was that he became mentally irresponsible before his death."

"You *know* this?"

"Alixé told me when we were schoolgirls. And for days she was haunted with the fear of what might one day be her inheritance. That is all I know, Phil."

He nodded and for a while made some pretense of eating, but presently leaned back and looked at his sister out of dazed eyes.

"Do you suppose," he said heavily, "that *she* was not entirely responsible when—when she went away?"

"I have wondered," said Nina simply. "Austin believes it."

"I can't believe it," he said, staring at vacancy. "I refuse to." And, thinking of her last frightened and excited letter imploring an interview with him and giving the startling reason: "What a scoundrel that fellow Ruthven is," he said with a shudder.

"Why, what has he——"

"Nothing. I can't discuss it, Nina——"

"Please tell me, Phil!"

"There is nothing to tell."

She said deliberately: "I hope there is not, Phil. Nor do I credit any mischievous gossip which ventures to link my brother's name with the name of Mrs. Ruthven."

He paid no heed to what she hinted, and

he was still thinking of Ruthven when he said: "The most contemptible and cowardly thing a man can do is to fail a person dependent on him—when that person is in prospective danger. The dependence, the threatened helplessness *must* appeal to any man! How can he, then, fail to stand by a person in trouble—a person linked to him by every tie, every obligation. Why—why to fail at such a time is dastardly—and to—make a possible threatened infirmity a reason for abandoning a woman is monstrous—!"

"Phil! I never for a moment supposed that even if you suspected Alixe to be not perfectly responsible you would have abandoned her—"

"*!? Abandon her!*" He laughed bitterly. "I was not speaking of myself," he said. And to himself he wondered: "Was it *that*—after all? Is that the key to my dreadful inability to understand? I cannot—I cannot accept it. I know her: it was not that; it—it must not be!"

And that night he wrote to her:

"If he threatens you with divorce on such a ground, he himself is likely to be adjudged mentally unsound. It was a brutal, stupid threat, nothing more, and his insult to your father's memory was more brutal still. Don't be stampeded by such threats. Disprove them by your calm self-control under provocation; disprove them by your discretion and self-confidence. Give nobody a single possible reason for gossip. And above all, Alixe, don't become worried and morbid over anything you might dread as inheritance, for you are as sound to-day as you were when I first met you; and you shall not doubt that you could ever be anything else. Be the woman you can be! Show the pluck and courage to make the very best out of life. I have slowly learned to attempt it; and it is not difficult if you convince yourself that it can be done."

To this she answered the next day:

"I will do my best. There is danger and treachery everywhere; and if it becomes unendurable I shall put an end to it in one way or another. As for his threat—incident on my admitting that I did go to your room, and defying him to dare believe evil of me for doing it—I can laugh at it now—though, when I wrote you, I was terrified—remembering how mentally broken my father was when he died.

"I don't know what passed between you

and him: he won't tell me; but I do know from the servants that he has been quite ill—I was in Westchester that night—and that something happened to his eyes—they were dreadful for a while. I imagine it has something to do with veins and arteries; and it's understood that he's to avoid sudden excitement.

"However, he's only serenely disagreeable to me now, and we see almost nothing of one another except over the card tables. Gerald has been winning rather heavily, I am glad to say—glad, as long as I cannot prevent him from playing. And yet I may be able to accomplish that yet—in a roundabout way—because the apple-visaged and hawk-beaked Mr. Neergard has apparently become my slavish creature; quite infatuated. And as soon as I've fastened on his collar, and made sure that Rosamund can't unhook it, I'll try to make him shut down on Gerald's playing. This for your sake, Phil—because you ask me. And because you must always stand for all that is upright and good and manly in my eyes. Ah, Phil! what a fool I was! And all, all my own fault too. ALIXE."

This ended the sudden eruption of correspondence; for he did not reply to this letter, though in it he read enough to make him gravely uneasy; and he fell, once more, into the habit of brooding from which both Boots Lansing and Eileen had almost weaned him.

Also he began to take long solitary walks in the Park when not occupied in conferences with the representatives of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Works—a company which he had recently approached in behalf of his imperfect explosive, Chaosite.

This hermit life might have continued in town indefinitely had he not, one morning, been surprised by a note from Eileen—the first he had ever had from her.

It was only a very brief missive—piquant, amusing, innocently audacious in closing—a mere reminder that he had promised to write to her; and she ended it by asking him very plainly whether he had not missed her, in terms so frank, so sweet, so confident of his inevitable answer, that all the enchantment of their delightful intimacy surged back in one quick tremor of happiness, washing from his heart and soul the clinging, sordid, evil things which were creeping closer, closer to torment and overwhelm him.

And all that day he went about his business quite happily, her letter in his pocket; and that

night, taking a new pen and penholder, he laid out his very best letter paper, and began the first letter he had ever written to Eileen Erroll.

"DEAR EILEEN: I have your charming little note from Silverside reminding me that I had promised to write you. But I needed no reminder; you know that. Then why have I not written? I couldn't, offhand. And every day and evening except to-day and this evening I have been in conference with Edgerton Lawn and other representatives of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company; and have come to a sort of semiagreement with them concerning a high explosive called Chasote which they desire to control the sale of as soon as I can control its tendency to misbehave. This I expect to do this summer; and Austin has very kindly offered me a tiny cottage out on the moors too far from anybody or anything to worry people.

"Meanwhile, however, your letter and its questions await answers; and here they are:

"Yes, I saw Gerald once at his club and had a short talk with him. He was apparently well. You should not feel so anxious about him. He is very young yet, but he comes from good stock. Sooner or later he is bound to find himself; you must not doubt that.

"No, I have not ridden in the Park since you and Nina and the children went to Silverside. I walked there Sunday, and it was most beautiful, especially through the ramble. In his later years my father was fond of walking there with me. That is one reason I go there; he seems to be very near me when I stand under the familiar trees or move along the flowering walks he loved so well. I wish you had known him. It is curious how often this wish recurs to me; and so persistent was it in the Park that lovely Sunday that, at moments, it seemed as though we three were walking there together—he and you and I—quite happy in the silence of companionship which seemed not of yesterday but of years.

"And now your next question: Yes, Boots is well, and I will give him Drina's love, and I will try my best to bring him to Silverside when I come. Boots is still crazed with admiration for his house. He has two cats, a housekeeper, and a jungle of shrubs and vines in the back yard, which he plays the hose on; and he has also acquired some really beautiful

old rugs—a Herez which has all the tints of a living sapphire, and a charming antique Shiraz, rose, gold, and that rare old Persian blue.

"And now your last question. And I answer: Yes, I do miss you—so badly that I often take refuge in summoning you in spirit. The other day I had occasion to see Austin; and we sat in the library where all the curtains are in linen bags and all the furniture in overalls, and where the rugs are rolled in tarred paper and the pictures are muffled in cheesecloth.

"And after our conference had ended and I was on my way to the hall below, suddenly on my ear, faint but clear, I heard your voice, sweet as the odor of blossoms in an empty room. No—it neither deceived nor startled me; I have often heard it before, when you were nowhere near. And, that I may answer your question more completely, I answer it again: Yes, I miss you; so that I hear your voice through every silence; all voids are gay with it; there are no lonely places where my steps pass, because you are always near; no stillness through which your voice does not sound; no unhappiness, no sordid cares which the memory of you does not make easier to endure.

"Have I answered? And now, good night. Gerald has just come in; I hear him passing the hall to his own apartments. So I'll drop in for a smoke with him before I start to search for you in dreamland. Good night, Eileen.
PHILIP SELWYN."

When he had finished, sealed, and stamped his letter he leaned back in his chair, smiling to himself, still under the spell which the thought of her so often now cast over him. How utterly had his sister mistaken their frank companionship! How stupidly superfluous was it to pretend to detect, in their comradeship, the commonplaces of sentiment—as though in their cordial understanding there was anything less simple than community of taste and the mutual attraction of intelligence!

His sister was mistaken; but her mistake must not disturb the blossoming of this unstained flower. Sufficient that Eileen and he disdainfully ignore the trite interpretation those outside might offer them unasked; sufficient that their confidence in one another remain without motive other than the happiness of unembarrassed people who find a pleasure in sharing an intelligent curiosity

concerning men and things and the world about them.

Thinking of these matters, lying back there in his desk chair, he suddenly remembered that Gerald had come in. They had scarcely seen one another since that unhappy meeting in the Stuyvesant Club; and now, remembering what he had written to Eileen, he emerged with a start from his contented dreaming, sobered by the prospect of seeking Gerald.

For a moment or two he hesitated; but he had said in his letter that he was going to do it; and now he rose, looked around for his pipe, found it, filled and lighted it, and, throwing on his dressing gown, went out into the corridor, tying the tasseled cords around his waist as he walked.

His first knock remaining unanswered, he knocked more sharply. Then he heard from within the muffled creak of a bed, heavy steps across the floor. The door opened with a jerk; Gerald stood there, eyes swollen, hair in disorder, his collar crushed, and the white evening tie unknotted and dangling over his soiled shirt-front.

"Hello," said Selwyn simply, "may I come in?"

The boy passed his hand across his eyes as though confused by the light; then he turned and walked back toward the bed, still rubbing his eyes, and sat down on the edge.

Selwyn closed the door and seated himself, apparently not noticing Gerald's dishevelment.

"Thought I'd drop in for a good-night pipe," he said quietly. "By the way, Gerald, I'm going down to Silverside next week. Nina has asked Boots, too. Couldn't you fix it to come along with us?"

"I don't know," said the boy in a low voice; "I'd like to."

That something was very wrong with him appeared plainly enough; but Selwyn, touched to the heart and miserably apprehensive, dared not question him, unasked.

And so they sat there for a while, Selwyn making what conversation he could; and at length Gerald turned and dragged himself across the bed, dropping his head back on the disordered pillows.

"Go on," he said; "I'm listening."

So Selwyn continued his pleasant, inconsequential observations, and Gerald lay with closed eyes, quite motionless, until, watching him, Selwyn saw his hand was trembling where it lay clinched beside him. And presently the boy turned his face to the wall.

Toward midnight Selwyn rose quietly, re-

moved his unlighted pipe from between his teeth, knocked the ashes from it, and pocketed it. Then he walked to the bed and seated himself on the edge.

"What's the trouble, old man?" he asked coolly.

There was no answer. He placed his hand over Gerald's; the boy's hand lay inert, then quivered and closed on Selwyn's convulsively.

"That's right," said the elder man; "that's what I'm here for—to stand by when you hoist signals. Go on."

The boy shook his head and buried it deeper in the pillow.

"Bad as that?" commented Selwyn quietly. "Well, what of it? I'm standing by, I tell you. That's right"—as Gerald broke down, his body quivering under the spasm of soundless grief—"that's the safety-valve working. Good business. Take your time."

It took a long time; and Selwyn sat silent and motionless, his whole arm numb from its position and Gerald's crushing grasp. And at last, seeing that was the moment to speak:

"Now let's fix up this matter, Gerald. Come on!"

"Good heavens! H—how can it be f-fixed—"

"I'll tell you when you tell me. It's a money difficulty, I suppose; isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Cards?"

"P-partly."

"Oh, a note? Case of honor? Where is this I. O. U. that you gave?"

"It's worse than that. The—the note is paid. Good God—I can't tell you—"

"You must. That's why I'm here, Gerald."

"Well, then, I—I drew a check—knowing that I had no funds. If it—if they return it, marked—"

"I see. What are the figures?"

The boy stammered them out; Selwyn's grave face grew graver still.

"That is bad," he said slowly—"very bad. Have you—but of course you couldn't have seen Austin—"

"I'd kill myself first!" said Gerald fiercely.

"No, you wouldn't do that. You're not *that* kind. Keep perfectly cool, Gerald; because it is going to be fixed. The method only remains to be decided upon—"

"I can't take your money!" stammered the boy; "I can't take a cent from you—after what I've said—the beastly things I've said—"

"It isn't the things you say to me, Gerald, that matter. . . . Let me think a bit—and don't worry. Just lie quietly, and understand that I'll do the worrying. And while I'm amusing myself with a little quiet reflection as to ways and means, just take your own bearings from this reef; and set a true course once more, Gerald. That is all the reproach, all the criticism you are going to get from me. Deal with yourself and your God in silence."

And in silence and heavy dismay Selwyn confronted the sacrifice he must make to save the honor of the house of Erroll.

It meant more than temporary inconvenience to himself; it meant that he must go into the market and sell securities which were partly his capital, and from which came the modest income that enabled him to live as he did.

How could he afford to do this—unoccupied, earning nothing, bereft of his profession, with only the chance in view that his Chaosite might turn out stable enough to be marketable? How could he dare so strip himself? Yet, there was no other way; it had to be done; and done at once—the very first thing in the morning before it became too late.

And at first, in the bitter resentment of the necessity, his impulse was to turn on Gerald and bind him to good conduct by every pledge the boy could give. At least there would be compensation. Yet, with the thought came the clear conviction of its futility. The boy had brushed too close to dishonor not to recognize it. And if this were not a lifelong lesson to him, no promises forced from him in his dire need and distress, no oaths, no pledges could bind him; no blame, no admonition, no scorn, no contempt, no reproach could help him to see more clearly the pit of destruction than he could see now.

"You need sleep, Gerald," he said quietly. "Don't worry; I'll see that your check is not dishonored; all you have to see to is yourself. Good-night, my boy."

But Gerald could not speak; and so Selwyn left him and walked slowly back to his own room, where he seated himself at his desk, grave, absent-eyed, his unfilled pipe between his teeth.

And he sat there until he had bitten clean through the amber mouthpiece, so that the brier bowl fell clattering to the floor. By that time it was full daylight; but Gerald was still asleep. He slept late into the afternoon; but that evening, when Selwyn and Lansing

came in to persuade him to go with them to Silverside, Gerald was gone.

They waited another day for him; he did not appear. And that night they left for Silverside without him.

CHAPTER VIII

SILVERSIDE

DURING that week-end at Silverside Boots behaved like a school-lad run wild. With Drina's hand in his, half a dozen dogs as advanced guard, and heavily flanked by the Gerard battalion, he scoured the moorlands from Surf Point to the Hither Woods, from Wonder Head to Sky Pond.

Ever hopeful of rabbit and fox, Billy urged on his cheerful waddling pack, and the sea wind rang with the crack of his whip and the treble note of his whistle. Drina, lately inoculated with the virus of nature-study, carried a green gauze butterfly net, while Boots's pockets bulged with various lethal bottles and perforated tin boxes for the reception of caterpillars. The other children, like the puppies of Billy's pack, ran haphazard, tireless and eager little opportunists, eternal prisoners of hope, tripped flat by creepers, scratched and soiled in thicket and bog, but always up and forward again, ranging out, nose in the wind, dauntless, expectant, wonder-eyed.

Nina, Eileen, and Selwyn formed a lagging and leisurely rear-guard, though always within signalling distance of Boots and the main body; and, when necessary, the two ex-army men wigwagged to each other across the uplands to the endless excitement and gratification of the children.

Eileen and Selwyn were standing on one of the treeless hills—a riotous tangle of grasses and wild flowers—looking out to sea across Sky Pond. He had a rod; and as he stood he idly switched the gayly colored flies backward and forward.

Standing there—fairly swimming—in the delicious upper-air currents, she looked blissfully across the rolling moors, while the sunlight drenched her and the salt wind winnowed the ruddy glory of her hair, and from the tangle of tender blossoming green things a perfume mounted, saturating her senses as she breathed it deeper in the happiness of desire fulfilled and content quite absolute.

"After all," she said, "what more is there than this? Earth and sea and sky and sun, and a friend to show them to. Because, as I wrote you, the friend is quite necessary in the scheme of things—to round out the symmetry of it all. I suppose you're dying to dangle those flies in Brier Water to see whether there are any trout there. Well, there are; Austin stocked it years ago, and he never fishes, so no doubt it's full of fish. What is that black thing moving along the edge of the Golden Marsh?"

"A mink," he said, looking.

She seated herself cross-legged on the hill-top to watch the mink at her leisure. But the lithe furry creature took to the water, dived, and vanished, and she turned her attention to the landscape.

"Do you see that lighthouse far to the south?" she asked; "that is Frigate Light. West of it lies Surf Point, and the bay between is Surf Bay. That's where I nearly froze solid in my first ocean bath of the year. A little later we can bathe in that cove to the north—the Bay of Shoals. You see it, don't you?—there, lying tucked in between Wonder Head and the Hither Woods; but I forgot! Of course you've been here before; and you know all this; don't you?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "my brother and I came here as boys."

"Have you not been here since?"

"Once." He turned and looked down at the sea-battered wharf jutting into the Bay of Shoals. "Once, since I was a boy," he repeated; "but I came alone. The transports landed at that wharf after the Spanish war. The hospital camp was yonder. My brother died there."

After a while he picked up his rod, and sat erect and cross-legged as she sat, and flicked the flies, absently, across the grass, aiming at wind-blown butterflies.

"All these changes!" he exclaimed with a sweep of the rod-butt toward Widgion Bay. "When I was here as a boy there were no fine estates, no great houses, no country clubs, no game preserves—only a few fishermen's hovels along the Bay of Shoals, and Frigate Light yonder. Truly this island with its hundred miles of length has become but a formal garden of the wealthy. Alas! I knew it as a stretch of woods, dunes, and old-time villages where life had slumbered for two hundred years!"

He fell silent, but she nodded him to go on.

"Brooklyn was a quiet tree-shaded town,"

he continued thoughtfully, "unvexed by dreams of traffic; Flatbush an old Dutch village buried in the scented bloom of lilac, locust, and syringa, asleep under its ancient gables, hip-roofs, and spreading trees. Bath, Utrecht, Canarsie, Gravesend were little more than cross-road taverns dreaming in the sun; and that vile and noise-cursed island beyond the Narrows was a stretch of unpolluted beauty in an untainted sea—nothing but whitest sand and dunes and fragrant bayberry and a blaze of wild flowers. Think of what this was but a few years ago, and think of what 'progress' has done to lay it waste! What will it be to-morrow?"

"Oh—oh!" she protested, laughing; "I did not suppose you were that kind of a Jeremiah!"

"Well, I am. I see no progress in prostrate forests, in soft-coal smoke, in noise! I see nothing gained in trimming and cutting and plowing and macadamizing a heavenly wilderness into mincing little gardens for the rich." He was smiling at his own vehemence but she knew that he was more than half serious.

"Oh—oh!" she protested, shaking her head; "your philosophy is that of all reactionaries—emotional arguments which never can be justified. Why, if the laboring man delights in the harmless hurdy-gurdy and finds his pleasure mounted on a wooden horse, should you say that the island of his delight is 'vile'? All fulfilment of harmless happiness is progress, my poor friend—"

"But my harmless happiness lay in seeing the wild-fowl splashing where nothing splashes now except beer and the bathing rabble. If progress is happiness—where is mine? Gone with the curlew and the wild duck! Therefore, there is no progress."

"But *your* happiness in such things was an exception—"

"Exceptions prove anything!"

"Yes—but—no, they don't, either! What nonsense you can talk when you try to. As for me I'm going down to the Brier Water to look into it. If there are any trout there foolish enough to bite at those gaudy-feathered hooks I'll call you—"

"I'm going with you," he said, rising to his feet. She smilingly ignored his offered hands and sprang erect unaided.

The Brier Water, a cold, deep, leisurely stream, deserved its name. If anybody ever haunted it with hostile designs upon its fishy denizens, Austin at least never did. Belted

kingfisher, heron, mink, and perhaps a furtive small boy with pole and sinker and barnyard worm—these were the only foes the trout might dread. As for a man and a fly-rod, they knew him not, nor was there much chance for casting a line, because the water everywhere flowed under weeds, arched thickets of brier and grass, and leafy branches criss-crossed above.

"This place is impossible," said Selwyn scornfully. "What is Austin about to let it all grow up and run wild—"

"You said," observed Eileen, "that you preferred an untrimmed wilderness; didn't you?"

He laughed and reeled in his line until only six inches of the gossamer leader remained free. From this dangled a single silver-bodied fly, glittering in the wind.

"There's a likely pool hidden under those briers," he said; "I'm going to poke the tip of my rod under—this way— Hah!" as a heavy splash sounded from depths unseen and the reel screamed as he struck.

Up and down, under banks and over shallows rushed the invisible fish; and Selwyn could do nothing for a while but let him go when he insisted, and check and recover when the fish permitted.

Eileen, a spray of green mint between her vivid lips, watched the performance with growing interest; but when at length a big, fat, struggling speckled trout was cautiously but successfully lifted out into the grass, she turned her back until the gallant fighter had departed this life under a merciful whack from a stick.

"That," she said faintly, "is the part I don't care for. Is he out of all pain? What? Didn't feel any? Oh, are you quite sure?"

She walked over to him and looked down at the beautiful victim of craft.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "you are very clever, of course, and I suppose I'll eat him; but I wish he were alive again, down there in those cool, sweet depths."

"Killing frogs and insects and his smaller brother fish?"

"Did he do *that*?"

"No doubt of it. And if I hadn't landed him, a heron or a mink would have done it sooner or later. That's what a trout is for: to kill and be killed."

She smiled, then sighed. The taking of life and the giving of it were mysteries to her. She had never wittingly killed anything.

"Do you say that it doesn't hurt the trout?" she asked.

"There are no nerves in the jaw muscles of a trout— Hah!" as his rod twitched and swerved under water and his reel sang again.

And again she watched the performance, and once more turned her back.

"Let me try," she said, when the *coup-de-grace* had been administered to a lusty, brilliant-tinted bull-trout. And, rod in hand, she bent breathless and intent over the bushes, cautiously thrusting the tip through a thicket of mint.

She lost two fish, then hooked a third—a small one; but when she lifted it gasping into the sunlight, she shivered and called to Selwyn:

"Unhook it and throw it back! I—I simply can't stand that!"

Splash! went the astonished trout; and she sighed her relief.

"There's no doubt about it," she said, "you and I certainly do belong to different species of the same genus; men and women are separate species. Do you deny it?"

"I should hate to lose you that way," he returned teasingly.

"Well, you can't avoid it. I gladly admit that woman is not too closely related to man. We don't like to kill things; it's an ingrained distaste, not merely a matter of ethical philosophy. You like to kill; and it's a trait common also to children and other predatory animals. Which fact," she added airily, "convinces me of woman's higher civilization."

"It would convince me, too," he said, "if woman didn't eat the things that man kills for her."

"I know; isn't it horrid! Oh, dear, we're neither of us very high in the scale yet—particularly you."

"Well, I've advanced some since the good old days when a man went wooing with a club," he suggested.

"You may have. But, anyway, you don't go wooing. As for man collectively, he has not progressed so very far," she added demurely. "As an example, that dreadful Draymore man actually hurt my wrist."

Selwyn looked up quickly, a shade of frank annoyance on his face and a vision of the fat sybarite before his eyes. He turned again to his fishing, but his shrug was more of a shudder than appeared to be complimentary to Percy Draymore.

She had divined, somehow, that it annoyed

Selwyn to know that men had importuned her. So, to torment him, she said: "Of course it is somewhat exciting to be asked to marry people—rather agreeable than otherwise—"

"What!"

Waist deep in bay-bushes he turned toward her where she sat on the trunk of an oak which had fallen across the stream. Her arms balanced her body; her ankles were interlocked. She swung her slim russet-shod feet above the brook and looked at him with a touch of *gaminerie* new to her and to him.

"Of course it's amusing to be told you are the only woman in the world," she said, "particularly when a girl has a secret fear that men don't consider her quite grown up."

"You once said," he began impatiently, "that the idiotic importunities of those men annoyed you."

"Why do you call them idiotic?"—with pretense of hurt surprise. "A girl is honored—"

"Oh, bosh!"

"Captain Selwyn!"

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily; and fumbled with his reel.

She surveyed him, head a trifle on one side—the very incarnation of youthful malice in process of satisfying a desire for tormenting. Never before had she experienced that desire so keenly, so unreasoningly; never before had she found such a curious pleasure in punishing without cause. A perfectly inexplicable exhilaration possessed her—a gayety quite reasonless, until every pulse in her seemed singing with laughter and quickening with the desire for his torment.

"When I pretended I was annoyed by what men said to me, I was only a yearling," she observed. "Now I'm a two-year, Captain Selwyn. Who can tell what may happen in my second season?"

"You said that you were *not* the—the marrying sort," he insisted.

"Nonsense. All girls are. Once I sat in a high chair and wore a bib and banqueted on cambric-tea and prunes. I don't do it now; I've advanced. It's probably part of that progress which you are so opposed to."

He did not answer.

"All progress is admirable," she suggested. No answer.

So, to goad him:

"There *are* men," she said dreamily, "who might hope for a kinder reception next winter—"

"Oh, no," he said coolly, "there are no such gentlemen. If there were you wouldn't say so."

"Yes, I would. And there are."

"You can't frighten me"—with a shade less confidence. "You wouldn't tell if there was."

"I'd tell *you*."

"Me?"—with a sudden slump in his remaining stock of reassurance.

"Certainly. I tell you and Nina things of that sort. And when I have fully decided to marry I shall, of course, tell you both before I inform other people."

How the blood in her young veins was racing and singing with laughter! How thoroughly she was enjoying something to which she could give neither reason nor name! But how satisfying it all was—whatever it was that amused her in this man's uncertainty, and in the faint traces of an irritation as unreasoning as the source of it!

"Really, Captain Selwyn," she said, "you are not one of those old-fashioned literary landmarks who object through several chapters to a girl's marrying—are you?"

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"You are quite serious?"

"Quite."

"You won't *let* me?"

"No, I won't."

"Why?"

"I want you myself," he said, smiling at last.

"That is flattering but horridly selfish. In other words you won't marry me and you won't let anybody else do it. And I'm not to marry that nice young man?"—mockingly sweet. "No? What!—not anybody at all—ever and ever?"

"Me," he suggested, "if you're as thoroughly demoralized as that."

"Oh! Must a girl be pretty thoroughly demoralized to marry you?"

"I don't suppose she'd do it if she wasn't," he admitted, laughing.

She considered him, head on one side:

"You are ornamental, anyway," she concluded.

"Well, then," he said, "will you have me?"

She threw back her head and her clear laughter thrilled the silence. He laughed, too.

"So you won't have me?" he said.

"You haven't asked me—have you?"

"Well, I do now."

She mused, the smile resting lightly on lips and eyes.

"Wouldn't such a thing astonish Nina!" she said.

He did not answer; a slight color tinged the new sunburn on his cheeks.

She laughed to herself, clasped her hands, crossed her slender feet, and bent her eyes on the pool below.

"Marriage," she said, pursuing her thoughts aloud, "is curiously unnecessary to happiness. Take our pleasure in each other, for example. It has, from the beginning, been perfectly free from silliness and sentiment."

"Naturally," he said. "I'm old enough to be safe."

"You are not!" she retorted. "What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Well, then," he said, "I'm dreadfully unsafe, but yet you've managed to escape. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. You *are* attractive to women! I've heard that often enough to be convinced. Why, even I can see what attracts them"—she turned to look at him—"the way your head and shoulders set—and—well, the—rest. It's rather superior of me to have escaped sentiment, don't you think so?"

Her running comment was her laughter, ringing deliciously amid the trees until a wild bird, restlessly attentive, ventured a long, sweet response from the tangled green above them.

After their laughter the soberness of reaction left them silent for a while. The wild bird sang and sang, dropping fearlessly nearer from branch to branch, until in his melody she found the key to her dreamy thoughts.

"Because," she said, "you are so unconscious of your own value, I like you best, I think. I never before quite realized just what it was in you."

"My value," he said, "is what you care to make it."

"Then nobody can afford to take you away from me, Captain Selwyn."

He flushed with pleasure: "That is the prettiest thing a woman ever admitted to a man," he said.

"You have said nicer things to me. That is your reward. I wonder if you remember any of the nice things you say to me? Oh, don't look so hurt and astonished—because I don't believe you do. Isn't it jolly to sit here and let life drift past us? Out there in the world"—she nodded backward toward the open—"out yonder all that 'progress' is whirling around the world, and here we sit—

just you and I—quite happily, swinging our feet in perfect content and talking nonsense. What more is there after all than a companionship that admits both sense and nonsense?"

And, as he did not respond: "I wonder if you realize how perfectly lovely you have been to me since you have come into my life? Men's kindness is a strange thing; they may try and try, and a girl may know they are trying and, in her turn, try to be grateful. But it is all effort on both sides. Then—with a word—an impulse born of chance or instinct—a man may say and do that which a woman can never forget—and would not if she could."

"Have I done—that?"

"Yes. Didn't you understand? Do you suppose any other man in the world could have what you have had of me—of my real self? Do you suppose for one instant that any other man than you could ever obtain from me the confidence I offer you unasked? Do I not tell you everything that enters my head and heart? Do you not know that I care for you more than for anybody alive?"

"Gerald—"

She looked him straight in the eyes; her breath caught, but she steadied her voice:

"I've got to be truthful," she said; "I care for you more than for Gerald."

"And I for you more than anybody living," he said.

"Is it true?"

"It is the truth, Eileen."

"You—you make me very happy, Captain Selwyn."

"But—did you not know it before I told you?"

"I—y—yes; I hoped so." In the exultant reaction from the delicious tension of avowal she laughed lightly, not knowing why.

"The pleasure in it," she said, "is the certainty that I am capable of making you happy. You have no idea how I desire to do it. I've wanted to ever since I knew you—I've wanted to be capable of doing it. And you tell me that I do; and I am utterly and foolishly happy." The quick mischievous sparkle of *gaminerie* flashed up, transforming her for an instant—"Ah, yes; and I can make you unhappy, too, it seems, by talking of marriage. That, too, is something—a delightful power—but"—the malice dying to a spark in her brilliant eyes—"I shall not torment you, Captain Selwyn. Will it make you happier if I say, 'No; I shall never marry as long as I

have you'? Will it really? Then I say it; never, never will I marry as long as I have your confidence and friendship. But I want it *all*!—every bit, please. And if ever there is another woman—if ever you fall in love!—crack!—away I go"—she snapped her white fingers—"like that!" she added, "only quicker! Well, then! Be very, very careful, my friend! I wish there were some place here where I could curl up indefinitely and listen to your views on life. You brought a book to read, didn't you?"

He gave her a funny, embarrassed glance: "Yes; I brought a sort of a book."

"Then I'm all ready to be read to, thank you. Please steady me while I try to stand up on this log—one hand will do——"

Scarcely in contact with him she crossed the log, sprang blithely to the ground, and, lifting the hem of her summer gown an inch or two, picked her way toward the bank above.

In the dry, sweet grass she found a place for a nest, and settled into it, head prone on a heap of scented bay leaves, elbows skyward, and fingers linked across her chin. One foot was hidden, the knee, doubled, making a tent of her white skirt, from a little edge of which a low russet shoe projected, revealing the contour of a slim ankle.

"What book did you bring?" she asked dreamily.

He turned red: "It's—it's just a chapter from a little book I'm trying to write—a—a—sort of suggestion for the establishment of native regiments in the Philippines. I thought, perhaps, you might not mind listening——"

Her delighted surprise and quick cordiality quite overwhelmed him, so, sitting flat on the grass, hat off and the hill wind furrowing his bright crisp hair, he began, naively, like a schoolboy; and Eileen lay watching him, touched and amused at his eager interest in reading aloud to her this mass of coördinated fact and detail.

There was, in her, one quality to which he had never appealed in vain—her loyalty. Confident of that, and of her intelligence, he wasted no words in preliminary explanation. He wrote simply and without self-consciousness; loyalty aroused her interest, intelligence sustained it; and when the end came, it came too quickly for her, and she said so frankly, which delighted him.

Lying there in the fragrant verdure, blue eyes skyward or slanting sideways to watch

his face, she listened, answered, questioned, or responded by turns; until their voices grew lazy and the light reaction from things serious awakened the gayety always latent when they were together.

Face to the sky, she began to sing to herself, under her breath, fragments of that ancient war-song:

"Le bon Roi Dagobert
Avait un grand sabre de fer;
Le grand Saint Eloi
Lui dit: 'O mon Roi,
Votre Majesté
Pourrait se blesser!'
'C'est vrai,' lui dit le Roi,
'Qu'on me donne un sabre de bois!'"

"In that verse," observed Selwyn, smiling, "lies the true key to the millennium—international disarmament and moral suasion."

"Nonsense," she said lazily; "the millennium will arrive when the false balance between man and woman is properly adjusted—not before. And that means universal education. Did you ever hear that old, old song, written two centuries ago—the 'Education of Phyllis'? No? Listen then and be ashamed."

And lying there, the back of one hand above her eyes, she sang in a sweet, childish, mocking voice, tremulous with hidden laughter, the song of Phyllis the shepherdess and Sylvandre the shepherd—how Phyllis, more avaricious than sentimental, made Sylvandre pay her thirty sheep for one kiss; how, next day, the price shifted to one sheep for thirty kisses; and the dreadful demoralization of Phyllis:

"Le lendemain, Philis, plus tendre
Fut trop heureuse de lui rendre
Trente moutons pour un baiser!

Le lendemain, Philis, peu sage,
Aurait donné moutons et chien
Pour un baiser que le volage
A Lisette donnait pour rien!"

"And there we are," said Eileen, sitting up abruptly and leveling the pink-tipped finger of accusation at him—"there, if you please, lies the woe of the world—not in the armaments of nations! That old French poet understood in half a second more than your Hague tribunal could comprehend in its first Cathayan cycle! There lies the hope of your millennium—in the higher education of the modern Phyllis."

"And the up-to-date Sylvandre," added Selwyn.

"He knows too much already," she retorted, delicate nose in the air. "Hark! Ear to the ground! My atavistic and wilder instincts warn me that somebody is coming!"

"Boots and Drina," said Selwyn; and he hailed them as they came into view above. Then he sprang to his feet, calling out: "And Gerald, too! Hello, old fellow! This is perfectly fine! When did you arrive?"

"O Gerald!" cried Eileen, both hands outstretched—"it's splendid of you to come! Dear fellow! have you seen Nina and Austin? And were they not delighted? And you've come to stay, haven't you? There, I won't begin to urge you. Look, Gerald—look, Boots—and Drina, too—only look at those beautiful big plump trout in Captain Selwyn's creel!"

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Gerald, "you didn't take those in that little brook—did you, Philip? Well, wouldn't that snare you! I'm coming down here after luncheon; I sure am."

Selwyn turned to Gerald. "I hunted high and low for you before I came to Silverside. You found my note?"

"Yes; I—I'll explain later," said the boy, coloring. "Come ahead, Eily; Boots and I will take you on at tennis—and Philip, too. We've an hour or so before luncheon. Is it a go?"

"Certainly," replied his sister, unaware of Selwyn's proficiency, but loyal even in doubt. And the five, walking abreast, moved off across the uplands toward the green lawns of Silverside, where, under a gay lawn parasol, Nina sat, a "nature book" in hand, the center of an attentive gathering composed of dogs, children, and the cat, Kit-Ki, blinking her topaz-tinted eyes in the sunshine.

The young mother looked up happily as the quintet came strolling across the lawn, and, as the children and dogs came crowding around the opened fish basket she said to her brother in a low, contented voice: "Gerald has quite made it up with Austin, dear; I think we have to thank you, haven't we?"

"Has he really squared matters with Austin? That's good—that's fine! Oh, no, I had nothing to do with it—practically nothing. The boy is sound at the core—that's what did it." And to Gerald, who was hailing him from the veranda, "Yes, I've plenty of tennis shoes. Help yourself, old chap."

Eileen had gone to her room to don a shorter skirt and rubber-soled shoes; Lansing

followed her example; and Selwyn, entering his own room, found Gerald trying on a pair of white footgear.

The boy looked up, smiled, and, crossing one knee, began to tie the laces:

"I told Austin that I meant to slow down," he said. "We're on terms again. He was fairly decent."

"Good business!" commented Selwyn vigorously.

"And I'm cutting out cards and cocktails," continued the boy, eager as a little lad who tells how good he has been all day—"I made it plain to the fellows that there was nothing in it for me. And, Philip, I'm boning down like thunder at the office—I'm horribly in debt and I'm hustling to pay up and make a clean start. You," he added, coloring, "will come first—"

"At your convenience," said Selwyn, smiling.

"Not at all! Yours is the first account to be squared; then Neergard—"

"Do you owe *him*, Gerald?"

"Do I? O Lord! But he's a patient soul—really, Philip, I wish you didn't dislike him so thoroughly, because he's good company and besides that he's a very able man. Well, we won't talk about him, then. Come on; I'll lick the very life out of you over the net!"

A few moments later the white balls were flying over the white net, and active white-flanneled figures were moving swiftly over the velvet turf.

The call to luncheon sounding after an hour's play, Eileen, one bare arm around her brother's shoulders, strolled houseward across the lawn, switching the shaven sod with her tennis bat.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she said to Selwyn. "Gerald"—she touched her brother's smooth cheek—"means to fish; Boots and Drina are keen on it, too; and Nina is driving to Yoset with the children."

"And you?" he asked, smiling.

"Whatever you wish"—confident that he wanted her, whatever he had on hand.

"I ought to walk over to Storm Head," he said, "and get things straightened out."

"Your laboratory?" asked Gerald. "Austin told me when I saw him in town that you were going to have the cottage on Storm Head to make powder in."

"Only in minute quantities, Gerald," explained Selwyn; "I just want to try a few things. And if they turn out all right, what

do you say to taking a look in—if Austin approves?"

"Oh, please, Gerald," whispered his sister.

"Do you really believe there is anything in it?" asked the boy. "Because, if you are sure——"

"There certainly is if I can prove that my powder is able to resist heat, cold, and moisture. The Lawn people stand ready to talk matters over as soon as I am satisfied. There's plenty of time—but keep the suggestion in the back of your head, Gerald."

The boy smiled, nodded importantly, and went off to remove the stains of tennis from his person; and Eileen went, too, turning around to look back at Selwyn:

"Thank you for asking Gerald! I'm sure he will love to go into anything you think safe."

"Will you join us, too?" he called back, smilingly—"we may need capital!"

"I'll remember that!" she said; and, turning once more as she reached the landing: "Good-by—until luncheon!" And touched her lips with the tips of her fingers, flinging him a gay salute.

In parting and meeting—even after the briefest of intervals—it was always the same with her; always she had for him some informal hint of the formality of parting; always some recognition of their meeting—in the light touching of hands, as though the symbol of ceremony, at least, was due to him, to herself, and to the occasion.

Luncheon at Silverside was anything but a function—with the children at table and the dogs in a semicircle, and the nurses tying bibs and admonishing the restless or belligerent, and the wide French windows open, and the sea wind lifting the curtains and stirring the cluster of wild flowers in the center of the table.

Kit-Ki's voice was gently raised at intervals; at intervals some grinning puppy, unable to longer endure the nourishing odors, lost self-control and yapped, then lowered his head, momentarily overcome with mortification.

All the children talked continuously, unlimited conversation being permitted until it led to hostilities or puppy-play. The elders

conducted such social intercourse as was possible under the conditions, but luncheon was the children's hour at Silverside.

Nina and Eileen talked garden talk—they both were quite mad about their fruit trees and flower beds; Selwyn, Gerald, and Boots discussed stables, golf links, and finally the new business which Selwyn hoped to develop.

Afterwards, when the children had been excused, and Drina had pulled her chair close to Lansing's to listen—and after that, on the veranda, when the men sat smoking and Drina was talking French, and Nina and Eileen had gone off with baskets, trowels, and pruning-shears—Selwyn still continued in conference with Boots and Gerald; and it was plain that his concise, modest explanation of what he had accomplished in his experiments with Chaosite seriously impressed the other men.

Boots frankly admitted it. "Besides," he said, "if the Lawn people are so anxious for you to give them first say in the matter I don't see why we shouldn't have faith in it—enough, I mean, to be good to ourselves by offering to be good to you, Phil."

"Wait until Austin comes down—and until I've tried one or two new ideas," said Selwyn. "Nothing on earth would finish me quicker than to get anybody who trusted me into a worthless thing."

"It's plain," observed Boots, "that although you may have been an army captain you're no captain of industry—you're not even a non-com.!"

Selwyn laughed: "Do you really believe that ordinary decency is uncommon?"

"Look at Long Island," returned Boots. "Where does the boom of worthless acreage and paper cities land investors when it explodes?"

Gerald had flushed up at the turn in the conversation; and Selwyn steered Lansing into other and safer channels until Gerald went away to find a fishing-rod.

And, as Drina had finished her French lesson, she and Lansing presently departed, brandishing fishing-rods adorned with the gaudiest of flies.

(To be continued.)



THE MADNESS OF WINDS

By LLOYD ROBERTS

ON all the upland pastures the strong winds gallop free,
Trampling down the flowered stalks sleepy in the sun,
Whirl away in blue and gold all their finery,
'Till naked crouch the gentle hosts where the winds have run.

Along the rocking hillsides shaggy heads are bent;
Out upon the tawny plains tortured dust leaps high;
The red roof of the sunset is torn awry and rent,
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and bends the hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—the crowded valleys roar—
The madness surges through their veins, and when they gallop out
The black rain follows close behind, the pale sun flees before,
And recklessly across the world goes all the broken rout.

I was striding on the uplands when the host was running mad,
I saw them threshing through the leaves and daisy tops below,
And as their feet came up the hill, my tired heart grew glad—
'Till at the music of their throats I knew that I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they have joined me to their ranks;
And when their rampant strength wells up and drives them singing forth,
I am with them when they roll the fog across the oily Banks,
And tumble out the sleeping bergs that crowd beyond the North.

The woods are drenched with moonlight and every leaf's awake;
The little beads of dew sit white on every twig and blade;
A thousand stars are scattered thick beneath the forest lake:
We pass,—and only laughter for the havoc we have made.

There's not a wind that brushes the long bright fields of corn,
Or shrieking, drives the broken wreck beneath a blackened sea;
There's not a wind that draws the rain across the face of morn,
That does not rise when I arise and sink again with me.



THE PRODIGIES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPPS WARD



THE Tenor sat talking to the mother of the boy prodigy. He told himself she had distinction; the thought also occurred to him that if the boy prodigy should ever be in need of will power the mother could supply him bounteously. Her intensity of greed for the boy's genius was like an inward flame that burned in spite of her through the chill correctness of her manner. Her belief, her absorption in the child's career showed in everything she did—in her way of looking after the boy as he trudged off to his dressing room with his fiddle case under his arm; in the way she spoke of him to the Tenor. At the same time the Tenor, with his searching, kindly eyes, missed something.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she hasn't shown an atom of maternal tenderness for the little chap!"

He wondered at this. He had offered up prayers that his own small son might be kept from the cruel road of the prodigy, and he felt repelled by this attitude of the other boy's mother.

"But your son"—he put out tentatively—"is rather young to have worked so hard. Does he never play?"

"He has his recreation hours, certainly," she said. "But you understand he is not an ordinary child. Other children do not attract him; he does not care to play at their games."

"But little chaps, you know," the Tenor persisted, "need other boys for the good of their minds as well as their bodies."

"Oh, David is quite strong, I assure you," she replied, rather more coldly. "From the time he was born he has been most carefully

trained. He has always been under the care of a noted gymnast. He has a wonderful left hand—the true violin hand. Of course most games are impossible for him because one has to be so very careful of the bow arm, you know."

The Tenor stood up; he felt he could endure no more. He left the mother with an abruptness which could be excused only by the fact that he was a very great tenor. As he went down the passage to his dressing room he heard the little boy prodigy warming up his fiddle with scales—wonderful scales, in thirds, in octaves, in harmonics—and he sighed, "Poor little chap!"

Across the hall from the Tenor's dressing room another door stood open and the sound of another fiddle being tuned came out to him. The Tenor looked at the programme pinned beside his mirror.

"That must be the other prodigy," he sighed. "Sweet charity, the programmes we arrange in your name!"

The fiddle across the hall just then sang out in a tiny passage, which was as joyously sweet as the call of a starling.

"I say—" laughed the Tenor, and looked in at the open door of the room across the narrow passage. The fiddler smiled back at him from where she stood in front of a great pier glass. The Tenor thought her the prettiest thing he had ever seen. She reminded him of a flower, or a humming bird, or of something miraculously fairylike. Her little fluffy gown might at any instant reveal gauzy wings springing from the place where two pink bows perched airily.

"How do you like my fiddle?" she called to him at once—and in the same breath—"How do you like this dress?"

He heard a voice protest "Sweetheart!"

and then a lady came into the line of his vision. She flushed a little and bowed when she saw him. She was plainly the mother of the fiddling Titania; they had the same mouth and eyes. The Tenor enjoyed an instant of amusement in the comparison of this mother with the one he had just left. The mother of the little girl prodigy had only the distinction of youth; moreover, when she knelt to tie the slipper of the radiant elf, the Tenor saw that there was a difference of kind in her very air as she looked at the child. Her tenderness shone in her eyes and radiated from each finger tip as she patted a filmy ruffle in place or tucked back one of the child's shining ringlets.

"This is my best concert dress," declared the small fiddler, her eyes laughing at the Tenor over her mother's shoulder. "I have another, but it isn't all crispy like this; I wear that one when we play in little places."

Upon this the mother straightened up and looked at the Tenor, a little flushed. "This is the first time we have played in London," she explained, "and of course we must be very fine." Her eyes laughed. "Do you think we are smart enough for St. James Hall?"

"Oh—oh!" said the Tenor, and he made it express more than a long sentence. The mother and child looked at each other happily.

"I play a Vieuxtemps Concerto when I wear this dress," the child enlightened him.

"Oh!" said the Tenor again sadly. "Titania bound on the rack of a concerto! Something in his tone made the mother put one arm about the child's head. There was everything in the look she bent upon the little girl—fear and sadness and pride and love.

"I don't think it is too much for her," she said wistfully. "She doesn't seem to mind."

"I like it," declared Titania—"especially the jolly parts. Have you any little girls?"

"Two," said the Tenor. "One of them just large enough to make a nice doll for you, Titania."

The little girl fetched a rapturous sigh. "I'd love to see her! In Detroit where we used to live there were ten babies in our block. I don't believe that ever a little girl lived in our boarding house here."

The Tenor looked at Titania's mother. "Little girls are out of place in lodgings," he said, with meaning. He was interested to see that this mother, unlike the other, did not

regard him coldly at this point. There was a wistful protest in the way she smiled at him.

"It isn't so bad," she said. "We only practice four hours a day now, and there is the Zoo and sometimes even a trip up the river—and always Detroit as an ultimate reward."

"But there are no little girls," Titania persisted.

The Tenor turned away; if he had stayed longer he felt he must convey to Titania's mother that he considered her a misguided woman. He shut himself in his dressing room until the sound of a fiddle lured him forth again. The little boy prodigy was on the stage playing a Sarabande of old Corelli's. His dark eyes looked dreamily over the heads of his audience. A very young, slightly Italian cherub might have played Corelli like that—with the look of one to whom God whispers in the ear.

The Tenor had a strange feeling of shame. Since when had *he* sung with such high fervor? He could understand the mother now, he told himself, and almost forgive her—the boy had something worthy the utmost sacrifice. But little Titania—what excuse was there in her case?

To answer his own question he lingered until Titania in her turn came upon the stage. He had meant to disapprove, and he found himself clapping with the others when she made her bow. Ah, really, it would be better if she did not play a note—if she merely let them look at her! But there she was, nestling her pretty chin upon the fiddle and curving her absurd little left hand into position. Her fearless eyes commanded attention; she lifted her round bow arm; it ripped out a dauntless chord and she was off on the tide of her concerto.

Down in the first rows of St. James Hall the old war horses of the afternoon recital raised their lorgnettes. A lonely man who had gone to sleep with his cane in his mouth awoke and forgot that he had meant to go home; the students in the gallery left off their critical manner and smiled at each other. A little breeze of pleasure seemed to stir the heavy air; a grim old lady in velvet and jet exclaimed aloud, "Bonny little lass!" and a new tenderness came into the *blasé* faces about her.

The pink bows on the shoulders of Titania quivered with the energy of her fiddling; a long curl bobbed into her left eye and had



"It was Titania's sharp eyes saw it."

to be shaken out. Her tiny fingers snapped down upon the strings like well-trained white mice; and when she came to the "jolly part" she smiled. Her smile took in everyone from the overdressed dowagers to the ushers at the back. Her friendly eyes twinkled over the brown fiddle; she cocked her head invitingly as if she said, "I like it—don't you?"

The Tenor liked it—so well that he leaned farther out toward the stage and then he saw that in the entrance opposite him the other prodigy stood watching Titania. His look devoured her. There was in his face some such expression of wondering adoration as Botticelli put into the wistful eyes of his candle-bearing boys. The Tenor understood boys, and as he looked at this one he realized that there was such a thing as a boy's being hungry—and not for food.

"What can I do?" he thought. "One must do something."

What he finally did he found very amusing. He dragged the two mothers together, introduced them, made them talk, and, what was better, talked himself in his most fas-

cinating vein. There was no resisting him; the minutes ran into half an hour and the programme had come to an end when Titania's mother exclaimed with a start that she had forgotten her daughter.

"Poor little thing!" she cried, "waiting for me in our dismal dressing room!"

The Tenor smiled behind his hand. He had seen the two children half an hour before standing in one of the entrances, shyly making friends. There was a glow of happiness in the boy's eyes and Titania had evidently just asked him how he liked her dress. The Tenor smiled again as he thought of the half hour of freedom from grown-ups that he had managed for the kiddies. He followed the mothers down the passage with much satisfaction.

Five minutes later, when they had looked into all the rooms behind the stage, had searched the platform itself and the empty hall, the three met each other's paling faces. The children were gone. The doorkeeper was frantically questioned. Yes, he had seen a little boy and girl go out; he had supposed they were with some of the other

artists. The Tenor's guilty heart went down, but he faced the mothers bravely.

"Come, come," he said, "we'll find them in the nearest pastry shop."

"Now," said Titania, skipping joyously, "let's hurry up and find them. I know there are lots of children if we only look in the right place."

They had reached the point where the Queen's Walk branches off from Piccadilly and the Green Park begins. A flower girl with her bright burden had seated herself to rest on a near-by bench. The boy darted toward her and returned with a posy for Titania. He was red and uncomfortable as he gave it to her, but a new, immeasurable happiness compelled him to lay what offering he could find at her feet. She accepted the posy with sweet enthusiasm and they went on once more through the grateful freshness of the park. The way was none of the boy's choosing. If Titania had suggested scaling the wall of Buckingham Palace he would have followed her happily. He was blind to everything except the dear necessity of pleasing Titania. He could see nothing but the wag of her crisp skirts, her bobbing curls, her jolly little nose, her blue eyes which were incitement and appeal in one.

When they came out once more upon a crowded street she took his hand. He reddened again, but walked very erect beside her, holding her hand as carefully as if it were a rose.

"There's an awful lot of people here, but no children," she said when they had walked a long way. There was the least hint of a sigh in her voice. The boy's brow puckered anxiously. Already Titania's tired little legs were beginning to drag a bit and ahead of them was another street of shops and crowds

—an unlikely place to look for playmates. But all at once a very interesting thing happened. It was Titania's sharp eyes saw it—a green bus ambling down the street with "Elephant and Castle" painted on it.

"Oh, boy!" cried Titania, "if there's an Elephant and Castle anywhere around here I want to see 'em!"

"So do I!" he agreed loyally.

"Let's run!" she shrieked, and they were off. A kind policeman stopped the bus and helped them on. It went on its way with the boy and Titania sitting on top in the warm spring sun. Titania's cheeks were the hue of the pink bows on her shoulders. As the boy looked at her a delicious fancy stirred within him. In his short and too busy life he had played at many secret games with his imagination, and now he played at another. He was an armored knight and Titania a damsel whom he had sworn to protect from all harm. The fancy was too dear to share even with Titania, but it added an indescribable zest to everything that happened. When the bus lurched around a corner it was his steed shying at a hidden foe; when he and Titania leaned out to look at the people in the street below he tingled with the thought that they were prowling beasts who would gobble up Titania if he were not there.

It was altogether an exciting ride. The only unpleasant thing was the way the bus conductor grinned when they told him they wanted to see the Elephant and Castle. They were more than ever convinced that he was a sordid and wicked man when he stopped the bus after a long time and told them that here was where they were to get off. "'Ere's the El'phant an' Caws'le, kids," he said, when anybody could see with half an eye there was nothing of the sort in sight. It was



"His dark eyes looked dreamily over the heads of the audience."

queer and disappointing. They were standing at the starting-point of a maze of streets.

"Never mind," said the boy. "I expect that Elephant and Castle is just the name they put on buses to get people to ride on 'em. They wouldn't do that in New York, no, sirree!"

Titania wailed aloud. To distract her mind the boy suggested that they walk down one of the streets and see if they could find some candy.

Now, as everyone knows, if there isn't an elephant within miles of the Old Kent Road there are other things. There are, for instance, costers' barrows and hot-potato men and old clothes markets and children. They mingle in fascinating profusion, but mostly the children predominate. There is a child to every square yard in the dingy streets off the Road. They swarm like shabby bees; they quarrel and play after a fashion quite their own. At the moment when Titania and the boy reached the end of one of these swarming streets a score of children were circling with hungry eyes about the tray of a toffee man. One affluent urchin out of the twenty possessed a farthing. They were watching him greedily as he chose a pink bit of toffee when a miracle happened. A boy angel and a girl angel, nothing less, descended into their midst. Round-eyed, open-mouthed awe fell upon the children; they shrank away a little, unsmiling. One or two snatched at a baby brother or sister. In the middle of the street Titania and the boy stood alone.

For a long moment they looked into twenty pairs of sullenly wondering eyes and then Titania said "Hello!" in her friendly voice. There was a little stir like a sigh; a girl crept behind Titania and took a fold of her frock between a sly thumb and forefinger.

"I s'y," she said huskily, "it's silk!"

Instantly the circle closed about them. Eager fingers caressed the boy's velvet jacket and touched with awe Titania's pink bows. Such a diversion as this had never come into their lives before. Their eyes shone in a crowding ring about the two splendid beings who had dropped from the sky into their

street. Titania shrank a little from them, but her friendly smile was unabated. There was something about the crowding, ragged children that rather took away the boy's breath, but his resources did not fail him. He backed toward the toffee man, still holding Titania's hand. The children watched him intently. He was buying toffee—sixpence worth—a stupendous lot; he was—oh, wonderful!—he was passing it about among them!

As the toffee melted away in twenty mouths they began to smile. They showed that they could look as friendly as Titania. She for her part responded with splendid spirit by hopping upon the curb and taking things in hand.

"Now," she cried energetically, "what shall we play?"

The children were silent until the child who had first touched Titania's dress spoke up.

"If we 'ad a 'urdy-gurdy, miss," she said in a husky whisper, "we c'd dance fer you."

"Oh, I should love that!" cried Titania and looked at her knight appealingly.

"Oh, well, I suppose I can," he said, as if he had read her thought. "Say—if any of you have got a fiddle, I can play."

If any of them had a fiddle! There was an instant of gasping astonishment, and then with one consent a dozen of them whirled and ran off down the street. They returned immediately with a shoemaker, who was incredulous but curious. He held in his hand



"How do you like this dress?"



"I s'y!" she said buskily, "it's silk!"

a fiddle. The children swarmed upon him and forced him to hand over the precious instrument to the magician in velvet. The boy looked distastefully at the black old fiddle, sticky with rosin and the grime of years, but Titania stood at his elbow demanding music, and he tuned it with his artistic nose in the air.

"Now, now," shrieked Titania, "something lively, boy dear!"

The something lively began to trip off his bow. For an instant the children listened as if they couldn't believe their ears and then the dance began. Such an hour had never been known in Taggs Street. The shoemaker stared at his bewitched fiddle; the windows swarmed with mothers who let the supper burn while they stood agape; fathers coming home from work slapped their thighs and called to their women folk to come out and join in; the toffee man began to shuffle; a coster drove up, took one look, and ran to fetch his girl. In the middle of the street, on the curb, and in the gutter the children danced—in pairs, in squads, or solemnly alone. Titania bestowed her hand impartially; she danced with everyone. Her hat had long since been cast down upon the curb and her curls had escaped all bounds, but her face glowed with delight. For the first time in weary weeks she had her fill of children.

The sun setting on Taggs Street that night lighted up more happy faces than the grimy

place had ever seen at one time before. In Piccadilly also it fell slantwise on many faces, among them the unhappy countenances of the Tenor and the two mothers. They were listening eagerly to a flower girl who had walked through the park with them to point out the corner where she had last seen the boy and girl. The mother of Titania thanked her and the Tenor pressed money into her hand, but the mother of the boy hurried on. Her face was white and still; she had said very little since the time they set out, but when they came at last to the policeman who admitted helping the children on to a green bus, her self-command broke down.

"Newington!" she groaned; "that's in the south of London—miles from here!"

"Yes, ma'am," assented the policeman sympathetically, "they said they was going to the Elephant and Castle, ma'am."

When the three in their turn had taken a green bus, the boy's mother turned to the younger woman with such a passionate breaking down of pride and will that the Tenor looked away. There was one burning question in her eyes.

"Do you think," she whispered—"do you think he ran away from *me*?"

The other mother looked back at her. "Shall we ever know what they ran away from? Do we know our children?"

"Do we know them?" her companion repeated. Suddenly she pressed her hands to

her quivering face. "I haven't tried to know, God help me," she whispered. "I've been too busy making him into something the Creator never meant a child to be. Oh, if I ever find him again, I'm going to make him happy first, and if there is any time left, an artist afterwards!"

"Amen!" said the Tenor to himself.

At the center of a maze of streets which is the Elephant and Castle they found a police-

of Spohr, played furioso, served as a jig. To this the shoemaker was teaching Titania the sailor's hornpipe. Her curls were damp with her exertions and her slippers were gray with the dust of Taggs Street, but her blue eyes shone as she followed her instructor. He had just entreated her to "shake yer left leg like a rag, missy, while yer makes a 'eel-an'-toe shuffle with yer right un!" when Titania saw a change come over the ring of



"Such an hour had never been known in Taggs Street."

man who remembered seeing the children. He waved him in the direction of the road, and the Angel-in-waiting to Mothers did the rest. At the top of Taggs Street the boy's mother heard the fiddle. She cast her dignity behind her and ran. The others followed, and together they came upon the scene of the dance.

The children had procured a barrel from a near-by alley for the fiddler. He had taken off his velvet jacket and abandoned himself to the infection of the moment. A choice bit

children who had formed about her. They began to cower and slink away. Areaway and alley opened to swallow them up until over the street which had been so merry a moment before there fell a hush of fear and suspicion. Authority in the shape of three "toffs" had come upon them—and the fun was over.

The boy said nothing. He handed over the fiddle to the frightened shoemaker and stood up for his reprimand. But Titania wailed aloud.

"I had it 'most learned!" she cried, "and now you've frightened away the nice shoemaker and all the jolly children." It surprised her to be caught up in her mother's arms and to feel the tears on her cheek. "But we were coming back to the concert place pretty soon," she protested, "though to-morrow," she added honestly, "when we have done our practicing we're going to get on the green bus and come down here again."

The Tenor reached down and took her hand.

"At our house," he remarked casually, "we've a garden and a bull pup and four children. The bull pup is white with pink eyes and to-morrow we're going to have a party. It begins at two; will you and the boy come?"

Titania's eyes sparkled. She ran to where the boy stood beside his mother, listless and rather sullen.

"Oh, boy!" she cried, "he's going to have a party! There are four children and a

bull pup—white with pink eyes!—and we're invited at two to-morrow!"

A heavenly flash of light came into the boy's eyes, but it was gone almost before his mother had seen it. He scraped a sullen toe along the pavement.

"Can't," he said. "I've got a fiddle lesson at two."

His mother stooped hastily. "Not to-morrow, Davy, dear. We'll put off the lesson for the party."

The boy glanced up at her with dumb astonishment. Then he looked at Titania. The mother's heart gave a wrench of jealousy. She would have given much to receive the adoration the boy gave as unconsciously as the little maiden accepted it, but she was learning that even a mother and her ambition must bow before a world-old instinct. The boy's heart shone in his face, but he assumed an air of grand indifference.

"All right, Titania," he said. "I'd just as soon go to the party with you—anyway, I'd rather like to see that bull pup."

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

GRAY

I AM the eyes of a long dead moon
That deep in a twilight grave was laid,
But left her shroud to walk the sea
With violet feet all unafraid.
I cannot rest,
I will not stay,
I must not meet
The night or day,
A rose is falling
Far away,
Let me go
For I am gray.

Swift are my feet in the falling rain,
Twined in my hair are flowers of mist,
And my smile is the ghost of happiness
Like an ashen mouth by an opal kissed.
I cannot rest,
I dare not stay,
Between the clouds
I hear the day,
A rose is sobbing,
Far away,
Let me go
For I am gray.

A MARINER RETURNS

BY WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY



HE big merchantman, in dry dock for repairs to some stove-in ribs, smells a smell coming up from the room beneath which confirms his growing belief that renovators are somewhere about the house.

"The life of the sailor in these days lacks the versatility that enlivened the years long since fallen below the horizon," he remarks to the wondering lady who had been contentedly sewing by the sunny window in a little old-fashioned green rocker. "In this age of specialists, your sea dog must kennel in a monster five-master, or a steel double-turreter, until he dies of old age or is dismissed for the same cause. Now, we who began our seafaring in the infancy of the craft knew the whole line of vessels and every water that washed a dock, and were as much at home on the bridge of a liner as on the jib of a whaler."

"Yes," says the little lady, with rising inflection. "The doctor said you were to sleep this afternoon."

"I'll warrant you," continues the damaged hulk, "that of all those many scenes, most of us now living recall with the greatest pleasure a remarkable passage known as the Straits of Darkhall. Sheer on both sides, so close we could actually touch it, rose the precipitous coast, covered summer and winter by trailing vines loaded with gorgeous grapes, until, one early spring that I well remember just now, a terrific sweeping wind, that carried the dust in choking clouds for miles, peeled off the verdant foliage like paper from a wall, and neither grape nor vine grew there again. Instead, rhododendron in full bloom sprang up in a day and its fragrance was a thing of horror till the paste dried."

The little lady laughs and gently draws the shade; then, pouring something in a glass for the ancient mariner, says she will leave

him for his nap, and will close the door while the halls are being aired.

A wagon rattles by; somewhere some one whistles and a dog barks in reply; voices of boys rollic up through the drawn shades; the merchantman, first looking slyly about, reaches under his pillow for pipe and match safe, starts his furnace, and steams away for Darkhall.

Where he loved most to lie at anchor in those free days was in a little bay somewhat off from the lower entrance to the Straits, where he could wake o' mornings to a sound of frying potatoes coming up the winding galley stairs. He was contented enough with the trim little cutter under him, but there were times when he would willingly give a pocket-knife with a hook thrown in to be aboard the great four-master which cruised continually in the gulf at the head of Darkhall. Black nights when the tempest whipped about the upper deck till he thought the chimney would come down; when the thunders rolled down Middle Street and the lightning flashes just missed his porthole by a clip every time, and the scraping of the maple across the clapboards warned him that his stanch little ship was breaking up at last—at such times he hailed that four-master and listened tensely for the far-off reply, so slow in coming:

"Turn over on your side, Peter, and go to sleep!"

"I've tried, father, and I can't go to sleep," echoed back over the angry waters. The fearful bang of the mainsail breaking loose as the shutter slammed drowned the reply; then he hailed again, "Can't I come, father?"

And then the big ship's boat was manned and run alongside and gathered him in and made its way back along Darkhall with many a narrow escape from a jutting door or a sunken rocker end; and he climbed up the side and snuggled next the mate and rode the

storm out bravely enough. (The merchantman heaved a long deep sigh—and presently relighted his furnace.)

But take it all in all Captain Peter would have searched long, and even then in vain, for another sloop like his for speed and adaptability. Had she not more than once taken him into the drifting floe of the Arctic while sleep settled heavily upon his wearied watching, and danced him out into the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean as he roused him to the morning's calls! Nay, had she not swung from the van of a racing fleet off the Banks right into the ugliest swarm of pirates the southern seas could stand for at the mere whim of his mood! And how often, from the bounding waves in a fearful blow that all but wrecked the springs, she had glided into the perfect calm necessary to hearing what mother was telling the hired girl down below to have for breakfast. (Heigh-ho, my hearties! Even the hired girls have changed, eh, matey? And blow me if they don't mix pancakes in paper packages these days! Presently the merchantman relighted his furnace.)

Mondays he seldom felt equal to an extended cruise because Sunday nights he often sailed as far as to the Sandwich Islands before allowing himself needed sleep, arriving there just as the treacherous natives were about to overwhelm the white-bearded missionary and his family and little girl. The little girl's eyes were brown. It was an exciting moment when the captain's white sails gleamed inside the bar and his crew pellmelled up the beach to cut the rascals to pieces. Parson Graves might talk of some going and some sending, but he never dreamed of anybody arriving; Captain Peter did. Besides, on Mondays there were other things to do, as he very well knew, and he sailed in and did them, before a spanking breeze could come up the back stairs and turn him over.

The storms that came sweeping in with daylight he generally weathered in his own sloop.

"I'll pretend we're a fishing smack off Newfoundland," he would order the crew. "Look lively, men; here comes a squall!" And the crew would spring to jib and mainsail, while he stood to the wheel and held her head to the wind. *Crash, crash*, the heavy waves broke against the sides, and *creak, creak*, the bulging canvas carried him over till his head almost touched the floor. The stinging spray wet him from head to foot, and the wind whipped his hair into his steel-blue eyes. But he held her, till she slowly righted,

while tons of bedclothes rushed off her deck and the casters shrieked like anything. If only Grace could see him then!

Captain Peter Johnson of the sloop *Meteor* was not one of those men who go in droves, or who had to have women about all the time. He liked to get off by himself just for the adventure's sake; cry up the anchor and away! Alone, to spread his breast to the breeze, to draw in the glorious air, to watch the distant gulls, to hail an inward-bound three-master, to feel the powers of physical strength and unquestioned authority—

"Ma'am? Yes'm, I'm getting up— S'pose I've got to clean out that old henhouse before I can go over to Ned's. Anybody'd think I was a hired man."

That was, indeed, the one bane of his sea life. He never could tell how far he might sail before being summoned back to earth. On the river it was different. When some of the other fellows of rougher years had gone off fishing, and Bess and Grace had their children whose eyes shut when you lay them down—"like," said nurse, "goodness knows I wish they'd make real babies!"—out for a long walk, he sat on the sunny bank and listlessly skipped pebbles across the smooth surface until the lure of it dragged him down to the edge and out on the float where Tom Stanley's "round-bottom" was loosely tied, with oars lying winsomely in. For a moment he paused, as memory brought up the boy who received a beautiful ring with a jewel in it that pressed against his finger and hurt whenever he was going to do a wrong act; and memory carried him on past that hateful part to the joyous moment when the boy tore off the ring and cast it from him; and, when Captain Peter got to that part in the story, the pause was ended and he slipped the rope and pushed off.

Where wormy willow bushes lined the bank suddenly appeared throngs of citizens excitedly watching him end the three days' naval engagement by ramming the formidable British ironclad *None-Such*, floating baitless with the current; after which they went their ways, unmasking the grim forts of Vicksburg that frowned upon the captain's stealthy voyage past to relieve Grant. Beyond the range of those guns, he hoisted the black flag and gave chase to a galleon so far off as to appear no bigger than a floating log. He was a pretty far piece out by the time he overhauled and boarded the hapless prize, and could hardly distinguish Grace's face in the

merry crowds lining the bank to watch the annual regatta.

"Ready?" "Yes." That was Albany. "Yes." That was Poughkeepsie. "Yes," which was the captain as he glued his heels to the cleat, took a long breath, and listened for the "Go."

Poughkeepsie gets off first, Albany next, Troy, the host, represented by Captain Peter, dropping a length behind in the first ten strokes. The banks break out into groans, save for wild yells from the few visitors. An eighth—still behind; a quarter, still lagging; but the sculler smiles grimly, for he *knows*—and then everything gets quiet and tense as he closes up, nearer, nearer, slowly nearer; and then, pandemonium as he lets up beyond the finish line, winner by three lengths.

He had covered more distance than the committee demanded, however, and found himself off the Banks of Newfoundland in a tossing fishing smack, with a storm coming up. He felt it on his face, he could tell it by the sudden ripples that zigzagged over the water. He knew it by a whirl of dust up in the village street, and by a dull cloud beginning to show above the cupola on Mr. Stanley's house; and, while he'd like nothing better than to ride it out, he remembered with some misgivings that the last time that happened father was along and had had to row like sixty to get to shore before the storm broke.

It is no slight thing to be in charge of an Atlantic liner carrying a trillion dollars in gold to General Washington at Valley Forge, and have a typhoon strike you. "If I can only keep the bow around," ordered the captain, forcing the tears back as he failed for the fourth time. The friendly old river was alive with piratical waves that leaped boldly over the gunwales and drenched the intrepid captain in their dying gore till he had to stop rowing to bail it out. The afternoon was suddenly wiped out of the day, and night arrived. By the next dazzling flash from the pursuing squadron, the captain perceived he was rowing hard away from port, and, by a strange coincidence, directly with the wind.

"That's why she stopped rocking," he conferred with his officers; then roared out his order, "I'll beat this old wind yet." Slowly forcing her bow around toward shore, he brought her broadside to the swells. "Now, I'll fight all the enemy's forces single-handed," he commanded sharply, and the wind and

waves leaped to the challenge and dashed upon him with renewed fury. But he kept her headed for home, and the exultation in that thought ripped through the darkness like the ray of the kitchen lamp when he had to go out to the well on winter nights. For a space the thrilling thunders of the continuous broadsides banished fear of personal safety, and he was about to signal his vessels to close up for concerted attack, when under cover of an extra heavy report a torpedolike gust rammed the flagship, carrying away its left propeller.

With it went the dreams. Peter Johnson was awake to the grim realities, not the least of which was the fact that he had lost one of Tom Stanley's oars. God help him! And at that came a gleam of hope; perhaps God could help him. What was that about Jesus and the storm of Galilee? Sure enough, Jesus could still the—hold on, though, what did Miss Simpkins say in that lesson about scholars agreeing that Jesus didn't really still the storm—only knew it was one of those sudden blows that came and went of themselves? Well, if he knew when that one was going to stop, he'd know when this one would. But then—well, something had to be done. It was darker than ever, and the wind was getting worse every minute. He didn't so much mind dying, but there were the folks at home to consider. He'd feel all right with the music and the class all there, and the flowers, and everyone crying; but, first, right now, they were missing him at home. His cap would not be where it belonged, on the closet floor; and Bess would come running back from Ned's to say he hadn't been there; and father would go rushing over to Mr. Stanley's to find out if he had loaned Tom's boat to the American Colonies, and mother—but at the thought of mother going from window to door, and up in his room where the *Meleor* lay at anchor, and then downstairs again and out on the front stoop bare-headed, listening for father's return, he just had to chance it, and, being already conveniently on his knees, he stretched out his arms of faith, and, as the demons of Inferno whirled the boat clear around and dragged it under to its very edge, wildly called:

"Father!"

The voice that through the roar of conflict had often struck terror to the hearts of attacking legions successfully pierced the sudden lull in the wind; a vivid flash revealed its location to the lifeboat crew; and the minister, hatless and coatless, and Tom Stanley

veered fiercely from their course at the answering cry from a white-faced father peering far over the bow.

The captain shipped for a short cruise in the big four-master after that, to recuperate from the effects of his exposure, and often got the ship's surgeon up against the rail for a pleasant chat. Calm, sunny afternoons he stretched out under the canvas and idly watched the little green tender slowly rocking on the low swells of the gulf; and now and then would hail its occupant:

"Mother, when can I get up?"

As the gentle lady returns to the dry dock, a mere ripple of pasty smell curls over the floor and evaporates in the clouds of tobacco smoke. The merchantman has a wistful grin on his unshaven lips.

"When do you think I can get up, Grace?" he coaxes. "Why wouldn't it do me good to sit in the sun over there?"

"Well, perhaps; I'll have Jane bring in your big chair."

"Nonsense," growls the trader; "just let me slip my pants on and sit in that green rocker awhile."

SUNSET ON THE BLUFF

By MARION LORRAINE

SILENCE; and then from afar
A high sharp cry from a wandering crow,
And a locust's whir in the bush near by;
Never a wave to mar
The glassy calm of the water below
Nor a cloud to whiten the blue of the sky.

Gently a black-hulled yawl
Drifts to the neighboring harbor; bright
With the sunset's autumn flare of flame
Two butterflies sway, and fall
Among asters and golden-rod, drenched with light
And trumpeting forth September's fame.

Over the evening sky
A lambent veil of red is hurled
And dropped from the sky to the ebbing sea:
In sunset colors lie
The wooded bluff, and the outstretched world,
And the black-hulled yawl with her golden lee.

"THE DOUBLE EAGLE"

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



HE looked like a steam-whaler, she smelled like a steam-whaler, and she cleared from Portland bound for Bering Sea in the pursuit of whales. These facts did not deter those who knew her from shaking their heads and wondering what she was up to now.

Her skipper's name was Clason, and a six-foot, roaring, heavy-fisted man he was. A black beard covered the best part of his face, and his nose upreared from the undergrowth like an outcrop of old red sandstone on the side of a fir-covered mountain. His eyes were blue and pleasant enough when he had his way, but heaven pity the wretch who ran foul of him in anger.

They tell of his having lifted a man clear over the rail with one swing of his fist, after which he jumped overboard to rescue him. Anger came on him suddenly and left him between two breaths, and he was a horror while it held him, but a just man when it passed. So his crew, even to Moore the chief engineer, stood from under when his blue eyes began to gleam, and followed him devotedly trip after trip. He led them by strange courses but the profits were usually proportionate to the risks.

Pavloff, who had deserted from the Russian navy and who read Karl Marx for his Bible when he was not shoveling coal, claimed that the *Double Eagle* was the only real Socialist community on earth. How he reconciled this with the absolute autocracy of Clason is not clear, but it was true that down to the last sweaty stoker the crew of the *Double Eagle* had an interest in the vessel and shared in her fortunes.

As a whaler she was not remarkably suc-

cessful. Cruising in the lower reaches of Bering Sea they finally captured one small cetacean and spent some days cutting up the blubber and trying out the oil. When the business was complete the vessel's decks swam with oil, bits of decaying blubber fouled the scuppers, and the stench of her lay like a blight for a mile to leeward.

But whales proved scarce and two weeks' diligent search failing to produce results. Then Pavloff emerged from the darkness of the stoke-hole into the lime-light of the bridge. He was put forward, by Nichols the mate, and the things he told Clason seemed of interest. The skipper sent for Moore, the chief engineer, who listened and shook his head.

"I think we'd best stick to whales," said he. "The books'll tell you that the fur-seal breeds in just four places, two in the Pribylov Islands and two in the Commander Islands."

"But me, I have seen them," broke in Pavloff, "thick, so you should walk on their backs; the bulls roaring, the pups sporting themselves, the matkas—oh, millions!"

"Yes," said Moore, "sounds like Pribylov Islands to me."

Whereupon Pavloff grew excited and incoherent and Moore remained cool and sarcastic till Clason ended it by rendering his decision.

"Whales don't look to me to pay," he announced, "and I believe this is worth a try. We'll head southwest I reckon. If we meet up with a Russian gunboat, why, we're nothing but an innocent whaler. And if Pavloff makes good, it's large money for all hands."

Four days' slow steaming through a fog as thick as lard, and the *Double Eagle* slipped past Cape Lopatka into the Okhotsk Sea. At this juncture the disciple of Karl Marx was

hailed from his duties as stoker to an enlarged position on the bridge, where he rendered more or less expert advice. As a deserter from the Russian navy he was not entirely easy in his mind, but he relied much upon his American citizenship and, above all, lodged his faith in the abilities of his skipper, after the manner of all hero-worshippers, socialist or not.

It was dismal work. The dripping fog came in over the bows in solid cloudy phalanxes, enshrouding the ship till she seemed a phantom thing, her outlines wavering and changing with every shift of the wind. Slowly they plowed forward, dead reckoning their only reliance and the willing but rather incompetent Pavloff their only pilot. His knowledge was sure as to generalities, but lamentably indefinite as to details.

"I have seen them," he urged, "thick, so you should walk——"

"Any idea whereabouts up here?" asked Clason, his blue eyes narrowed on the Slav.

"It is beyond, I think," answered Pavloff mildly.

Now the Okhotsk Sea is a thousand miles long and five hundred miles wide, so Pavloff's "beyond" fell upon a generous range. But they went forward, steering due north and trusting to luck. The ship's company to a man backed the skipper and pestered Pavloff for details. Clason would assuredly have held the course determined on whether they agreed with him or not, and as his leadings as a rule brought them to fat pickings in the end, they were not inclined to rouse his certain wrath by raising objection now.

Even Moore, having expressed his opinion, was too good a gambler to hold back, once the die was irrevocably cast. But when two weeks went by, two weeks of blind groping through solid masses of dripping gray that shut the ship in to a world composed of itself alone, it became their sport to harry the Marxian disciple with pertinent queries as to his million seals.

Still the skipper drove her forward and ultimately there came a day when fortune bowed to their persistence and Pavloff was justified of his words. They found a rocky island close upon the rocky coast, and long before they reached it the roar of the bull seals came to them mingled with the roar of the surf.

When they dropped anchor finally, fearful to go nearer though the lead still gave them water to spare, the sea about the steamer

frothed with tumbling seals and the boats drew up to the shores of the island to find a fur-seal paradise, the rocks swarming with the barking animals.

For six days and nights they clubbed and skinned in the welter of a slaughter-house. Then out of the fog came a gray-black shape with a raking funnel and two military masts, and the *Double Eagle* up anchor in haste and away.

They had been seen in turn, for a random shot or two came futilely boring the drifting mists as they plowed away south. They salted down their catch, worth triple a full load of sperm, and called down anathemas upon the gunboat which had interrupted them. Pavloff was especially disturbed.

"It is my ship," said he. "I know her, oh, very well. She is very fast sailor. She will pursue. It is—how do you say—all up."

For a day Moore crowded the engines to their utmost. The fog never left them for a moment, and lovers of darkness as they were, they rejoiced in the fact. Thick, white, and dripping it wrapped them in till the lifting bows were hidden from the bridge and the bridge was as a cloud-wrapped mountain summit from the level of the deck. The big black funnel shouldered up into obscurity and belched its sooty volumes unheeded.

They heard nothing of the pursuing gunboat and as evening came on Clason cut her down to six knots. He was running by dead reckoning and some magnetic force was at work on the compass, so he felt no certainty as to their position. Six knots, therefore, with a lookout and a leadsmen at the bows was the best he dared venture.

They carried no lights and blew no fog-horn. At three in the morning the sound of a ship's bell striking the hour came plainly to them.

"Where away was it?" demanded Clason of Nichols, who was with him on the bridge.

"On the port bow, it seemed to me," hazarded Nichols.

It would appear that Clason agreed with him, for he altered the vessel's course two points to the west. They heard nothing more and it seemed the danger was past, when the lookout forward turned with a retching yell. His cry roused the ship like jumping toothache.

"Put her over, sir. For God's sake put her over."

Leaning forward, his blue eyes squinting through the smother, the captain saw a

gray-black object develop through the blink dead ahead. An instant later he made out two military masts, a raking funnel, and a barbette veiling an ominous-looking gun.

Then the *Double Eagle*, plowing stolidly forward despite reversed engines and a wheel hard down, thrust her iron bow into the side of the craft ahead, cut her way relentlessly onward to the scream of rasping steel, and stopped with her prow buried a good ten feet in the other's vitals. Had she been moving at her maximum of twelve knots she would probably have passed through like a cleaver through a cheese.

For the space of five seconds there was a silence save for the threshing screws and the grind of the welded vessels. Then on both ships the men picked themselves up with shouts or screams or oaths according to each one's temperament and the lid was lifted from a select little bedlam.

Ahead of them all was Clason, bellowing his orders from the bridge before the racing engines of the *Double Eagle*, still reversed, tore the two apart.

Up from below came the engine-room force, fighting for the ladders, the unnatural white of their faces contrasting strangely with the smears of grease and coal dust. Them he drove below again with strong words, and they went before his anger because death by his hand was more terrible at the moment than the death by drowning they had feared the moment before. Moore had stuck to his engines and met the deserters with a sarcasm cold and biting.

Meanwhile the two vessels had swung apart and the saving fog had drifted down between. Clason pushed his indicator to "Full Stop" and the plunging engines slowed and stood. Out of the fog came sounds of terror, cries, hoarse orders in an uncouth tongue, and the hiss of escaping steam.

Clason stood for a moment listening, his bearded head thrust forward, his blue eyes winking savagely. His knotty fingers gripped the bridge-rail as though they would bite it in two, while inarticulate menaces rumbled in his throat. Nichols returned from a quick inspection and reported some of the bow plates buckled a little, but no vital damage done and no water to speak of coming in. Like a flash the captain's anger left him.

"We can't leave 'em to drown," he said. "Give me the megaphone."

He raised the brass tube to his beard and sent a roaring question into the fog.

"Ahoy, there! Do—~~you~~—need—help?" Came back the answer in very respectable English: "Who—~~are~~—you?"

The skipper's anger flared again.

"None of your damned business. Do—~~you~~—want—help?"

"Stand—~~by~~—till—I—as—~~cer~~—tain," came the reply.

"I'll—stand—~~by~~," bellowed the skipper and laid down the cone. "If he was half a sailor he'd know by this time, with that hole in him. I'll bet we cut clean to his engines."

"I thought I heard steam," said Nichols.

Five minutes passed, when the fog, which had hitherto attended them, drifted softly off to leeward and laid the whole gray ocean bare. Two hundred yards away the gunboat rolled groggily upon the water with a heavy list to starboard and a hole amidships to drive a truck through.

"Get away the boats and be quick about it," ordered Clason instantly.

On the stricken craft they were already lowering boats, jamming the tackles in their haste, a drove of frightened stokers warring with their officers to be first away. The gunboat settled momentarily. Clouds of steam burst from her shattered decks as the water drowned her fires.

"They'll be lucky if her boilers don't go up," said Clason, watching his own boats tearing to the rescue.

There was fifteen minutes' sharp work, back and forth between the two vessels. The gunboat was listed so badly that her port boats could not be launched, but the men of the *Double Eagle* worked smoothly and efficiently with a quality in their seamanship wholly lacking in the crew of the gunboat. The last boatload was swinging in to the steamer's side when the gunboat rolled heavily to starboard and disappeared.

Now the situation was delicate to say the least. The Russian officers had seen the outlines of the whaler slipping away from the seal island, and the chances were largely against there being two such vessels in this far-away sea at the same time. The accident was therefore what Clason described it: "the plumb acme of hard luck."

Having performed the obvious duty of the moment and saved their lives, several questions instantly presented themselves, demanding undelayed answers. In the first place what was he to do with them? And in the second place how was he to allay suspicion while he was doing it? These two forced

themselves prominently forward and blatantly clamored for solution even while he was receiving the Russian captain and conducting him to the cabin.

"May I ask what ship this is?" asked the Russian in excellent English.

"*Double Eagle* of Portland. American whaler," replied Clason glibly.

"And where bound?"

"Homeward bound."

"You will take us to Vladivostok?" asked the Russian.

That was asking the bird to enter the net of the fowler. The very name was ominous to the ears of a poacher. It is to Vladivostok that captured sealers go and whence their crews depart in shackles for the mines. The skipper thought rapidly.

"I can't do it, captain," he said. "How about Sakhalin?"

"I should prefer Vladivostok."

"No," said Clason with an inspiration. "My bow plates are badly sprung. She's leaking forward. I'm afraid we'd never make it. It'll have to be Sakhalin," and he betook himself to the bridge and summoned Moore.

"I've told him we're leaking, and it's the truth. But that ain't enough," explained the skipper. "There's forty odd of them and we're nineteen all told."

The grised engineer thought for a moment.

"Leave it to me," he said then. "One pump is handling all the water that's coming in now, but I'll fix it," and he departed for the engine-room.

Clason set the vessel's course southwest and while clear weather lasted drove her at top speed. The buckled bow plates impeded her slightly but she made something over eleven knots. Toward evening, however, the fog shut down once more and her speed was lowered to the foul weather six, at which rate she steamed all night.

On the second day suspicion, carefully veiled at first, began to raise its head. The vessel reeked superficially of sperm oil, and the trying-out boilers in her waist were *prima facie* evidence of her reputed calling. None the less the Russian officers began displaying a polite interest in the cargo. They would like to see the arrangement of the hold, and Clason obligingly ordered a hatch lifted and showed them a tier of sperm-oil barrels ranged carefully to block the opening.

Later the Russian captain wondered, always politely, why the *Double Eagle* was where she was, and Clason unwound a plausible

fairy tale of a monster cetacean which had lured them into the Okhotsk Sea and finally eluded them. The Russian's face was as a mask during the recital and Clason discerned that his yarn was not believed.

Added to this Pavloff sought his ear and reported that while off duty he had overheard two Russians discussing in their own tongue the belief that the hold was full of sealskins and arguing the necessity of confiscation. The skipper listened, sent Pavloff back to his stoke-hole and called the second officer.

"Billy," said he, "sound the forward well. Seems to me she's a bit down by the head."

Billy returned swiftly, reporting six feet of water in the forehold.

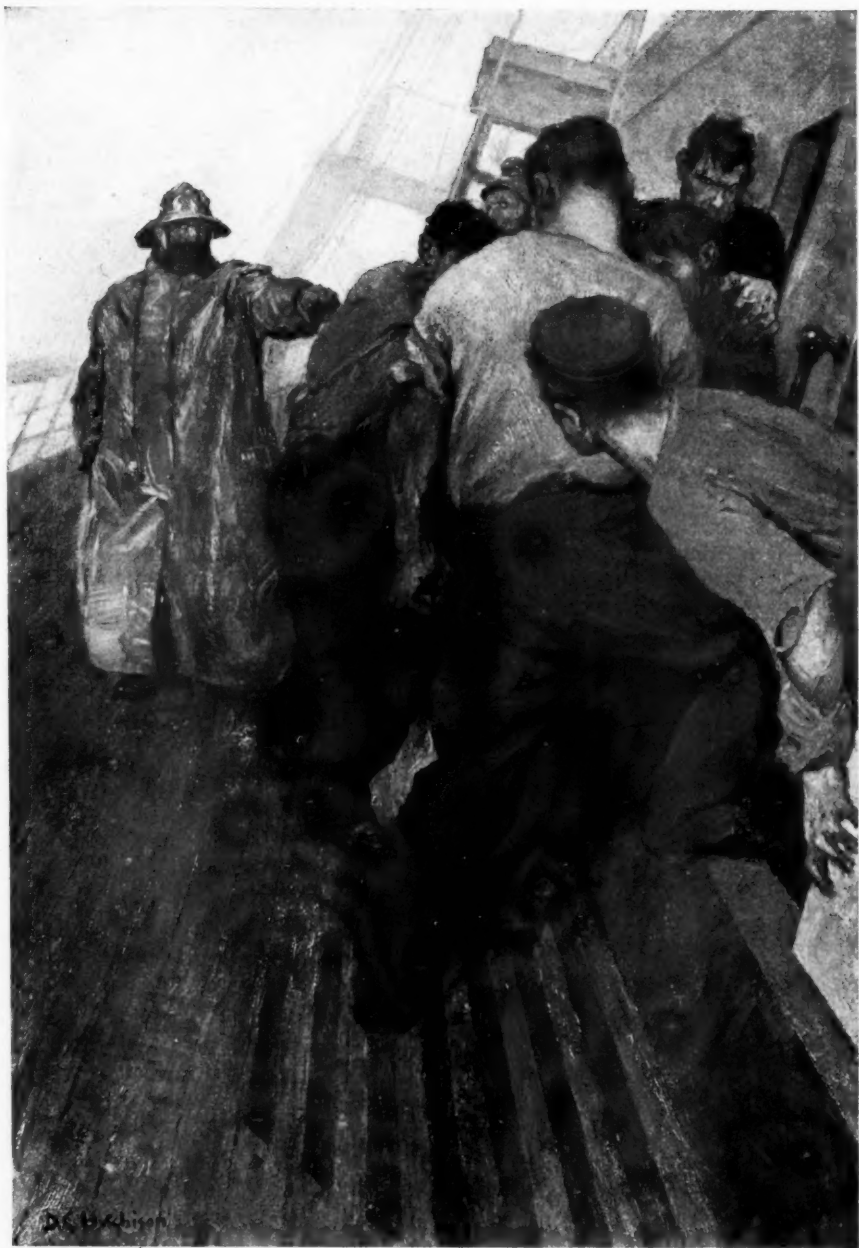
"Bad," said Clason. "Them bow plates must be buckled worse'n we thought."

In ten minutes the knowledge had gone through all the vessel that the buckled bow plates had sprung before the pressure of the pounding seas, that there was six feet of water in the forehold, and that the pumps were making no headway with it. Clason appeared cheerful but there were many who thought they discerned that this attitude was assumed.

Moore, hastily summoned, ostentatiously tinkered at the pumps but his efforts failed to produce proportionate results, this being due perhaps to the fact that he had previously doctored the pressure gauges so that a registry of ninety pounds indicated an actual working force of thirty.

Meantime the water gained on them steadily, and when night came the *Double Eagle* was put to her full speed despite the fog. Early in the evening some of the Russian sailors were detected in the act of launching a boat, but were driven back by the crew of the whaler. After that they sat in clusters about the main deck and discussed the possibilities with Slav intensity, while their officers made occasional examinations of the battered bows and pointed out to one another that she was obviously settling by the head. They seemed to have lost all interest in sealskins in anxiety over the safety of their own.

About midnight the skipper sent for the Russian captain. By this time the vessel's bows were so low that every sea swashed over the forward deck most alarmingly. In the waist the Russian sailors had hung an ikon conspicuously and were offering pious petitions to the bit of painted wood. The Russian captain seemed to be wondering what he had better do.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson.

"Them be drove below again with strong words."

"I expect to make the coast of Sakhalin by morning," announced Clason. "No time must be lost in landing the men. Your people will be cared for first and I shall expect you to have them ready to enter the boats."

In fact there was not the least danger of their being unready. When later the pound of breakers through the fog announced the proximity of land, the Russians were only restrained from a wild rush for the boats by the utmost exertions of their own officers and the steady front of the whaler's crew.

The engines were immediately stopped, an anchor let go, and a boat in command of Nichols departed, to return in half an hour, guided through the fog by the ship's siren, with the word that a landing could easily be effected through the breakers. Disembarkation instantly began. The Russian sailors crowded like rats to leave the sinking ship and their shouts of joy as they reached the beach caused the skipper to smile grimly in his beard. Their officers went last and he announced the fact of their departure to Moore by means of the speaking tube.

The engineer immediately did certain things which raised the pressure in the pumps some sixty pounds and forthwith assured the engine-room force that all danger was averted. Later when the water had been sufficiently

lowered he sent a stoker into the forehold to find and close an open sea-cock.

The boats returned and to their crews' surprise were hoisted to the davits instead of being refilled. In rare good humor Clason descended from the bridge and delivered to his socialist community the gratifying news that the vessel was still seaworthy, thanks to the efforts of their chief engineer.

Howling with delight they got in their anchor, and the *Double Eagle* put softly out to sea, fog enveloped, her engines purring gently at quarter speed. To the waiting Russians on the beach her silent disappearance argued doubtless a terrible disaster.

In half an hour the pumps sucked and by noon the *Double Eagle* was steaming down the west coast of Yezo Island for a Japanese port where sealskins may be profitably disposed of without inconvenient questioning.

And lest suspicion should still linger in Russian minds, and cables be invoked to obstruct her future, they painted the *Double Eagle* a greenish gray with a yellow funnel, they changed her name to the *Kubla Khan*, and raising a strange flag to her masthead they sailed away beyond the utmost limits of the Muscovite sphere of influence. Also Pavloff was advanced to a place in the engine-room where he had more leisure to peruse Karl Marx.

THE VAGRANT

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

HE came unto the door of Heaven,
Free as of old and gay:
"What hast thou done," the porter cried,
"That thou should'st pass this way?"

"Hast fed the hungry, clothed the poor?"
The vagrant shook his head.
"I drank my wine and I was glad,
But I did not give them bread."

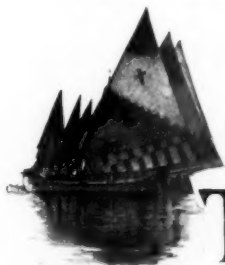
"Hast prayed upon the altar steps?"
"Nay, but I loved the sun."
"Hast wept?" "The blossoms of the Spring
I gathered every one."

"But what fair deed can'st thou present?
Like light, one radiant beam?"
"I robbed no child of his fairy tale,
No dreamer of his dream."



THE HALF-FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING



THAT which was once Illyria is now Dalmatia, or rather that part of Illyria which reaches the Adriatic is Dalmatia, "the half-forgotten country," as the Austrians called it when it fell into their hands not so many years ago.

The whole of the country is a mere strip of coast without an interior of its own, the seaward slope of dark and precipitous mountains which on the other side drop into Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia, narrowing to next to nothing in the southern extremity, where it makes no more than a stupendous buttress to the borders of the Balkan Peninsula.

It is one of the few bits of Europe that remain in a measure unhackneyed, and it is still out of the beaten paths of the tourist, who himself is almost as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to him. Many of its primitive characteristics survive, the characteristics of a people isolated on the dividing

line between the East and the West, an unvulgarized people, warlike, agricultural, and pastoral, who still find diversion in chanting by the fireside and in the fields the Homeric epics of their heroes.

Less than a quarter of a century ago everybody wore the native costume, and was in habits of mind, as well as in dress, what his fathers had been before him. That is not so now. The "ready-made" tailor has begun to spread his leveling wares, and soon he may succeed here as elsewhere in sinking all that is brilliant, appropriate, and individual in his uniform ugliness. But all changes in a land like this must be slow, for it is as insular as any island, and the people must keep to themselves in their own bays and among their own mountains, while the world chafes around them only in reverberations.

You can reach Dalmatia from Trieste or Fiume by train, or by small steamers from those and other ports like Naples, Venice, and Ancona. Our approach was by water through the Ionian Sea and the Straits of

Otranto, and that is the way I recommend, for then one may see Etna slanting in spectral majesty above the knolls of Taormina and the feathered blue of the Sicilian bays, and all the soft and enchanting beauty that is held between the silvery mountains of Corfu and the Albanian coast, mountains that seem intangible in the drowsy, silky air.

This silveriness is characteristic of all the Dalmatian mountains from where that coast begins near Cattaro to where it merges two hundred and fifty miles or so farther north in Croatia and Istria at the head of the Adriatic.

chain of islands extends up and down the coast, tens of thousands of them, with scarcely a habitation in sight—these but sunken remnants of other mountains which have fallen before their fellows.

But barren as the islands and the mainland look, the soil where it exists is amazingly fertile, and supports both a tropical and semi-tropical vegetation. Dalmatian oil and wine go all over the world, though the oil gets to the customer as that of Lucca and the wine as that of Bordeaux; and another article of export is Dalmatian insect powder, which



THE GULF OF CATTARO

It gives them the appearance of being powdered to the base with snow when all the snow has melted, except from the peaks, and like snow it catches the glow of sunset and turns to rose. The atmosphere plays strange tricks with them, and they may be seen apparently floating in mid air, shining like a celestial picture in a frame of wreathing clouds, their feet and all connection with the surrounding earth hidden in vague gray, while they stand out in vivid detachment.

They are all high, bare and gaunt, and slope precipitously into deep water and rocky bays, between which and the outer sea a

perhaps is not so much appreciated by the natives themselves as it ought to be.

Nothing could be more delightfully surprising than the landing at such a place as Cannosa, a village near Ragusa, where from the sea the coast looks as sterile as much of it is. Climbing in heat from the little harbor over glittering rocks and slipping on loose stone for a few hundred feet, we suddenly emerge in a sheltered garden alive with roses, lilies, bourgainvilleas, camellias, and less familiar flowers and shrubs, and enter, still climbing, vineyards and orchards of olives, citron and orange, drowsy with scent and soft



THE VIRGIN OF ABBAZZIA

in a golden-green mist. Beyond them and higher on the slope we come through aisles of pine, cedar, and cypress to a plateau, and there in the shade of enormous plane trees with a circumference of forty feet or more, lies the unexpected village embowered in a semitropical luxuriance of bloom, while above it only the somber evergreens crop out on the ledges and in the fissures of chaotic and unfruitful precipices.

So precious is the soil that they nurse it and cherish and hoard it. Where it exists they embank it and terrace it with tireless care, and build retaining walls around it to keep it from slipping into the sea or sliding through their fingers as they pat and coax it; and indeed we can imagine them singing lullabies to it as they caress it.

Nor is the thinness of

the soil all that the people have to contend with. There are few lakes and rivers, and the rain sweeps in wasteful torrents to the sea as soon as it falls, flooding the channels momentarily and then leaving them dry. Much of the water of the melting snows and mountain springs also is lost through natural tunnels, which, receiving it above, conduct it through subterranean passages and discharge it at or below the sea level without giving any opportunity for its utilization either as power or for irrigation.

And then there are seasons when the bora blows, that "wind of death," as the natives call it, which comes out of the blue with more than the suddenness of a tornado and shakes the earth and



RAGUSA—PIAZZA E CORPO DI GUARDIA



RAGUSA



CATTARO

all that is on the earth, stinging, blinding, choking. In the squares of Trieste life lines are prominent features which the citizens must grasp when the bora clutches them and they grope their way through the whirling dust and the promiscuous missiles flying in the darkened air. But the bora goes as quickly as it comes, and when it is gone the people simply excavate themselves out of the drift and think no more about the winged demon which has left no trail whatever in the restored serenity of the scoured sky.

Of the many and varied natural beauties of Dalmatia none surpasses the Gulf or Bocche of Cattaro in massive grandeur and in the cumulative interest of our progress through its smooth and silent depths from the sea to where it ends in the fortresses of mountain piled on mountains. Close together at the fortified entrance, dark, frowning, imminent, they draw nearer and nearer as we advance,

threatening and deceiving us by one seemingly impossible barrier after another, which when reached still gives access to a more distant and a darker and more awesome passage. Silvery in the sun, they are purple in the shade, and from the splintered peaks, sharply notched against the brazen blue and glittering with snow, the river crags fall sheer to the surface and below the surface to their submerged foundations fathoms farther down.

Here nature seems to have wrought not by slow processes of erosion, deposit, and upheaval, but convulsively in passion and pain and desolation.

From the foot of a precipice the town of Cattaro straggles along the water front and up ravines, where the high houses of Italian pattern look as if they had been hewn out of the rocks that hem them in and overtop them—some of them with columns and sculptured balconies and the lion of St. Mark over

their doors, reminding us that not so long ago Cattaro was Venetian. The Italians still cling to it as to other of their lost possessions on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, but mingling with them are Greeks, Turks, the conquering Austrians, Herzegovinians, Servians, Dalmatians, and Montenegrins, the Montenegrins apparently outnumbering the others, for the boundary of their country can be seen higher up the mountains—the upper story of a house only the basement of which belongs to Dalmatia. On a plane, indeed, the distance from Dalmatia to Montenegro is not more than a few hundred yards, and vertically it is about three thousand feet; by road it is over eight miles.

That road, built by the Austrian engineers in recent times, is not only one of the wonders of Dalmatia, but of the world. From the anchorage at Cattaro you see it, a white ribbon, strung across the precipices, loop above loop from base to summit, seventy-three zigzags in all. With the kind of starveling horses that are offered you the ascent seems impossible. But you are no sooner seated in the rattle-trap carriage than they start off at a gallop and keep up that gallop in a way which proves the sinews and endurance under their shaggy coats. The bay disappears and appears again, diminishing till the ships in it are no bigger than resting birds. Peaks to which you have looked up with tilted head sink below you: the chasms open; the castle on its spiked eminence dominating the town shrinks to the size of a spear-head. Yet the road goes on, smooth, firm, and easy, with only a low, solid masonry wall between it and perdition. It goes on and up till it passes out of Dalmatia at the summit, and twists among those other dark mountains of Montenegro, which have always been and are now an impregnable bulwark against the Turk. At the divide the whole of the Bocche from Cattaro to the sea becomes visible, and the three bays of that marvelous gulf glimmer deep among the splintered peaks and awful gorges.

In all the distance from the foot of the summit there is but one habitation, and that is a rude stone inn, with shuttered and iron-barred, but unglazed, windows where we call for wine. Tumblers and a carafe are brought

to us, and the carafe holds at least a quart of the fruity and heady Dalmatian claret. How much does it cost? Twenty-five heller, which is the equivalent of five cents. When we come to pay for a second carafe, however, the charge is threefold what it was before. Why? We have seen a tall Montenegrin whispering to the woman who has served us, and no doubt counseling her that the price to the foreigners should be more than what it is to the natives. She yields, but is reluctant and shame-faced in doing it.

I know of no people simpler and less spoiled by the sharp practices of the world than those of the Balkan shores of the Adriatic. Few of them have yet learned that the stranger should be fleeced on all occasions, and they treat him not effusively but honestly. Charming little groups of them—Montenegrins—coming from and going to market at Cattaro, pass us on the road, carrying with them their lambs and fowls and bringing back the groceries and odds and ends of clothing and domestic utensils they have bought.

The girls are slender, dark, but clear-skinned, low-bosomed, bright-eyed, and demure. On their heads they wear small black



FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, RAGUSA

turbans, with crimson embroidered crowns, from which long funereal veils hang down the back to the waist. A scanty jacket richly embroidered with many colors and silver is fitted over a white shirt of linen or wool, and a loose petticoat comes down to white stockings and white felt moccasins.

The men are usually much more splendid in attire and in stature than the women, who only have their share of color when arrayed

straight and supple, hard and sinewy; never flabby, they carry themselves nobly, and their shaven faces, mustached but never bearded, are as suggestive of strength and quickness as are their bodies. Put them in buckskin breeches, flannel shirts, and sombreros, and by their flexibility and spareness, their toughness and their quietness and shrewdness of eye, you would mistake them for scouts or crack cavalrymen of our own



THE TOWER OF FORTIFICATION, RAGUSA

for weddings and holidays, but then they, too, become as gorgeous as birds of paradise.

The women are the drudges to the same extent as are Indian squaws; their slim shoulders bend under the loads of firewood and of wool slung with straps from the breast, leaving the arms and hands free to knit and knit as they do unceasingly while they toil homeward up the appalling mountain paths. If they could shift their loads on to the men, who saunter beside them smoking cigarettes, they probably would not, for does not the primitive woman love to see strength reserved for war and not frittered away in ignoble tasks?

Fit objects of feminine reverence are the men in form, feature, and dress. Tall and

West. Like the women, they are crowned with a much-embroidered cap or beretta. Their blue trousers are baggy and pleated and joined at the knees to white stockings, ending in white felt shoes. Over their white shirts they wear an embroidered jacket, and over that a long white frock coat edged with crimson and lace, which in winter is reinforced by a sheepskin or such a rug as the Highlanders of Scotland use for protection. Lace and buttons of silver and gold in complicated design glitter on both caps and jackets; it would be almost impossible to add another stitch to the embroidery, so elaborate is it and so profusely applied. The waist is bound by a brilliant sash for ornament and by a belt for arms: a yataghan in a sheath

crusted with silver and a pair of revolvers in decorated pockets.

But they use their weapons only legitimately; crimes of violence are rare among them, though for war they are always ready. The reigning prince, says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "has but to issue a summons by bale-fire and bugle, flashing and thrilling from summit to summit, and twenty thousand splendid infantry would be at the fixed muster places within a couple of hours. Every house would be emptied; women and children would be hurried off into the fastnesses of the hills, and the white-coated army would be disposed by the prince in the manner which has saved his country again and again. A column would be thrown forward to meet the invader, but not to repel him. The secret of past successes has been to fall back before the Turks, luring them on through a region where bare, gray precipices repeat each other in endless monotony. There is scarcely a feature to distinguish one from the other—not even that whereon five thousand riflemen lie couched like ptarmigan in the snow, so closely do the weather-stained white coats match the dry limestone. Let the enemy be drawn through this pass, and the ambush springs to life in his rear, pouring a merciless fire into the dark column—an easy target, helpless against invisible marksmen."

They are so clean, so virtuous, so thrifty, so brave, and so amicable, these people, that one hesitates to say all in their praise that should be said lest it seem too much, and in doing it one must take courage from the unanimity of other travelers who have written about them with unvarying enthusiasm.

Galloping part of the way up, we gallop all the way down, in a quarter of the time the ascent has taken. Now for a few minutes the mountains are dark blue and old rose, and the water in the bays is as red as blood. Darkness swallows all before we come to Cattaro again, and as we enter the environs of the little town, doubled in size by its reflected lights on the still depths, the darkness is scented with lilacs and orange blossoms, the spray of a torrent sprinkles our faces, and nightingales are singing in the murmuring foliage of plane trees, palm, cypress, ilex, and pine. A bit of Venice has dissolved tremulously in a pool at the bottom of the world.

Extricating herself from the coils of the Bocche, our yacht steams northward for about forty miles, and then calls at Ragusa, entering it by a back door. Unlike Cattaro,

Ragusa, the Epidaurus of the Greeks, is built on the sea itself, and though once it was called "the city of argosies," its harbor is too exposed and too small for larger craft than coastwise steamers and feluccas, which traffic in fruit, oil, wine, vegetables, and fish. The island of Croma, where Richard Cœur de Lion left a church as a votive offering for an escape in the crusade, serves only partly as a breakwater, and its caverns and outlying boulders show how much it has suffered in that service. So our ship goes a mile farther, and there finds an always safe anchorage in the deep, landlocked, and wooded refuge of Gravosa, from which a mile of flowery road leads to its older and more important neighbor.

Ragusa, for centuries the capital of an independent republic, is unbelievable as a real place as one first glances at it. We cannot convince ourselves that it is not something we are imagining, or seeing only in an illuminated illustration from some book of medieval history, or a scene in a stage play. Surely it is the city of Maxfield Parrish's dreamland, where tower rises above tower, and turret above turret, armed and bannered and pinnacled: the bravest and the sauciest of cities, bristling with defenses and peopled only by archers and halberdiers, men with spears and battle-axes, knights and beautiful maidens. The guns peeping out of round towers and square towers and embrasures in the walls are anachronisms. Nothing more modern than the mangonel belongs there. And it is all compact and snug within tremendous walls that spring from the naked precipices above to the rock-bound shore and turn threats of invasion to derision. Impregnable it has been found in many a siege.

After the illusion of first acquaintance passes, Ragusa remains curiously ancient, but its strength, like its glory, is of the past. Embraced within its walls, its narrow sleepy streets climb the hill on which it sits, and end below in windy gaps where the sea charges and roars against the fortifications. Much of the architecture is Venetian and expresses itself in campaniles and high-balconied houses, some of them arcaded in the lower stories, and pinnacled along the cornices. It is not more than a quarter of a mile from one gate to the other, and all the town, its monasteries, its cafés, its palaces, its tenements, and its bazaars can be seen between the two. So quiet and uncrowded is it that one hardly perceives a greater silence in passing from

the clean, smooth streets, paved with solid blocks of masonry, into the lovely Franciscan cloisters where a fountain drips among the graceful arches and orange blossoms and roses in a dreamlike garden of utter peace. We dream of Ragusa while Ragusa dreams of itself, and lives only in dreams of the middle ages.

Outside the walls toward Gravosa there is more activity. The tourist is coming to Dalmatia now, and new hotels are springing up for his accommodation; new villas of stucco and red-tiled roofs, also, some of them for natives, who have come home to spend fortunes made in America.

Other natives are going to America. We pause to observe some of them in a café near the Piazza e Corpo di Guardia. The girls are in the most resplendent of all the native costumes, scarlet, blue, and gold, as brilliant as the plumage of a cock pheasant, and loaded with rings and bracelets, necklaces, and brooches, so that they tinkle as they move. But they are weeping under the great white caps starched and pleated, which flutter over their heads, and their tears dimple their little cups of coffee. The men are in full Turkish breeches, and embroidered jackets, girdled with red sashes supporting the leather pouch and an arsenal of weapons.

It is not a wedding, nor a funeral that calls for the emotions which the others are spending on those who have renounced the apparel of their birthright. To-night they will take the little steamer to Fiume, and to-morrow go on board the big Cunarder from Trieste for the New World, not to come back, perhaps, until they, too, are rich enough to own one of the white garish villas among the olives and palms, which line the hill between Ragusa and Gravosa.

Out in the archipelago again, with the gray Dinaric Alps thrusting themselves down to the sea, which, though turbid on the Italian shores of the Adriatic, is clean and clear along this coast, we reach Spalato, one hundred and fifty miles to the north of Ragusa. The mountains are less close to the sea here, but are not far away, and the town is gathered in a semicircle on a bay sheltered by islands. With a glass you can see Clissa from the deck, a Bluebeard's castle of much antiquity on a tapering precipice, and opposite the precipice appears an amphitheater so vast that compared with it all other amphitheaters, even the Colosseum at Rome and that at Cagliari in Sardinia are but cockle-shells. The

receding benches rise tier above tier in a perfectly proportioned semicircle of architectural precision. It is not, however, of human design and workmanship, but a natural formation, and the seats are commodious enough for an audience of Titans. Between it and the town are the crumbling remains of Salona, the Roman capital of the period, when Dalmatia was a Roman province, an imperial city reduced to fragments and whole only in parts of the foundations of its temples, theaters, baths, and palaces.

Spalato is full of surprises, which begin as soon as we land, and it is no exaggeration to say that the world has nothing else quite like it. It is the busiest and most bustling of the Dalmatian cities. The railway from Trieste, which does not extend as far south as Cattaro, crosses the harbor front, and trains and little steamers and blunt-bowed feluccas and schooners come and go, hailing from Fiume, Bari, Ancona, Zara, Chioggia, and Venice. A fleet of the smaller vessels cling stern foremost to the wharves, and their dark-skinned crews in Phrygian caps, who are both carriers and marketmen, press for sale their cargoes of wine, olives, oranges, lemons, and fish. They guarantee the purity of their wine by drinking it themselves without getting drunk, though they keep at it as steadily as they breathe the air. The streets are edged with the booths of hucksters, and the squares are full of them. Commerce is vociferous, and intercourse with the world beyond has brought modern clothes. Here and there only may you see a native Dalmatian in a native costume, which is much less picturesque than that of the Montenegrins, the Servians and the Herzegovinians: he himself is duller, shorter, stouter than they are: his features are coarser, his bearing is less alert.

But it is not in these things that Spalato has its interest and its surprises. In searching for the great Palace of Diocletian we come upon it quite unexpectedly. Opposite the row of feluccas at the wharf a high and massive wall appears with towers at both ends, and along the street it is partitioned into little workshops and little stores of merchandise of all kinds. We look up and, behold! the wall is arcaded and embossed with worn sculpture. We pass an archway, and are at once within the palace itself, a palace erected to hold 20,000 men, and that houses that number still, or more than half the whole population of Spalato. We should say, "what was the palace." When it fell into

decay, it was not razed or abandoned, and the people took possession of it instead of surrendering it to owls and bats. So it stands now, with every corner utilized by a swarming populace, its colonnades bricked up into small tenements and shops, the magnificent mausoleum Diocletian built for himself transformed into a cathedral; its Temple of Æsculapius used as a baptistery, its Campanile, a campanile higher than that which was the pride of Venice, in process of restoration, and its Golden Gate, through which imperial splendor flowed, surrendered to traffic.

Diocletian was a native of Dalmatia, and came back to his birthplace to end his days. He desired seclusion and repose, and security from his enemies, and said, according to the familiar story, which sounds well, but, like the best of stories, is not beyond suspicion, that he preferred growing potatoes at Spalato to ruling the world from Rome. But he grew weary of even his potatoes and finding Time too slow with his scythe, dispatched himself with his own hand.

I should like to keep the reader longer with me in such places as these, opulent as they are in natural beauty and historical interest. I should like to take him farther on this delightful cruise—up the Gulf of

Quarnero in the northwest corner of the Adriatic, where Istria lies on one side and Croatia on the other, and to show him how enchanting the Austrian Riviera is at Abbazzia, where the columns of the palms are hidden in envelopes of crimson ramblers, and all the luxuriant gardens are tended by red-jacketed, blue-skirted, rosy-faced girl gardeners, who laugh and sing as they work. The sails of the boats at Abbazzia, yellow and carmine, and figured with crosses, crowns, stars, and sunbursts, are more splendid than those of Venice, and the hulls, studded fore and aft with bright nails and striped with rainbow colors, run up into dragonlike prows, where the hawse pipes are ringed to look like the staring eyes of the dreadful basilisk. We should see the shrines all along the inveigling bays and lagoons before which the mariners bow and cross themselves, and seeing we would always remember that pathetic and graceful figure of the Virgin by an unknown sculptor, which, splashed by the sea and wind-beaten on a lonely rock off Abbazzia, seems to breathe and flutter and bless like a living presence.

But since that is not possible, I can but wish for every reader a chance to repeat the journey in person, when my enthusiasms will be justified by the most phlegmatic.

THE BORDERLAND OF BIRTH

By RHODA HERO DUNN

A FAR I seemed to hear a troubled sea,
A multitude of waters tossed, and wild,
While half in languorous fear, yet half beguiled,
For gentle Death I waited quietly.
The murmur of the ocean seemed to be
Sweet angel voices, and, as one exiled
Is welcomed home in accents soft and mild,
I heard them calling, calling, calling me.
Then those deep surges sharply piercing through
And piercing through the strange allure of death,
I heard a cry! And, love, though near undone,
Though nearly soothed away, I drew strong breath,
Drew eager breath, dear love, and turned and knew
Thy face above me, and our Little One!

THE SUFFRAGETTES OF THE HAREM*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



SLEEP, I gradually became conscious of a low murmuring song, and opened my eyes to meet those of the slave assigned to me during my stay in Selim Pasha's household.

"May the day be a happy one to you, glorious hanum," she said when her eyes met mine.

"Is it late?" I asked.

"The magnificent sun has been at his pleasure-giving task for some time now. My mistress's sister gave me orders not to let the daylight make you heavy with sleep; for you are going out with her before the heat begins. That is why I have been coaxing your spirit back to your body with my song."

"Did you have to coax it long?" I asked, smiling at the Oriental superstition against awakening anyone suddenly. They believe that the soul leaves the body during sleep, and wanders in other lands.

"Yes, young hanum. It must have gone far away from here, and where the flowers blossom their prettiest; for a pleasant smile was on your lips. Now your body and spirit are together again, and here is your coffee while I go to make ready your bath."

I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to six. In harems one goes to bed early, and wakes up early again. Perhaps this is the secret of the beauty of the Eastern women.

As I was sipping my coffee I remembered that to-day I was to go with Houlmé Hanum to the meeting of advanced Turkish women, of which she had spoken to me on the night when we listened to the nightingales.

My coffee finished, and my bath and my toilet, I went to the window to look at the east in its morning glory. A heavy rain had

fallen in the night, and the beflowered nature that met my eyes was a very clean and fresh one. It looked like a Turkish hanum coming from her morning bath. And this loveliness alone was left from the rain: the thirsty earth had drunk every drop of the water.

As I looked through the latticed window my eyes roamed first down to the gay Bosphorus plashing at the feet of the fairylike dwellings along its banks; then to the coquettish hills bathed in the morning glow. From the farther view my glance came back to our garden to be surprised by the sight of two young Turks walking about among the flowers, in that portion allotted to the men. Then I remembered that Selim Pasha, the master of the house, had brought a number of guests with him the night before. As I was looking at the two Turks my surprise became delight on recognizing in one of them a friend of my childhood, of whom I had been very fond.

I clapped my hands, and my slave came.

"Please go down and see if the Validé Hanum is up yet," I said; "and if she is, ask her if she could receive me."

In a few minutes the slave returned to tell me that the Validé was about to partake of her morning meal, and would consider it an honor if I would join her.

I rushed down to her. "Good morning to you, Validé Hanum," I cried, and plunged at once into the reason for my visit, without those flattering and ceremonious approaches that would have been fitting. "You need not grant me what I am going to ask of you, but I should like you very much to grant it."

"Good morning to you, first rose of a young rosebush," she answered, unvexed by my lack of politeness. "And I shall grant you what you wish, provided that it comes

* This is the fifth of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed it during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

under my jurisdiction. If it does not we shall have to apply to our just master, Selim Pasha, who is again back among us."

I pointed out of the window at the young men walking in the garden. "I want to go and speak to them," I said.

"What?" She threw back her lovely head and laughed her fresh, happy laugh.

"You dear, dear yavroum! You are already tired of us women folk, and want to go and talk with the men."

"Not a bit," I protested. "I would gladly give up the society of ten men for yours, Validé Hanum; but one of those young fellows is Halil Bey, with whom I used to play when I was a child. Do, please, say that I may go and speak to him!"

"Nay, nay, little pearl, you must not speak to him. He is to be married in two weeks, and I cannot allow any temptation in his way. I might change my mind, however, after we have partaken of some nourishment. You know, yavroum, a hungry person sees the world all awry."

As she spoke the slaves were bringing in freshly picked fruit from the orchard on brass trays on their heads. A small slave also carried a basket charmingly arranged with vine leaves and grapes from the house vineyards—and nowhere on earth do grapes taste as good as those of Constantinople.

All the different fruits were arranged on their own leaves on low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and we ate them without the use of knives. Then one slave brought in a graceful brass basin, while another presented the soap and poured out water for us from a slender brass water jug. A third handed us embroidered Turkish towels to dry our hands on. Meanwhile an old slave came in with a brazier, sat down in the middle of the room, and cooked the coffee, while the two young slaves passed the delicious beverage to us with toast and cakes. This was all our breakfast. At its close the Validé turned to the old slave and asked:

"Nadji, what do you suppose this young hanum wants to do?"

The old slave looked at me with her kind, motherly eyes. "The young hanum has good taste. I suppose she wants to marry one of our men and be one of us. Indeed Allah, the great and only God, be my witness, but since she has been with us she looks prettier and healthier."

The Validé and I shrieked with laughter.

"No, Nadji, the young hanum has not yet

come to such a grave resolution. She wants to go and talk with those two young men walking in the garden."

The slave left her embers, walked to the window, and looked critically at the two men. "Mashallah!" she cried, smacking her lips, "but they are two worthy young specimens. The young hanum will want to stay among us more than ever."

"Nadji, would you then let her go?"

"It is not for me to decide, but for you, honored head of a most honored household."

"But would it be right, Nadji, to let her go talk to them?"

Nadji looked me straight in the eyes as if to ascertain whether I were worthy.

"She talks to men when she is at home, my beloved mistress."

"Yes," smiled the Validé, "she does. But you know, Nadji, the young hanum particularly wishes to talk to Halil Bey, who is to be married in two weeks' time." The Validé's smile was full of mischief.

Nadji examined me again. "It does not matter, my Validé. Halil Bey's mind is filled with the thought of one woman, who is to be his, and whom he has not seen. His fancy is clothing her with wondrous beauty, and no real person can do any harm. Allah is wise as well as great." Her gray head was bowed low at Allah's name.

"I am glad you approve, Nadji; for this young hanum here so pleases my fancy that I am likely to spoil her." She turned to me: "Run along, yavroum, only be sure to put on your wooden sandals, for there might be some chill left in the earth after the rain. I will notify the young men of the honor you are about to bestow on them."

A few minutes later I was by the side of the astonished Halil Bey, who, if he ever thought of me, thought of me as in the wilds of America. In his gladness at seeing me again he picked me up, kissed me on both cheeks, and set me down on the bench to pour into my ears the wonders of the beauty of his unknown bride to be.

"But suppose," I suggested to him, when his enthusiasm at length gave me an opportunity to put in an objection, "suppose when you raise the veil, instead of seeing a beautiful young girl with a slim figure, as you picture her to yourself, you meet a fat, ugly woman, what will you do?"

He laughed at the idea. "But I have seen her in the street and she is slim. And I know she is pretty—my heart tells me so."

Lovers seem to be the same everywhere, even though they are Turkish lovers, supposed by us to be devoid of romantic raptures; and though I stayed some time with Halil Bey we talked of nothing except the girl who was to become his first and—as he vowed—his only wife.

When I returned to the house several of its inmates shook their fingers at me and sang in chorus, "I saw you!" But the Validé put a protecting arm around me, and—looking around for the effect it would produce—impressively gave me this invitation:

"Yavroum, Selim Pasha wishes me to beg of you to do him the honor to dine to-night with him and his guests."

It was my turn to shake my fingers at the Turkish women, as I challenged them: "Those who do not admit that they would give anything to be in my wooden sandals, let them raise their hands!"

Not a hand was raised, though they might have debated the point further, had not Houlmé run her arm through mine and interrupted with: "Young hanum, the sun does not favor those who travel many hours after he has started his journey. Let us start. We have a long way before us, and the day I know will prove interesting."

In my room I was surprised to find a new tchitcharf of silver-gray silk. "What is this for?" I asked Houlmé.

"You cannot go to the meeting unless you have this color on. It is the emblem of dawn, the dawn we are about to bring to the Turkish women's life."

A few minutes later Houlmé and I, in company with an old slave inside the carriage with us, and an old eunuch, who was the shadow of Houlmé, sitting on the box by the coachman, were driving to Hanum Zeybah's house, where the meeting was to be held. It was half past ten o'clock when we reached there, and we were the last to arrive. Inside the door stood two gray phantoms, to whom we gave the password "Twilight."

In a large hall stood the rest of the gray symbols of dawn, all closely veiled so as to be unrecognizable. Without a sound they saluted us in the Turkish fashion; and then we were all conducted to a large room. It was all very mysterious and conspirator-like. The nine windows of the room were tightly shuttered that no ray of unromantic sunlight could fall upon the forerunners of a new epoch. We all sat crosslegged and motionless on a bare settee which ran around

two sides of the room. Over our heads hung a banner of sky-blue silk, embroidered in silver with "*Freedom for Women!*" Beneath that hung another of black, bearing the words "*Down with the Old Ideas!*" in fiery red. There were no chairs. The beautiful oak floor was partially covered with Eastern rugs, and on some fat cushions in the middle of the room sat our hostess, the originator and president of the society.

President Zeybah clapped her hands three times and announced that the meeting was about to begin. It did begin, and continued for more than an hour.

The president produced a manuscript with gilt edges from a European satchel at her side, and read her contribution to the club.

"Women fellow-sufferers and fellow-workers," she read, "we come here to-day to dig a little farther into the thick wall which the tyranny of man has built around us. By nature woman was meant to be the ruler. By her intuition, her sympathy, her unselfishness, her maternal instinct, she is the greatest of the earth. One thing alone brute nature gave to man—strength! Through that he has subjugated woman. Let us rise and break our bonds! Let us stand up *en masse* and defy the brute who now dominates us! We are the givers of life; we must be the rulers and lawmakers as well. Down with man!"

In this strain, and in a deep voice befitting a ruler and a lawmaker, the president read from her gilt-edged paper, and ended up with the proposition that six members of the club should be chosen by lot to kill themselves, as a protest against the existing order of things. The proposition, which was made in all seriousness, provided, however—with a *naïveté* that might have imperiled the gravity of a meeting of American women—that the president of the club should be exempt from participation in the lot drawing.

This plan for making tyrant man sit up and take notice was received with a murmur from the veiled listeners, rather more of approval than of disapproval. The question, however, was not discussed further at the moment, and the president called on another lady to read her paper.

The first speaker having proved that women were great and were only kept from recognition by the brute force of man, the second one went ahead to prove that women were capable of doing as good work as men in certain cases, by citing George Sand, George

Eliot, and others. A third one asserted that women were mere playthings in the hands of men, and called on them to rouse themselves and show that they were capable of being something better.

I was utterly disgusted at the whole meeting. I might just as well have been in one of those silly clubs in New York where women congregate to read their immature compositions. There was totally lacking the sincerity, the spontaneity, and the frankness which usually characterize Turkish women.

When the meeting adjourned we passed into several dressing rooms, where the veiled and secret conspirators against the dominion of man all kept luncheon gowns. When the assemblage came together again the majority of them were corseted and in Paris frocks, and all were quite unveiled, the mystery of the meeting having been mere pretense and affectation. These forty-odd women, ranging in age from seventeen to forty, were drawn from the flower of the Turkish aristocracy. Luncheon was served in a large room overlooking the Golden Horn. We were seated at four round tables, and during the meal the great cause was forgotten, and they were again spontaneous Turkish women.

After luncheon we passed into the reclining room, where Eastern dances and music were given for our pleasure. I was happy to notice that as we lay about on the couches the Parisian-gowned ladies were distinctly less comfortable than the rest of us. After the music was over the heavy conversation was started again by our hostess, who was never happy for long unless she considered that she was shining intellectually. She was not yet thirty, but had found time already to divorce two husbands.

"What I like most about American women," she said to me and to her disciples, "is the courage they have in discarding their husbands. Why should a woman continue to live with a man whom she finds to be not her intellectual companion?" Her pose was fine, as she uttered these words, and murmurs of appreciation arose among her hearers.

"Few men are women's companions intellectually," I said, having listened to as much as I could without replying. "The only men who are the companions of intellectual women are half-baked poets, sophomores, and degenerates. Normal men, nice men, intelligent men never talk the tomfoolery women want to talk about. They are too busy with things worth while to sit down

and ponder over the gyrations of their souls. In fact they don't have to worry over their souls at all. They are strong and healthy, and live their useful lives without taking time to store their heads with all the nonsense women do."

Those forty women breathed heavily. To them I represented freedom and intellectual advancement, and here I was smashing their ideals unmercifully. I pretended not to notice the effect of my words, and continued:

"If you expect real men of any nationality to sit down and talk to you about your souls you will find them disappointing. As for American women, they are as different from you as a dog from a bird. Whatever they do cannot affect you. They are a different stock altogether. Will you tell me what you are working for specifically?"

"Freedom to chose our husbands, and freedom to go about with men as we like," the president answered.

"We want to go about the world unchaperoned and free—to travel all over the world if we choose," another answered.

The last speaker was a girl barely eighteen years old, and beautiful with a beauty the East alone can produce. I laughed openly.

"My dear child," I said, "you could not go alone for half a day without having all sorts of things happening to you."

"But that is just what I want," she retorted. "I am tired of my humdrum life, when such delicious things as one reads of in books might be happening to me."

This girl in her youth and simplicity was really revealing the cause of their malady. They were all fed on French novels.

"Even American women, when they are young, do not go about with men unchaperoned as you think," I said, "nor do they travel alone with men, at any age. Of course there are American women who are compelled to go about alone a good deal, because they are earning their own living; but they only do this because they have to. As to what Zeybah Hanum said about their divorcing their husbands frequently, I am afraid she is looking at American civilization from the seamy side. I do not deny that there are American women who have parted with decency, and whom one divorce more or less does not affect; but the really nice American women have as much horror of divorce as any well-bred European woman."

Zeybah Hanum here interrupted me. "I beg your pardon, but I have read in the

American papers that a woman may divorce her husband in the morning, and marry again in the afternoon. Also that no other reason for divorce is required than that she does not wish to continue to live with him. It is called 'incompatibility of temper.' I believe"—here the learned lady threw back her head, and turned to the rest of her audience—"that a nation that has such laws has them not for those who have parted with decency, but for the nice women, in order to help them to rid themselves of undesirable husbands. I hear that the courts proclaim that a woman may not only get rid of her husband, but that the husband shall continue to support her. Can you tell me after that that America does not uphold divorce?"

I was rather staggered by her argument, although I knew that fundamentally she was mistaken.

"What you say is true, in a way," I admitted; "but the fact remains that nice American women do not believe in indiscriminate divorcing."

"Oh, well, there are always backward women in every country. I was told by an American lady, once, that not to be divorced nowadays was the exception. And wait till the women have the power to vote. That is the one thing the American men are afraid to grant women, because they know that then women will make laws to suit themselves."

I did not ask Zeybah Hanum how much farther women could go, with the ballot, than she thought they already had gone, in the home of the free. I was very sorry for the women who were under her influence, because most of them were young and all of them inexperienced, so I took up another side of the subject.

"Let's leave American women alone then, since you will only believe the yellow journalism, and come to your own affairs. Do you really think that by having six women kill themselves you will accomplish anything?"

"At any rate we shall teach men a lesson."

"And that is?"

"That we are capable of going to any lengths to get what we want. Woman is a power to-day!"

"But do you think you can bring about what you want by violent methods? There are a great many among your men who believe that women should be free to choose their husbands, and to educate themselves as they like. So far you have been given privileges in studying music and art. Little

by little other things will come. But remember that to one woman who thinks as you do there are a hundred who don't."

"They are blind, and we wish to open their eyes. It is our duty—in the name of humanity. We owe this to the Progress of the World," Zeybah announced oratorically.

"Since you have descended to Duty," I said with some heat, "I suppose you are capable of anything cruel and unkind."

At this point a lady who was an instructress in a girls' seminary, though she was the daughter of a rich man, quietly put in: "Zeybah Hanum, I should like to hear the lady tell us how she thinks it would be wise to proceed. She knows our ways, what privileges we now have, and our shortcomings."

"Yes, yes," several voices cried.

"Since you do not like your system—although it seems to me admirable on the whole—it is only right that you should be allowed to live your lives as you want to. Only you must go about it in a sensible way and take into consideration the others who are involved in it. For example, I should think that you ought to tear down that banner of 'Down with the Old Ideas!' and put up another, reading: 'Respect for the Old Ideas, Freedom to the New!' Then instead of closeting yourselves together and behaving like imitation French Anarchists, you ought to have your meetings in the open. Since you all wear your veils you can invite the men who are sympathetic to your movement, to take an interest in it. Little by little more men will come, and also more women. Really your troubles are not so serious as those of European women, because under the laws of the Koran women have many privileges unheard of in other countries. The Mussulman system is very socialistic. What you want is to be free to mingle with men. Since you want it, you had better have it, though you are overrating the privilege. There is a great deal of poetry and a great deal of charm in your system; but if you don't like it, you don't like it. You will all be mothers some day; bring up your sons in the new thought, and thus gradually you will bring about the change."

"But you are spoiling our society," the president cried. "What is the object of it if not to push things along fast?"

"I do not agree with you," the quiet lady said. "I believe in what the foreign hanum has just said. We ought to go about this in a rational manner."

"Do I understand that you wish to leave our association?" the president asked, bristling up.

"Not in the least; but I do not believe in the bloody demonstration you proposed."

Thereupon arose a discussion which lasted the whole afternoon. The president was vehemently in favor of her plan for having six of the members kill themselves. Most of the others, however, encouraged by the moral support they received from me and from the quiet lady, finally admitted that they did not wish to die. Yet that they would unhesitatingly have committed suicide, had the club decided on the plan, and had the lot fallen to them, I have not the slightest doubt, knowing the nature of Turkish women as I do.

Just as the meeting was breaking up I was very much surprised to have Houlmé come to me and ask me if I should like to meet the young woman whom Halil Bey was to marry in two weeks. I had had no inkling that she was at the meeting, or even that she held advanced views. Naturally I was most anxious to know her, and as it happened that we were going a good part of the way home in the same direction, she invited me to drive with her in her brougham until we came to the parting of the ways. She was a very pretty brunette, with large violet eyes, and such a lovely, kissable mouth—but what a *précieuse*!

"I suppose you are very busy over your coming marriage," I said to her.

"My marriage interests me very little, mademoiselle," she replied coldly. "In fact I think of it as little as possible. It is not a love match, you know, but an arranged affair."

"But your future husband is young, handsome, and a well-educated nobleman. I feel certain that you will find in him your ideal."

"Indeed!" she snapped. "So you think that all a man has to have to be acceptable to a young woman is youth, good looks, and education?"

"What else?"

"A beautiful mind," she said as pompously as Zeybah Hanum herself might have spoken. "I wish my husband to understand the world of Kant and Schopenhauer and all the great thinkers. I wish him to treat me as if I, too, had a mind capable of soaring above the sordid conditions of our daily life. Do you think, when I am married, that I am likely to find in Halil Bey a man to speak to me on these subjects? No! he will tell me

that I am beautiful, and that he loves me. As if his paltry love mattered in this great world."

"I should think it would matter to him, and to you."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but are you not taking rather a commonplace view of happiness?"

"Perhaps I am. But I might learn to appreciate a high-minded one if it were explained to me."

"I should like a husband who would forget his petty personality, and me as well, who would realize that the greatest love of all is intellectual companionship. The other kind of love is good enough for the inferior class of people whose only participation in the great world is their part in the perpetuation of the race."

"How do you know that your future husband is not animated by the same noble ideas as you are?" I asked, though I had no such hope myself.

"Quite impossible! Our men are incapable of appreciating such high ideals of life, since they allow their women so little freedom."

By the time I parted from Halil Bey's *fiancée* I was so filled up with high ideals that if Houlmé Hanum had talked any more in the same line I should have gone mad. "Poor Halil Bey!" I kept thinking to myself.

Once home I had to rush to my room to get ready to dine with the men. The Validé followed me.

"Yavroum, what will you wear to-night?"

"Dear me! I have not had time to think of that. I have not a dinner gown with me. I suppose a little white lawn will have to do."

"I have thought all about it, and I have several gowns for you to choose from. As soon as your bath has been given to you, come to me."

In her apartment I found a bevy of women all anxious to help in my attiring. Of all the beautiful clothes displayed the choice fell on a lovely brocade which the Validé had worn in years gone by. With the help of the wives and several of their slaves, and with jewelry enough to start a goldsmith's shop, I was made ready for the extraordinary occasion. When they were through with me I looked as if I were for sale, and said so.

"I do hope, yavroum," the Validé said piously, "that you will find your master there."

"Allah bayouk!" murmured several women with bowed heads.

The Validé conducted me to the *mabeyn*, or dividing line between the *haremlik* and *selamluk*, where Selim Pasha himself was waiting for me, arrayed in his uniform. The rest of the guests were in European clothes, and after the introductions were over I told them that a few of them at least would have to approach the Validé for my hand, otherwise she might fear that she had not done all in her power to make me charming.

The dinner was a very interesting one; indeed, I believe it was the most interesting one I have ever been to. Contrary to the opinion of most people who do not know them, the Turks are very attractive men. They are frank, chivalrous, and, above all, considerate to women. They also possess a keen sense of humor, and enjoy a joke even at their own expense. They are good talkers, and pretty well informed.

Though it was after eleven o'clock when I returned to the haremluk, all the ladies and slaves were sitting up to see me return from the remarkable adventure of dining with a dozen men.

"Well, yavroum?" the Validé said.

"Oh! I think some of them will ask you for my hand. Don't you worry, Validé."

She was beaming with happiness.

"And Validé," I said, after a little more talk, "not to trouble you again, I asked Selim Pasha if I might speak to Halil Bey again to-morrow morning in the garden, and he gave me permission. And since my engagement with him is at half past eight, I think I will wish you good night."

The next morning, though I was on time in the garden, I found Halil Bey already there, and very impatient to hear all about his *fiancée*.

"Tell me," he cried out as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered; "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins."

"I have no doubt that in a fist-to-fist encounter you would have the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh!" he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that."

It was my turn to laugh. "Halil Bey, you have read 'Cyrano de Bergerac'?"

He nodded.

"You remember what Christian answered when Cyrano was trying to coach him: 'Et par tous les diables, je saurais toujours la prendre entre mes bras.' It did not work, however. Now, if you want to be happy, listen to me! Devote your time from now till your marriage day to those two writers. Memorize as much of them as you can. When your bride comes home and you raise her veil and see her face, be a Spartan. Don't make love to her; don't tell her that she is beautiful. Just talk Kant, recite Schopenhauer, and give her every kind of tomfoolery about your soul that you can think of, provided it sounds highfaluting enough. Buy all the works of Maeterlinck and make her read them to you till she is ready to drop. Tell her that she is to remain for you the ideal companion, the complement of your soul, and any other silly thing that comes into your head. She will help you along; for she has all that at the tip of her tongue. Before a month is over she will be sick of it and crazy for you. Then fire ahead and make love to her as much as you want to."

Halil Bey looked anything but enthusiastic over the course I had mapped out for him; so I had to repeat to him most of the conversation I had had with his unknown lady-love.

"I am going to Russia in a week," I ended, "and shall be back in six weeks. Come to my hotel for luncheon then and tell me all about it."

I had forgotten all about Halil Bey and his *fiancée* on my return from Russia, and was getting ready to sail for America, when Halil Bey came to see me.

"Hullo, Boy!" I said. "How is the *précieuse*?"

"She is dead!" he answered simply.

I stared at him. "Why, Halil, you have not killed her?"

"Not I, but Kant and the other fellow did. And now hurry up; I want you to come and see my little wife. She is waiting for you."

In less than an hour our carriage brought us to Halil Bey's residence, where a very charming hostess was waiting. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"Mademoiselle, I think you are a happiness giver."

"And don't you think that his love and your love matter a little in this world?"

"It is the only thing that does matter," she answered, while her violet eyes were looking not at me but at Halil Bey.



THE

BY
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED RICHARDSON



PLAY BALL!

ABOVE, a heavenly bend of blue
Touched with a fleecy fluff or two
To temper summer's ardent smile
And hint of rain-checks after while.

A level stretch of restful green
Crowned by the symbol of the scene
Made up of geometric signs
Severely simple in their lines.

An incense from the Cuban isle,
A dudheen puffing, black and vile,
A gust of God's own air which fills
The nostrils and the spirit thrills.

The elemental passion housed
In every breast here roars aroused,
The loyal lust for greater powers
And place for mine, of gain for ours.

And now, the dulcet day and scene,
The square-set sign, the blue, the green,
The myriad-lunged and tongued are all
Pent in the passionate cry "Play ball!"

"Play ball!" the slogan of the age,
The final word of fool and sage;
We win, we lose, we rise, we fall;
No matter which! play ball! play ball!

DEMOCRACY

Mulholland, he owns traction stocks,
And so he sits in a grand-stand box.
I'm cleverer far than he, I think,
For his stock's water, while mine is ink,
But my thin purse can better afford
The soft, warm side of a bleacher board.

He sits with the mien of a major Fate,
As the Reubens' in-shoots cut the plate,
While my position can only see
Whether they're shoulder-high or knee,
But O'Loughlin rules and it's my belief
He doesn't care which of us calls him "Thief!"

And when the ball toward the left field wings
And the bleachers rise and the chorus sings
For "Topsy!" Top's legs whirl like spokes
And the grass beneath him fairly smokes,
As he leaps like a panther toward his kill;
Then let them sit in the stands who will!

Mulholland sits in the grand stand. Fudge!
That doesn't make him any better judge
Of the game than I. And, as for that,
That knot-holed, shrill-piped, foul-fed brat
Is twice as happy as both. Baseball
Is the real democracy after all.

Sometimes I think it is much the same
In the somewhat more pretentious game
Called life. The man in the grand-stand
knows

No more of pleasure, no less of woes.
Wealth? is a ticket. Learning? is dope.
And the ball coming over the fence is hope!

THE IMMORTAL NINE

Thou who stand'st behind the plate
As the globules deviate,
With thy hands outstretched to show
Whither should the next one go,
Hail, all hail the stony-wallness
Of thy reaching wide-and-tallness.

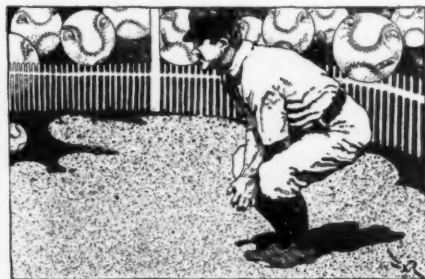
Thou who fling'st the twirling twist,
Steel of arm and wire of wrist,
With thine eye alert to know
Every weakness of the foe,
Hail, all hail the deep astuteness
Of thy out-drop and in-shootness.

Thou who stand'st at first to nip
Runners in their early trip,
Thou with hand which seems a ham,
Yet as nipping as the clam,
Hail, all hail thy deft alertness,
High up-reach and scoop-up-dirtiness.

Thou of second with thy squat
Waiting for thou scarce know'st what;
Throw of catcher, hissing grounder,
Texas-leaguer, awkward bounder,
Hail, all hail the versatility
Of thy limber-legged agility.

Thou at third with one eye front
For the foul-intentioned bunt,
Swift and certain as a gunner
As thou nailest ball and runner,
Hail, all hail thy timeless-lossness
Catapulting throw-acrossness.

Thou of short, whose spread is wide,
Elbows crooked and both hands thighed,
Eager on thy toes to start,
Backward run or forward dart,
Hail, all hail the running stoopness
Stop-and-snap-it-at-one-swoopness.



Thou out in the dexter garden,
As thy muscles strain and harden,
Swift of act and sure of clinch
Needful in the hasty pinch,
Hail, all hail the bound-to-winness
Of thy long and strong throw-in-ness.

Thou in center, fever-footed,
Yet a moment standing rooted
At the bat-crack, then upspringing
Like a hawk away a-winging,
Hail, all hail thy glad get-over
Hasty rods of grass and clover.

Thou in left whose eye is scorched
By the constant sunbeam torched,
Glove upshaded from the habit,
Yet as swift as any rabbit,
Hail, all hail thy foul-and-flyness
Judgment of the dizzy highness.

Hail, ye Nine, ye modern muses,
Hail your hidden, slidden bruises;
Hail each memory which lingers
Round your blunt and skew-skawed fingers;
Hail each face, by this afflatus,
Hail its hue of ripe tomatoes!

JUDGMENT!

The game is begun, for better, for worse,
And your chance shall indeed be small
In the innings of life (with an umpire nurse)
If you do not start with a "Bawl!"

And many a hard chance you must take,
And many a play be missed,
And many a sacrifice you must make,
And many a ready assist.

In team work alone is the winning play,
As you'll find ere the game be done,
When the clerical umpire has his say
And the score boy marks you "One!"

But whether your hit be a single clout,
Or whether you're good for a double,
The Short Stop one day will toss you out
As the end of your play and trouble.

And then? Does the Player still run, or rest?
Does the game still fret him and chafe?
Or is there a Home, if he played his best,
Where the final word is "Safe!"



RUN IT OUT!

When you once have hit the ball,
 Though your chance be great or small,
 Many a fumble comes, you know,
 Many a baseman muffs a throw,
 But *you're* lost, unless you *go!*

Run it out!
 Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out!

Come the best, or come the worst,
 You are gone? All right, but *first*
 Would-have-done or Might-have-been
 Never have a chance to win;
 Lively now and dig right in!

Run it out!
 Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out!

In the game, or out, the rule
 Is the motto of your school;
 Here is one who thinks it wise
 Just to play for exercise,
 But he'll *score* more, if he *tries*;

Run it out!
 Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out!

You may fail? Of course, but still
 If you don't, you *know* you will.

Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out!

How alike are the beginning
 Of the losing or the winning—
 Just an eyelash to an inning!

Courage now and keep your heart!
 Nothing comes without a start,
 Other Shakespeares might be printing,
 Other Titians might be tinting,
 If some constant coach kept hinting

Run it out!
 Run it out.
 Run it out.
 Run it out!

DAILY BREAD

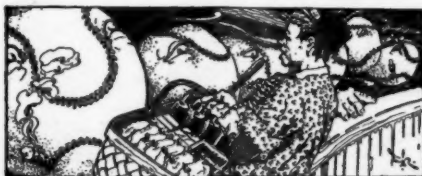
"Peanuts and pop!" from the boy's raucous
 throttle,
 "Five cents a bag an' a nickel a bottle!
 De game's gittin' sloppy, but don't be a mut;
 Quit a-chewin' de rag an' be chewin' a nut.
 De game's gittin' dry. Dere's no use to git
 hot;
 Ferget it an' wet it—a nickel a bot.

"Well, wouldn't dat ice wagon drive you to
 drink?
 I got it right here an' it's cheaper dan ink.
 Aw, well, if yer scared it'll give you a jag,
 Smoke up on some peanuts—a nickel a bag.
 He's agoin' to second! right! right! he's all
 right!
Now, which will you have, mister, red pop
 or white?

"Dere's two strikes on Nealon, he's goin' to
 strike out;
 Dese peanuts'll take de bad taste from yer
 mout';
 Well, say! *did* he hit it? Wow! ain't he de
 peach?
 You'll sure take a bottle on dat. I kin
 reach.
 He's safe! yer a robber! Say, mister, I'll
 drop
 Dat guy wid a bottle, if you'll buy de pop."

"Peanuts and pop!" are his work of the day;
 Peanuts and pop are my portion of play.
 Each in his own way, from bottom to top,
 We're all of us working for "peanuts and
 pop."
 Never enough in bag, bottle, or store,
 But each of us bleachers is looking for more.

Lawson sells copper; it's taken a drop.
 Why does he do it? For "peanuts and pop."
 Barrie turns out a new play from his shop;
 Champagne and turtle are "peanuts and
 pop."
 Wagner has just made a beautiful stop,
 And his reward shall be "peanuts and pop!"



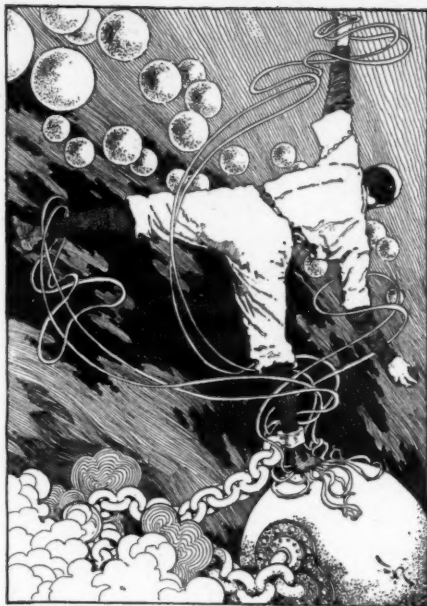
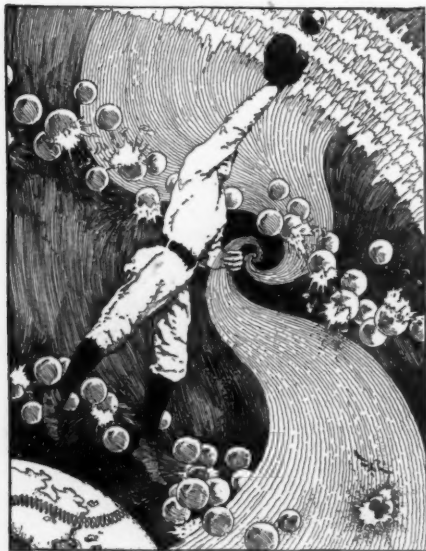
YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER

Kittredge threw to Hickman's bag;
 "Cheerful" wasn't there.
 They grousched as if he had lost the flag,
 And nobody seemed to care
 That Hick caught a thousand throws, or
 more,
 In the season of eighteen-ninety-four!

Howell with malice and skill prepense
 Sent up a slanting shot.
 Hickman pushed it over the fence
 And everybody forgot
 (Though the score card showed it beyond a
 doubt)
 That the last time up big Hick struck out.

So if you ever make a miss,
 Or bungle up your play,
 There's a bit of cheer to be found in this:
 There's always another day.
 Nobody cares for your vain regrets;
 Hit out and win! and the crowd forgets.

Or if you've made your hit and won,
 Buck up still and brace!
 Many another mother's son
 Is pushing for your place;
 What you have done looks large to you,
 But the crowd only cares for what you do.



RESTRAINT

Tim called Sully out on third;
 Sully flung a wicked word
 So that all the grand stand heard;
 Tim said something then.
 Just a moment's fretful wrath,
 Just a step from out the path,
 Just a swing from out the swath,
 But it cost him ten.

Four were wide. Jiggs took a walk.
 Dusty threw. Tim called a balk.
 That let out a line of talk
 Too much for my pen.
 Just a moment's sideward slip,
 Just an atmospheric trip,
 Just a little loosened lip,
 But it cost him ten.

Looking on, and coolly placed,
 "Fools!" said we, "and foolish waste!"
 That same night I spoke in haste
 Once and yet again.
 That same day you lost a trade
 By a short remark you made.
 Tim was not around to aid,
 But it cost you ten!

VANITAS VANITATUM

'Twas in the twelfth; the score was tied,
 When Commy smote the horse's hide
 And safely beat it down;
 A spurt, a slide, a throw too wide,
 And Commy owned the town.
 The game was through, the cushions flew,
 But Commy's now with Kalamazoo.

The bases full, our men asleep;
 "Dutch" bumped the ball to make one weep;
 The grand stand sat aghast;
 A lightning leap, a sudden sweep,
 And Dunlap held it fast.
 'Mid glad acclaim he saved the game,
 And now nobody knows his name.

'Twas in the prime of old Cy Young
 And as his sizzling slants unslung
 Our men went down like grass,
 Till Big Ed swung his wagon tongue
 And drew a home-run pass.
 And near and far they hailed him "Star!"
 And now Big Ed is tending bar.

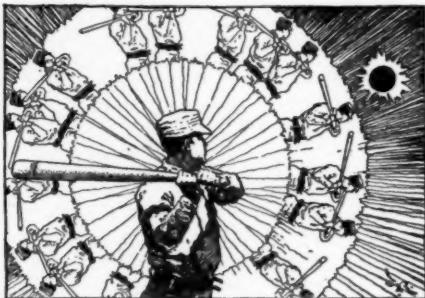
And Patsy Burke! men called him great;
 The baseball extras of his date
 Kotowed before his feet,
 His words, his weight, the things he ate
 Were all their daily meat.
 And now poor Burke is county clerk
 And some day he may have to work!

GENIUS AND TALENT

The first Great Hitter I recall was old Jim
 White.
 This great Locator of the ball leaped into
 sight
 In 'Seventy-something, and I still recall his
 poise,
 Copied and practiced with a will by all us
 boys;
 He stood widespread to meet the ball. He
 held his bat
 At "carry arms!" as did we all. We fell
 down flat,
 But what of that?
 We knew the method must be right,
 Because we did it "just like White."

He lost our love and fell from grace. The
 cause was simple:
 The official scorer gave his place to James
 Dalrymple.

Dal swung his bat behind his neck, with feet
 together.
 We followed at the bell and beck of this new
 wether.
 He was our diamond god and we were most
 devout.
 Before his shrine we bent the knee, nor felt a
 doubt
 When we struck out;
 Our faith was like the pyramid
 We did it "like Dalrymple did!"



The next year's leader at the plate stood stern
 and solemn
 And held himself and war club straight as
 any column.
 One Adrian Anson was this man of new
 reliance
 And once again we changed our plan of
 batting science.
 We marked his mien! This look, that
 frown might be the key,
 But still the pitchers mowed us down in one,
 two, three,
 Nor could we see
 How anything could be the matter;
 For Anson was the champion batter.

At last a light began to burn in every noddle,
 By which we saw that each must learn from
 his own model.
 The style which suited old Jim White was
 good—for Jim;
 Dalrymple's style was also quite correct for
 him.
 And Anson never had succeeded in word or
 act
 By following the plan which we did. The
 whole thing's packed
 Upon this fact:
 You'll make no hit (believe it true)
 By doing "just like" others do.

PLAY OR PROXY

We proxy players who sit and yell,
Do we gain of the game one jot or tittle
Of its genuine good? Would it not be
well

To get into the game ourselves a little?

We citizens, careless and all unskilled,
Whose bosses throw us a stick to whittle,
While our national house they shabbily
build,
Shall we not get into the game a little?

We artist workers who praise the past,
And whose faith in ourselves is weak and
brittle,
Is not our day and our chance as vast,
Shall we not get into the game a little?

We grubbers and grinders after wealth,
With nothing in life but its drink and
victual,
Will it not be better for each soul's health
To get into the game ourselves a little?

GAME CALLED

Game called. The day's hot work is done;
The Player is a man again
And even as you and other men
Is grateful that his rest is won.

Game called. The bleacher's right to groan
He purchased with a few poor pence
Is forfeited. Outside the fence
The Player calls his soul his own.

Game called. The effort which they cheered
Was good because they saw it win;
For failure is our only sin;
A stronger struggle—and they jeered.

Game called. And we have spent our breath.
No more the mad mob roars and frets.
The world turns from us and forgets;
The Game of Life, the Umpire, Death.

Game called. An Error or a Hit?
Why, what to us are praise or blame?
We only know *we played the game*,
Home beckons—and the Lights are lit!



FRED RICHARDSON



SARAH BERNHARDT

From an early portrait.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmschuetz.

"Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent."

—"The Younger Set," page 328.